# The Believers' Hymn Book

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THE

# BELIEVERS' HYMN BOOK

A COLLECTION OF SCRIPTURAL HYMNS
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OF THE LORD'S PEOPLE.

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# PRAISE.

"Praise is comely for the upright" (Psa. xxxiii. 1).
"Whoso offereth praise glorifieth Me" (Psa. l. 23).
"By Him, therefore, let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually" (Heb. xiii. 15).
"Speaking to yourselves in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord" (Eph. v. 19).

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IT is truly wonderful that God should not only delight Himself in saving us, but also take pleasure in the praises of His reconciled children, telling us that in praising Him we are glorifying Him.

Nor would it have been so wonderful if this privilege had been deferred till we are with the Lord in glory. We shall praise Him then indeed and worthily, and redemption's song will ever be the sweetest melody in the heavenly anthems; but the marvel is that we are, even now, whilst on earth encompassed with sin and failure, permitted and encouraged, both individually and collectively, to sing the praise of God.

Coming from hearts attuned by the indwelling Spirit of God, and presented by Him who is our Great High Priest, the songs that ascend from redeemed lips are to God as incense sweet—as a sacrifice acceptable and well-pleasing.

But not only is such service glorifying to God; it is also full of blessing and edification to the saints. The joy and gratitude begotten in the soul by the Holy Spirit is increased and intensified by finding vent in praise, like the pent-up fire when at last it breaks forth in flames. And this reacts on others, communicating to them its warmth and blessing; cheering and encouraging to press on in the journey—the race—the warfare.

Moreover, the songs of the Church, when according to truth, are a vehicle of mutual exhortation of great value. Who has not felt the power of a hymn, fitly chosen, to comfort in sorrow or to seal home the instruction that may previously have been given? Not to speak of the many occasions on which a suitable hymn has been the key-note of a meeting, giving tone and character to the whole!

And if praise occupies so important a place in the Church, how very important it must be that the selection of hymns be varied and scriptural.

In compiling "The Believers' Hymn-book" it has been our desire and effort to keep this in view, whilst limiting it to a size and price that bring it within the power of even the poorest saint to possess one.

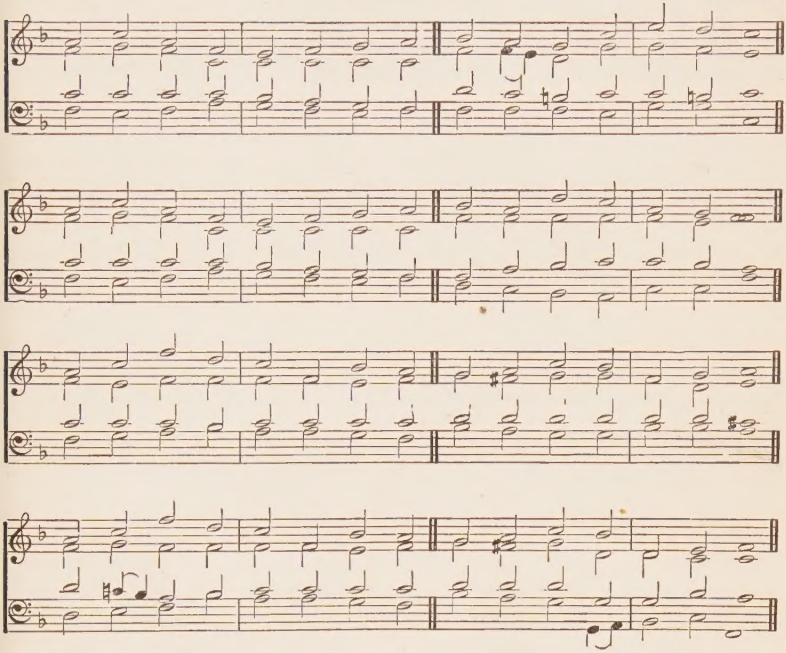
Carefully considered alterations have been introduced into not a few of the hymns, but only where we believe conformity to the truth rendered it absolutely necessary.

Very frequently hymns are sung to tunes that are quite out of keeping with the character of the words. In this way worship is hindered and marred, and deprived of much of its enjoyment.

Whilst alive to the danger of giving undue attention to the music, a danger that in these days of self-pleasing is most serious, we believe that the attaching of appropriate tunes to the hymns will prove to be a real and permanent service to the Church, which in due time will be appreciated even by those who at first may stand in doubt of it. It is with this object in view this edition is issued, with music adapted to every hymn, in the "Sol-Fa Notation," and also another edition, uniform with this, in the "Old Notation." With permissions that have been kindly granted we have been enabled to include a number of hymns and tunes that we judge to be the best of those which have been published within the last few years.

No doubt there will be defects, and criticism may find much to lay hold of, but we offer it to the Lord's people as our endeavour to meet a felt need, and we pray and ask all who sympathize with us in this effort, to unite with us in prayer, that God may be pleased to use it for the glory of His name, and for the edification of His saints.

"Deerhurst"—Key F. **HYMN 1.** 8.7.8.7. D.



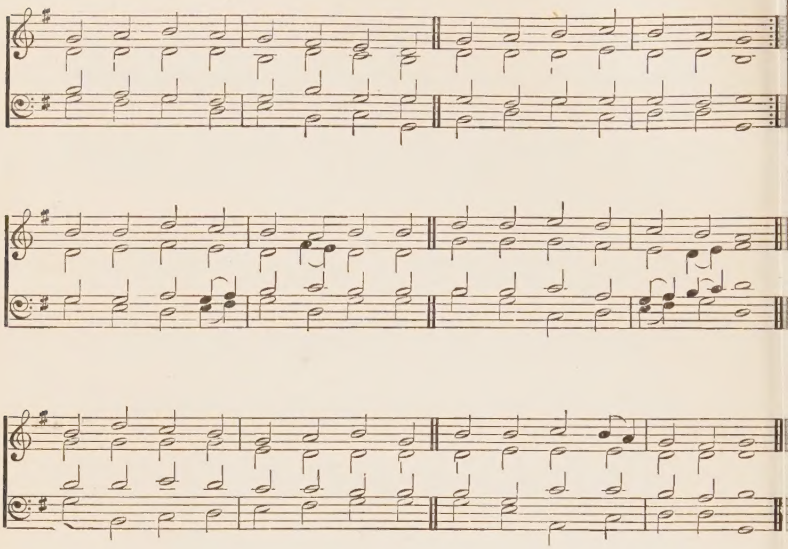
1 ABBA! Father! we approach Thee
In our Saviour's precious name;
We, Thy children, here assembling,
Access to Thy presence claim.
From our sins His blood hath washed us;
'Tis through Him our souls draw near;
And Thy Spirit, too, has taught us,
"Abba! Father!" name so dear.

2 Once as prodigals we wandered,
In our folly, far from Thee;
But Thy grace, o'er sin abounding,
Rescued us from misery.
Thou Thy prodigals hast pardoned,
Loved us with a father's love;
Welcomed us with joy o'erflowing,
E'en to dwell with Thee above.

3 Clothed in garments of salvation,
At Thy table is our place;
We rejoice, and Thou rejoicest,
In the riches of Thy grace.
"It is meet," we hear Thee saying,
"We should merry be and glad;
I have found My once lost children,
Now they live who once were dead."

4 "Abba! Father!" all adore Thee,
All rejoice in heaven above;
While in us they learn the wonders
Of Thy wisdom, power, and love.
Soon, before Thy throne assembled,
All Thy children shall proclaim,
"Glory, everlasting glory,
Be to God and to the Lamb!"

"Old 42nd"—Key G. **HYMN 2.** 8.7.8.7. D



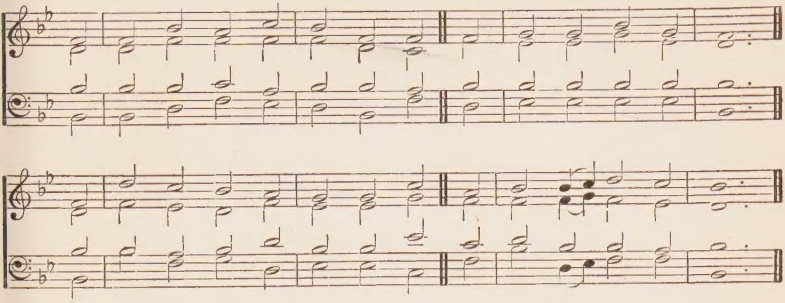
1 ABBA! Father! we adore Thee,
Humbly now our homage pay:
'Tis Thy children's bliss to know Thee,
Welcomed through the living way.
This high honour we inherit,
Thy free gift through Jesus' blood,
God the Spirit, with our spirit,
Witnesseth we're sons of God.

2 Thine own purpose gave us being,
When in Christ, in that vast plan,
Thou in Christ didst choose Thy people
E'en before the world began.
Oh, what love the Father bore us!
Oh, how precious in Thy sight!
When Thou gavest Thy church to Jesus,
Jesus, Son of Thy delight!

3 Though our nature's fall in Adam
Shut us wholly out from God,
Thine eternal counsel brought us
Nearer still, through Jesus' blood;
For in Him we found redemption,
Grace and glory in Thy Son,
Oh, the height and depth of mercy!
Christ and His redeemed are one.

4 Hence, through all the changing seasons,
Trouble, sickness, sorrow, woe,
Nothing changeth God's affections,
Love divine shall bring us through;
Soon shall all Thy blood-bought children
Round the throne their anthems raise,
And, in songs of rich salvation,
Shout to God's eternal praise.

"Rest"—Key B ♭. **HYMN 3.** C.M.



1 A MIND at "perfect peace" with God;
Oh, what a word is this!
A sinner reconciled through blood;—
This, this indeed is peace!

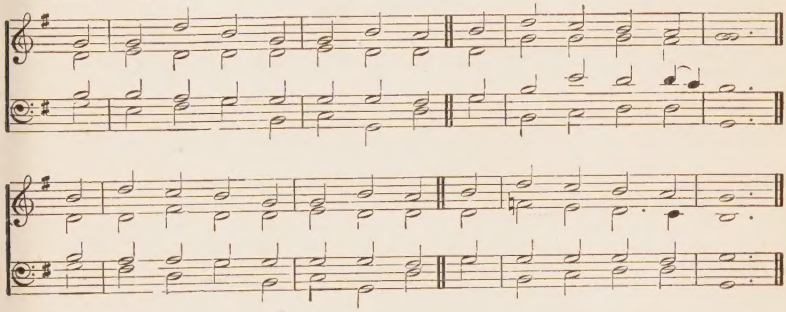
2 By nature and by practice far—
How very far from God!
Yet now by grace brought nigh to Him,
Through faith in Jesus' blood.

3 So nigh, so very nigh to God,
I cannot nearer be;
For in the person of His Son,
I am as near as He.

4 So dear, so very dear to God,
More dear I cannot be;
The love wherewith He loves the Son—
Such is His love to me.

5 Why should I ever careful be,
Since such a God is mine?
He watches o'er me night and day,
And tells me "Mine is thine."

"Moravia"—Key G. **HYMN 4.** C.M.



1 AROUND Thy table, Holy Lord,
In fellowship we meet,
Obedient to Thy gracious word,
This feast of love to eat.

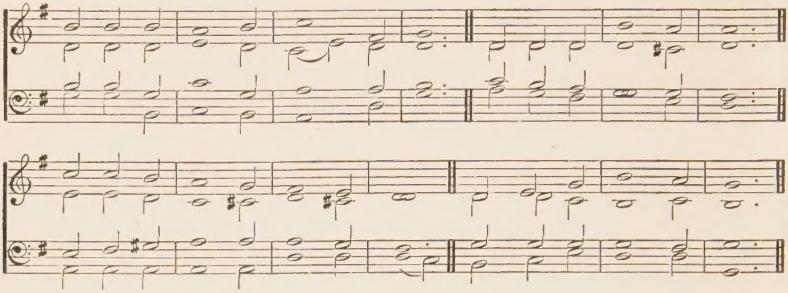
2 Here every one that loves Thy name,
Our willing hearts embrace,
Our source of life, and hope the same,
All debtors to Thy grace.

3 Commune with each at this blest hour,
Thy peace—Thy joy impart;
Thy thoughts of love, of truth, of power,
Impress upon each heart.

"St. Agnes, Durham"—Key G.

## HYMN 5.

C.M.



1 ACCORDING to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This would I do, O Christ, my Lord,
I would remember Thee.

2 Thy body broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and blood-like sweat,
And not remember Thee!

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice!
I must remember Thee:—

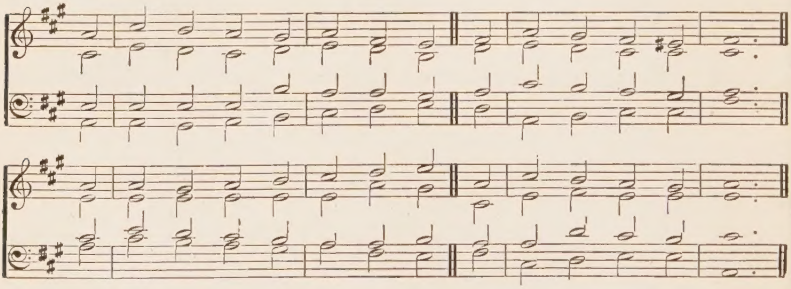
5 Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath—a pulse remains,
Would I remember Thee.

6 And when, O Lord, Thou comest again,
And I Thy glory see,
For ever as the Lamb once slain,
I will remember Thee.

"Eden"—Key A.

## HYMN 6.

C.M.



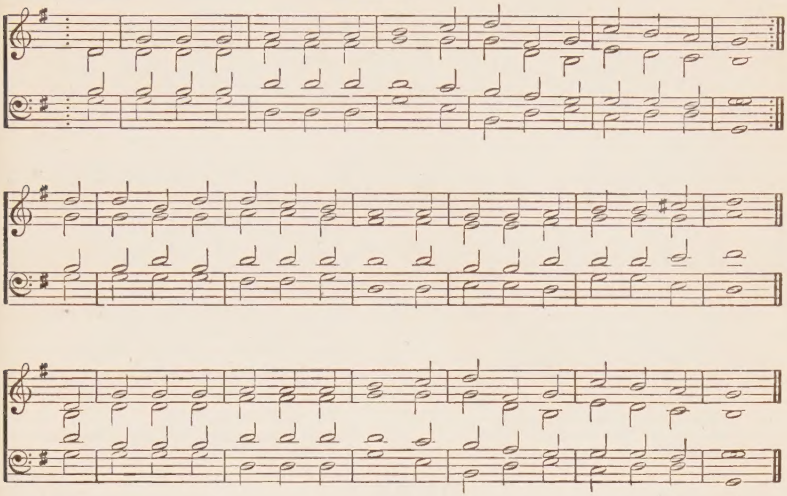
1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I have done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown,
And love beyond degree.

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When the Incarnate Maker died
For man, his creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While His dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

"Whitchurch" **HYMN 7.** 8's. D.



1 A DEBTOR to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy I sing,
Nor fear, with God's righteousness on,
My person and offerings to bring.
The terrors of law and of God,
With me can have nothing to do;
My Saviour's obedience and blood
Hide all my transgressions from view.

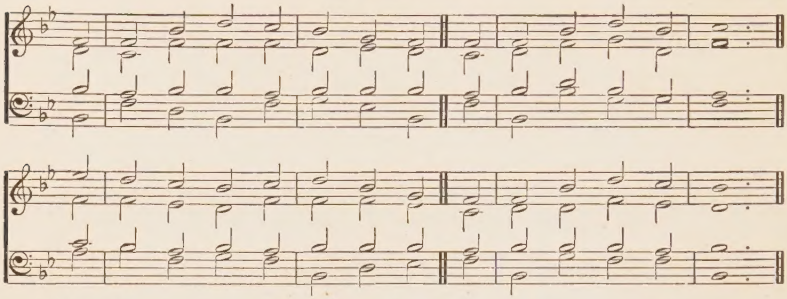
2 The work which His goodness began,
The arm of His strength will complete;
His promise is "Yea and Amen,"
And never was forfeited yet:
Things future, nor things that are now,
Not all things below or above,
Can make Him His purpose forego,
Or sever my soul from His love.

3 My name from the palms of His hands,
Eternity will not erase—
Impressed on His heart it remains,
In marks of indelible grace.
Yes, I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is given—
More happy, but not more secure,
The souls of the blessed in heaven

"Evan"

## HYMN 8.

C.M.



1 ALL that I *was*—my sin, my guilt,
My death was all my own;
All that I *am* I owe to Thee,
My gracious God, alone.

2 The darkness of my former state,
The bondage all was mine;
The light of life in which I walk,
The liberty is Thine.

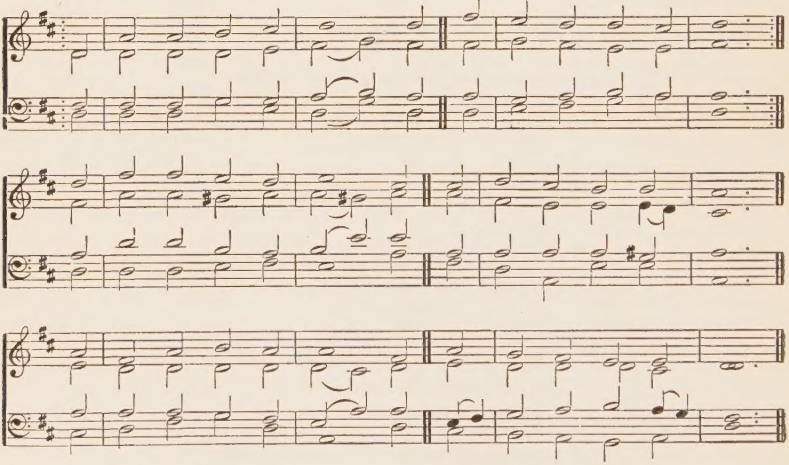
3 Thy grace first made me feel my sin,
And taught me to believe;
Then, in believing, peace I found,
And now in Christ I live.

4 All that I am e'en here on earth,
All that I hope to be
When Jesus comes and glory dawns,
I owe, my God, to Thee.

"Theodulph"

## HYMN 9.

7.6.7.6. D.



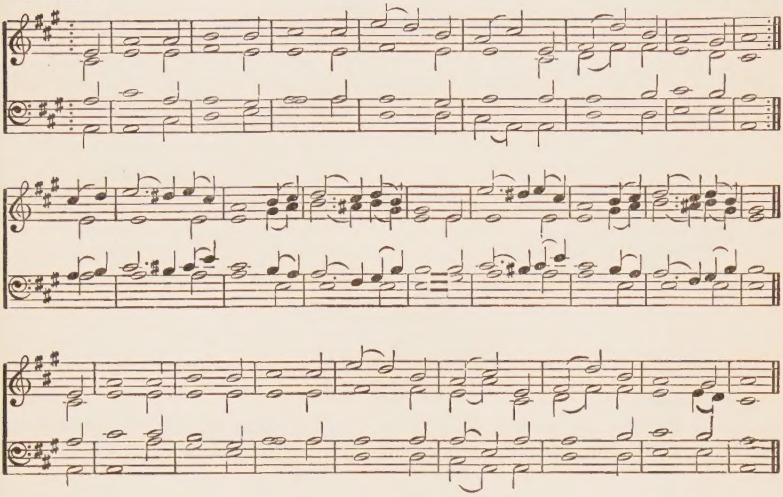
1 A ROCK that stands for ever
Is Christ my righteousness,
And there I stand unfearing,
In everlasting bliss;
No earthly thing is needful
To this my life from heaven,
And nought of love is worthy
Save that which Christ has given.

2 There is no condemnation,
There is no hell for me,
The torment and the fire
Mine eyes shall never see;
For me there is no sentence,
For me death has no sting,
Because the Lord who loves me
Shall shield me with His wing.

3 No angel and no devil,
No throne, nor power, nor might—
No love—no tribulation—
No danger, fear, or fight—
No height—no depth—no creature
That has been, or can be,
Can drive me from Thy bosom—
Can sever me from Thee.

4 My soul with joy upleapeth,
Grief cannot linger there,
She singeth high in glory,
Amid the sunshine fair;
The Sun that shines upon me
Is JESUS and His love;
The fountain of my singing
Is deep in heaven above.

"Newcastle" **HYMN 10.** L.M. D.



1 AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing Thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from thee;
His loving-kindness—Oh, how free!

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate—
His loving-kindness—Oh, how great!

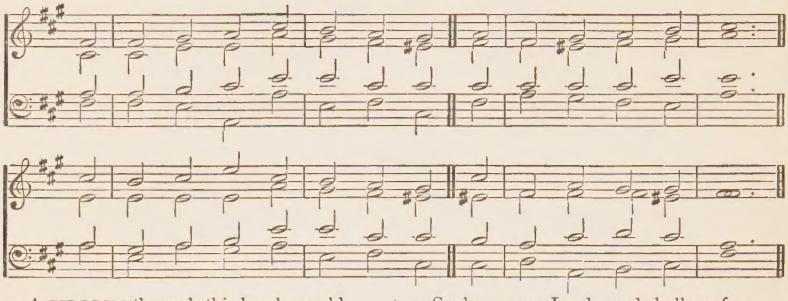
3 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has ever stood;
His loving-kindness—Oh, how good!

4 Soon shall we mount and soar away
To the bright realms of endless day;
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

"St. Kilda"

## HYMN 11.

C.M.



1 A PILGRIM through this lonely world,
The blessed Saviour pass'd;
A mourner all His life was He—
A dying Lamb at last.

2 That tender heart that felt for all—
For all its life-blood gave;
It found on earth no resting-place,
Save only in the grave.

3 Such was our Lord—and shall we fear
The cross with all its scorn?
Or love a faithless, evil world,
That wreathed *His* brow with thorn?

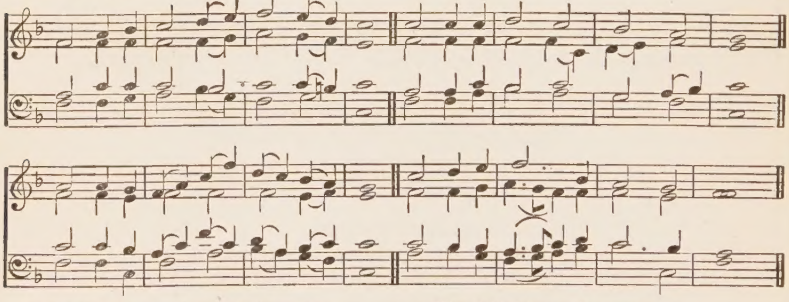
4 Dead to the world with Him who died,
To win our hearts, our love;
We, risen with our risen Head,
In spirit dwell above.

5 By faith His boundless glories there,
Our wond'ring eyes behold—
Those glories which eternal years
Shall never all unfold.

"Duke Street"

## HYMN 12.

L.M.



1 AS sinners saved we gladly praise
The Author of redeeming grace;
Father, 'tis Thine Almighty power
Secures us when the tempests lower.

2 Thy love's a refuge ever nigh,
Thy watchfulness a mountain high;
Thy name a rock, which winds above
And waves below can never move.

3 Thy faithfulness for ever sure,
For endless ages shall endure;
Thy perfect work shall ever prove
The depth of Thine unceasing love.

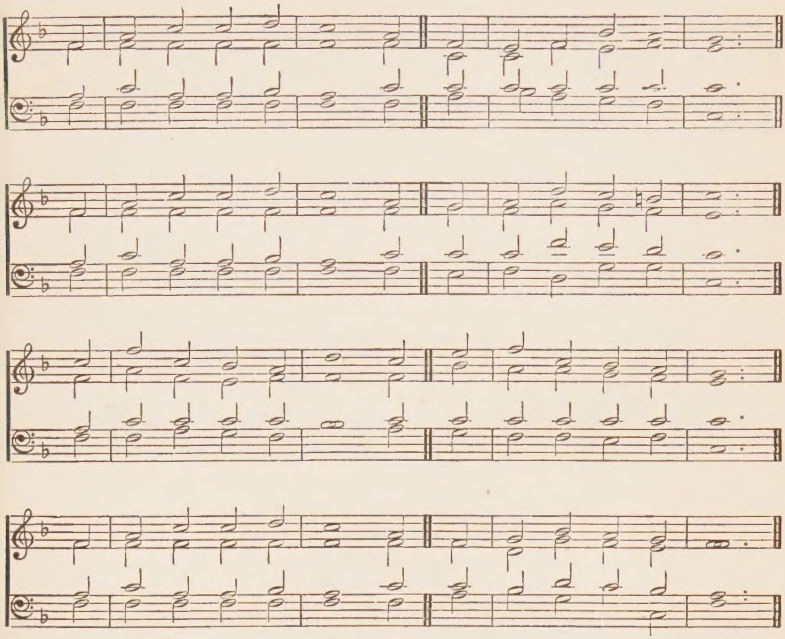
4 While all things change, Thou changest not,
Forgetting ne'er, though oft forgot;
Thy love, immutably the same,
Displays the glory of Thy name.

5 Lord, we would then rejoice and praise
The Source of all this wondrous grace;
Father, Thine everlasting power
Will keep us safe in danger's hour.

"Heber"

## HYMN 13.

7.6.7.6. D.



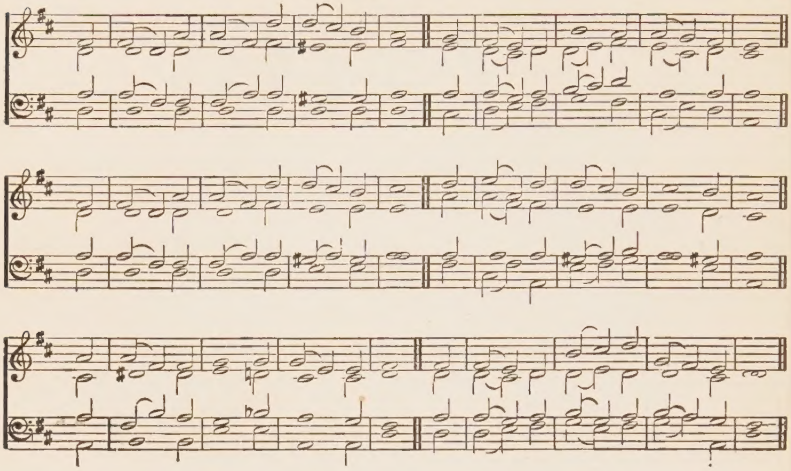
1 AROUND Thy grave, Lord Jesus! Thine empty grave we stand;
With hearts all full of praises, to keep Thy bless'd command:
By faith our souls rejoicing to trace Thy path of love,
Thro' death's dark angry billows, up to the throne above.

2 Lord Jesus! we remember the travail of Thy soul,
When in Thy love's deep pity the waves did o'er Thee roll;
Baptized in death's cold waters, for us Thy blood was shed:
For us the Lord of Glory was numbered with the dead.

3 O Lord, Thou now art risen, Thy travail all is o'er;
For sin Thou once hast suffered—Thou liv'st to die no more;
Sin, death, and hell, are vanquished by Thee, the Church's Head:
And lo! we share Thy triumphs, thou First-born from the dead.

4 Into Thy death baptized, we own with Thee we died;
With Thee our Life, are risen; and in Thee glorified.
From sin, the world, and Satan, we're ransomed by Thy blood,
And now would walk as strangers, alive with Thee to God.

"Giessen" **HYMN 14.** 6 8's.



1 "A LITTLE while!" Our Lord shall come,
And we shall wander here no more;
He'll take us to our Father's home,
Where He for us has gone before;
To dwell with Him, to see His face,
And sing the glories of His grace.

2 "A little while!" He'll come again!
Let us the precious hours redeem;
Our only grief to give Him pain,
Our joy to serve and follow Him,
Watching and ready may we be,
As those who long their Lord to see.

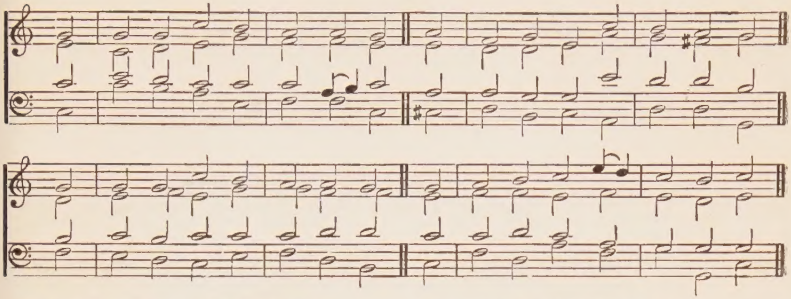
3 "A little while!" 'twill soon be past!
Why should we shun the shame and cross?
O let us in His footsteps haste,
Counting for Him all else but loss;
O how will recompense His smile
The sufferings of this "little while."

4 "A little while!" Come, Saviour, come!
For Thee Thy Bride has waited long:
Oh, take Thy wearied pilgrims home,
To sing the new eternal song;
To see Thy glory, and to be
In everything conformed to Thee.

"Mainzer"

## HYMN 15.

L.M.



1 BEFORE the throne of God above
I have a strong, a perfect plea;
A great High Priest, whose name is Love,
Who ever lives and pleads for me.

2 When Satan tempts me to despair,
Telling of evil yet within,
Upward I look and see Him there
Who made an end of all my sin.

3 Because the sinless Saviour died,
My sinful soul is counted free;
For God, the Just, is satisfied
To look on Him and pardon me.

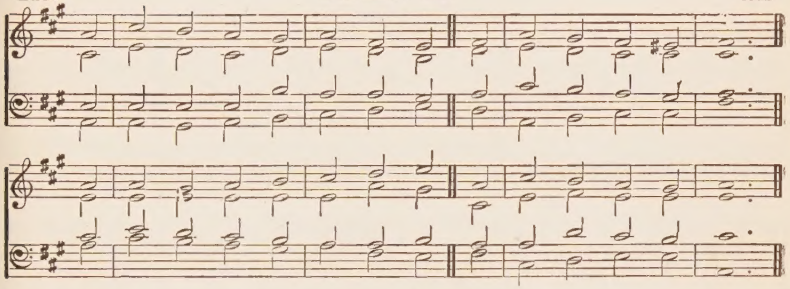
4 Behold Him there! the once slain Lamb!
My perfect, spotless Righteousness,
The great unchangeable "I AM,"
The King of glory and of grace.

5 One with Himself, I cannot die,
My soul is purchased by His blood;
My life is hid with Christ on high,
With Christ, my Saviour and my God.

"Eden"

## HYMN 16.

C.M.



1 BEHOLD! a spotless Victim dies,
My Surety on the tree;
The Lamb of God the Sacrifice,
He gave Himself for me!

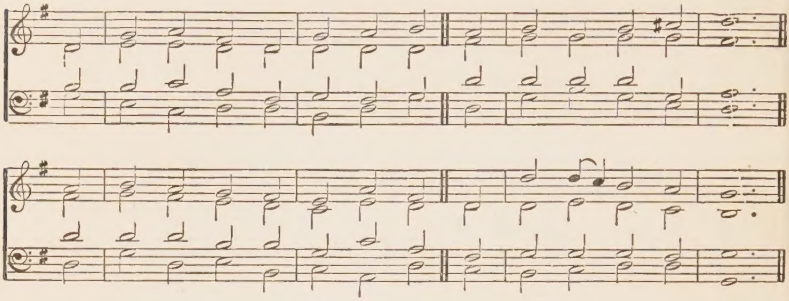
2 Whatever curse was mine He bore;
The wormwood and the gall,
There in that lone mysterious hour,
My cup—He drained it all!

3 Lord Jesus! Thou, and none beside,
It's bitterness could know,
Nor other tell Thy joy's full tide,
That from that cup shall flow.

4 Thine is the joy, but yet 'tis mine,
'Tis ours as one with Thee;
My joy flows from that grief of Thine,
Thy death brings life to me!

5 And while the ages roll along,
This shall my glory be;
And this the new and endless song,
Thy love to us—to me!

"St. Magnus" **HYMN 17.** C.M.



1 BEHOLD the Lamb with glory crowned,
To Him all power is given:
No place too high for Him is found,
No place too high in heaven.

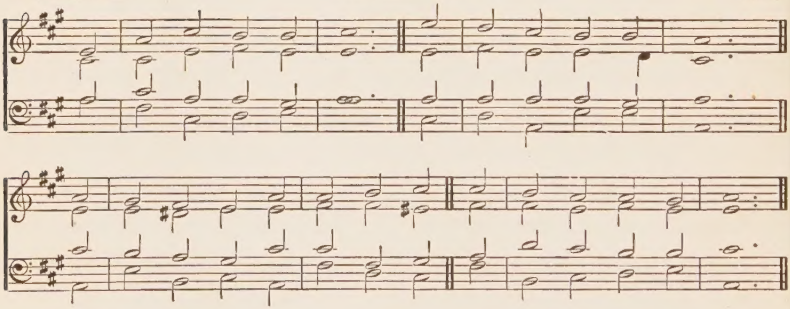
2 He fills the throne, the throne above,
He fills it without wrong;
The object of His Father's love,
The theme of angels' song.

3 Though high, yet He accepts the praise
His people offer here;
The faintest, feeblest lay they raise
Will reach the Saviour's ear.

4 This song be ours, and this alone,
That celebrates the Name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And that exalts the Lamb.

5 To Him whom men despise and slight,
To Him be glory given;
The crown is His, and His by right
The highest place in heaven.

"St. Michaels" **HYMN 18.** S.M.



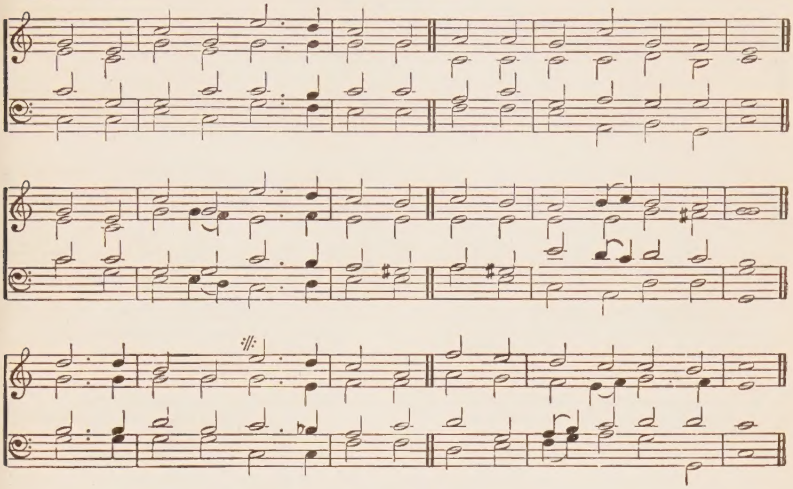
1 BEHOLD the throne of grace,
The promise calls us near,
To seek our God and Father's face,
Who loves to answer prayer.

2 That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round we see,
Provides for all who come to God
An all-prevailing plea.

3 Beyond our utmost wants,
His love and power can bless;
To praying souls He always grants
More than they can express.

4 Since 'tis the Lord's command,
Our mouth we'll open wide;
Lord, open thou Thy bounteous hand,
That we may be supplied.

"Regent Square" **HYMN 19.** 8.7.4.



1 BLESSED Lord, our souls are longing,
Thee, our risen Head to see;
And the cloudless morning's dawning,
When Thy saints shall gather'd be:
Grace and glory,
All our well-springs are in Thee.

2 All the sorrow we are tasting
Is but as the dream of night:
To the day of God we're hasting,
Looking for it with delight:
Thou art coming,
This will *satisfy* our sight.

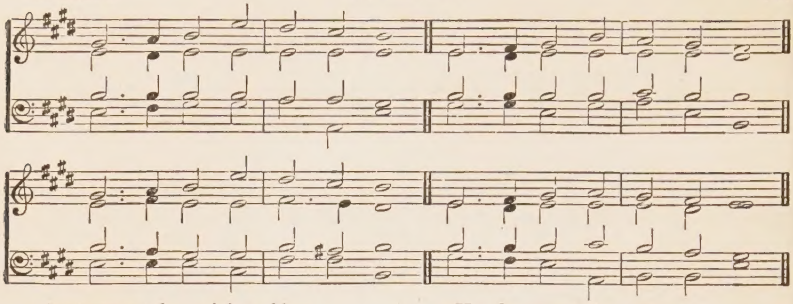
3 True, the silent grave is keeping
Many a seed in weakness sown:
But the saints in Thee now sleeping,
Raised in power shall share Thy Throno.
Resurrection!
Lord of Glory! 'tis Thine own.

4 As we sing, our hearts grow lighter;
We are children of the day;
Sorrow makes our hope the brighter;
Faith regards not the delay:
Sure the promise!
We shall meet Thee on the way.

"Innocents"

## HYMN 20.

7's.



1 BRETHREN, let us join to bless
Jesus Christ, our joy and peace;
Him who bowed His head so low,
Underneath our load of woe.

2 His the curse, the wounds, the gall,
His the stripes—He bore them all;
His the dying cry of pain,
When our sins He did sustain.

3 He, the accepted sacrifice,
From the vanguished grave did rise;
Free Himself—He set us free
In His perfect liberty.

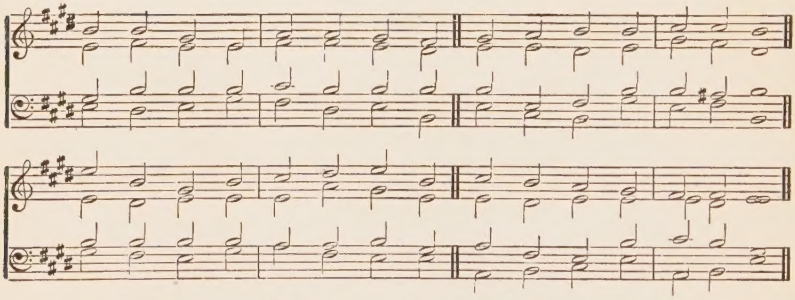
4 Ransomed now, accepted, free,
Safe from judgment, Lord, in Thee,
We rejoice that God can bless
All who do Thy name confess.

5 Praise our God who willed it thus;
Praise the Lamb who died for us;
Praise the Father, through the Son,
Who so vast a work has done.

"Gotha"

## HYMN 21.

8.7.8.7.



1 "BURIED" in the grave of Jesus,
We believe what God has said;
Faith, His judgment acquiescing,
"Reckons" now that we are dead.

2 Death and judgment are behind us,
Grace and glory are before—
All the billows rolled o'er Jesus,
There exhausted all their power.

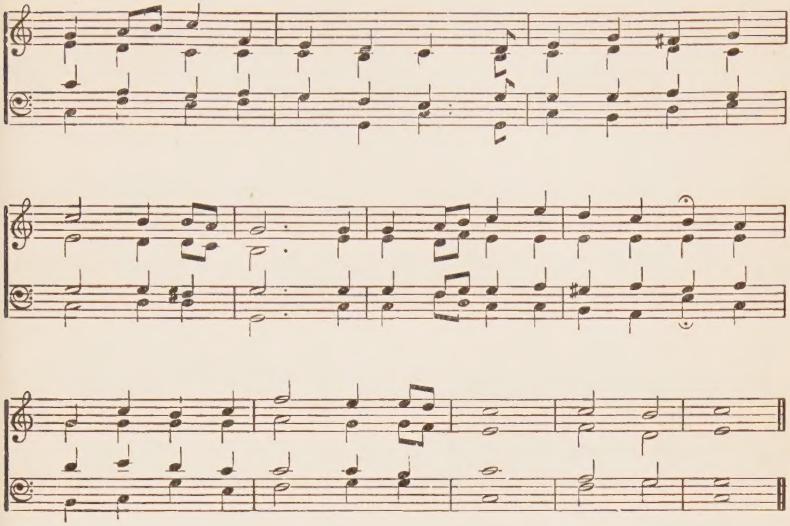
3 "First-fruits" of the resurrection,
He is risen from the tomb;
Now we stand in new creation,
Free, because beyond our doom.

4 Jesus died, and we died with Him,
"Buried" in His grave we lie,
One with Christ in resurrection,
"Seated" now in Him on high.

5 We await the full redemption,
When the risen One shall come;
And our mortal body changed,
Shall be "fashioned" like His own.

6 Lord, we share in Thy rejection—
Thy reproach oh may we love;
Here we stand in Thine acceptance
In the Father's sight above.

"Celandine" **HYMN 22.** 7.9.8.9.3.



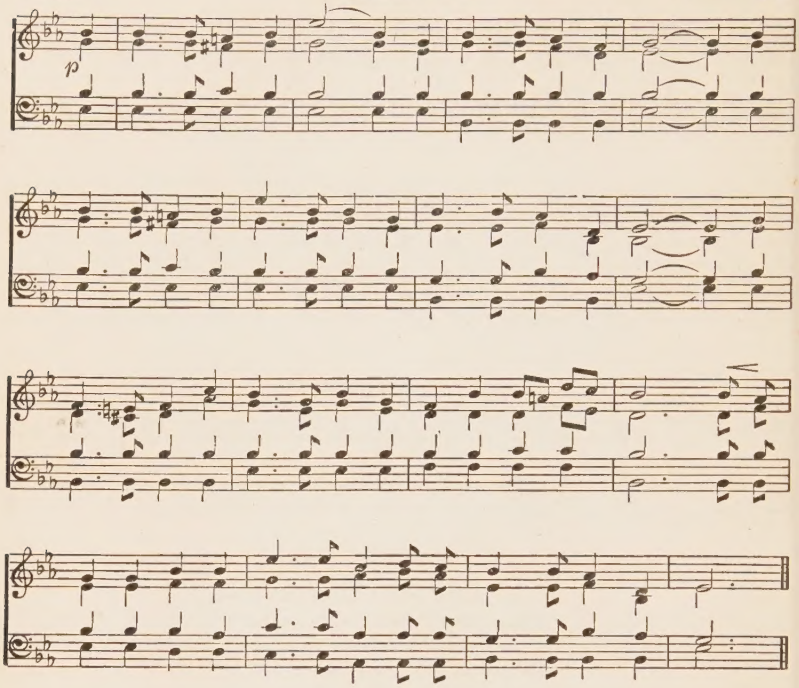
1 BRIGHT, bright home! beyond the skies,
Where Jesus is enthroned in glory,
Thy beauty gleams before mine eyes,
Thy portals glisten now before me,
Bright, bright home!

2 Dark, dark world! I would not stay
Amid thy painted scenes of splendour;
I hasten to'ard the golden day,
Thy tinsel-treasure I surrender,
Dark, dark world!

3 Sweet, sweet dawn! so fair and near!
Before the eastern skies are glowing,
I see the Morning Star appear,
The mountain-tops in silver showing,
Sweet, sweet dawn!

4 Come, Lord, come! we wait for Thee,
We listen still for Thy returning;
Thy loveliness we long to see,
For Thee the lamp of hope is burning:
Come, Lord, come!

"Refuge" **HYMN 23.** P.M.



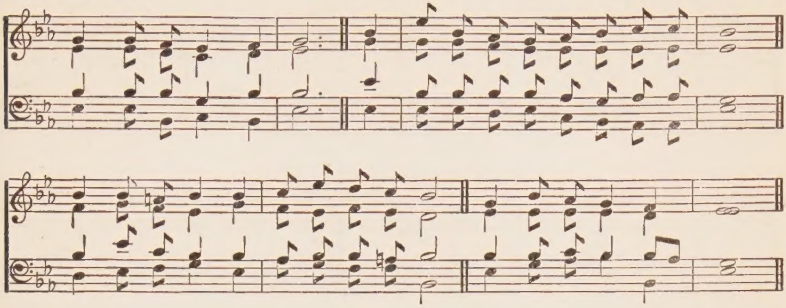

1 BENEATH the cross of Jesus
I fain would take my stand—
The shadow of a mighty Rock
Within a weary land;
A home within the wilderness,
A rest upon the way,
From the burning of the noontide heat,
And the burden of the day.

2 O safe and happy shelter!
O refuge tried and sweet!
O trysting-place, where Heaven's love
And Heaven's justice meet!
As to the pilgrim Patriarch
That wondrous dream was given,
So seems my Saviour's cross to me
A ladder up to heaven.

3 Upon the Cross of Jesus,
Mine eye at times can see
The very dying form of One
Who suffered there for me;
And from my smitten heart with tears,
Two wonders I confess,—
The wonder of His glorious love,
And my own worthlessness.

4 I take the Cross of Jesus
For my abiding place;
I ask no other sunshine than
The sunshine of His face;
Content to let the world go by,
To know no gain nor loss,—
My sinful self my only shame,
My glory all the Cross.

"Hereford (New)" **HYMN 24.** 6.10.10.6.



1 BLESSED be God, our God,
Who gave for us His well-beloved Son,
The gift of gifts, all other gifts in one;
Blessed be God, our God!

2 What will He not bestow!
Who freely gave this mighty gift unbought,
Unmerited, unheeded, and unsought,
What will He now bestow?

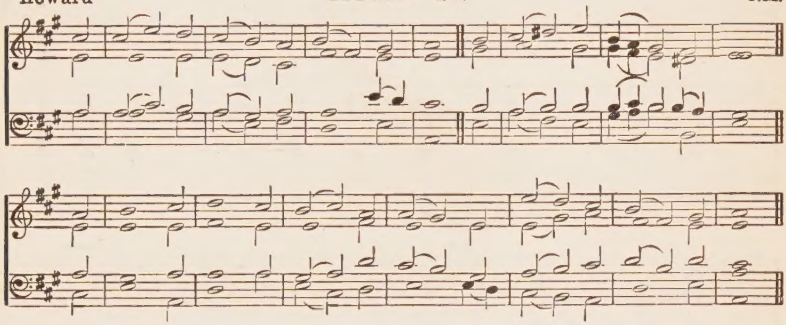
3 He spared not His Son!
'Tis this that silences each rising fear,
'Tis this that bids the hard thought disappear;
He spared not His Son!

4 Who shall condemn us now? [above,
Since Christ has died, and risen, and gone
For us to plead at the right hand of Love,
Who shall condemn us now?

5 'Tis God that justifies!
Who shall recall His pardon or His grace?
Or who the broken chain of guilt replace?
'Tis God that justifies!

6 The victory is ours!
For us in might came forth the mighty One;
For us He fought the fight, the triumph won:
The victory is ours!

"Howard" **HYMN 25.** C.M.



1 BLEST be the dear uniting love
That will not let us part!
Our bodies may far off remove,
But we are joined in heart.

2 Joined in one Spirit to our Head,
We wait His will to know,
That we in all His steps may tread,
And do His work below.

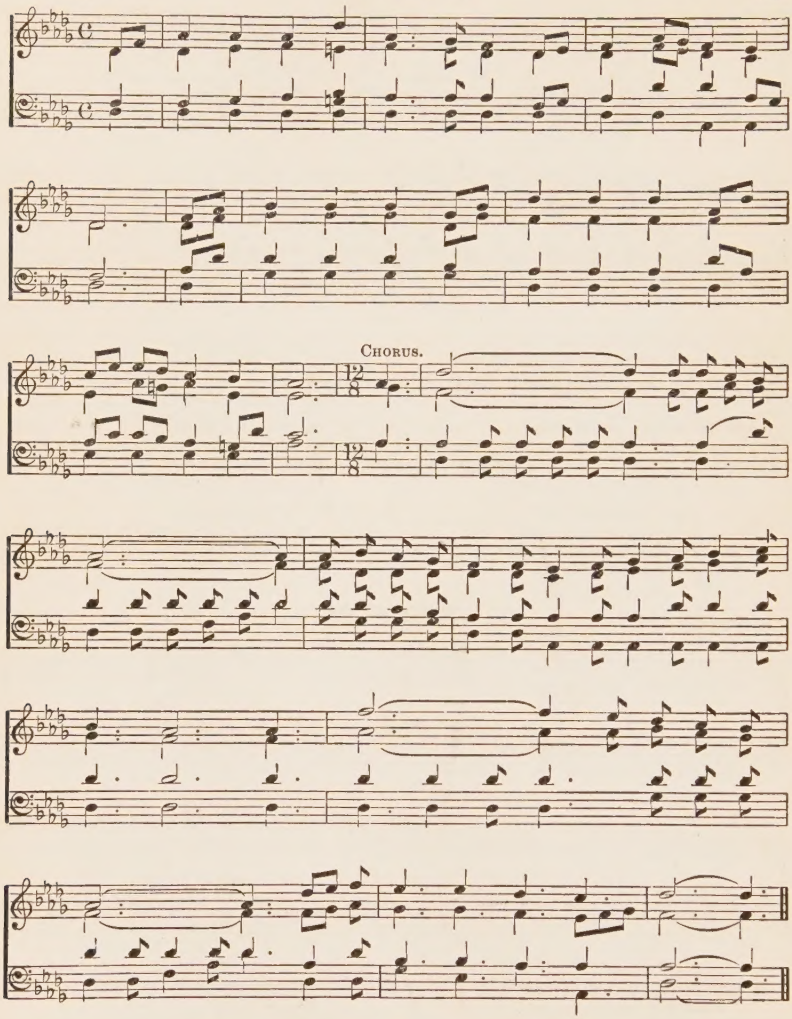
3 O may we ever walk in Him,
And nothing know beside!
Nothing desire, or aught esteem,
But Jesus crucified!

4 To Him still closer let us cleave
And all His ways embrace;
Expect His fulness to receive,
And grace to answer grace

"Behold, what Love"

## HYMN 26.

P.M.




1 BEHOLD, what love, what boundless love,
The Father hath bestowed
On sinners lost, that we should be
Now called the sons of God!

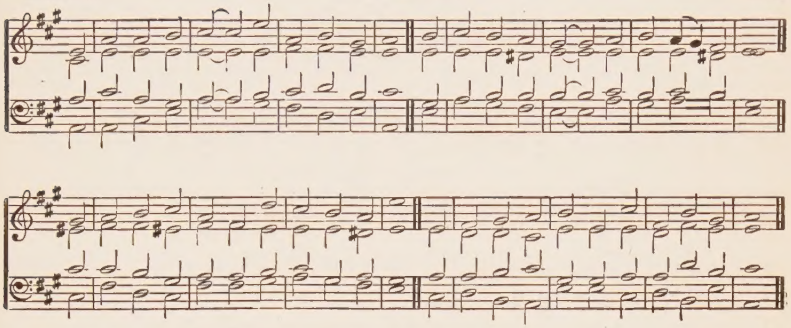
"Behold . . . what manner of love . . . what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we . . . that we should be called . . . should be called the sons of God."

2 No longer far from Him, but now
By "precious blood" made nigh;
Accepted in the "Well-beloved,"
Near to God's heart we lie.

3 What we in glory soon shall be,
It doth not yet appear;
But when our precious Lord we see,
We shall His image bear.

4 With such a blessed hope in view,
We would more holy be,
More like our risen, glorious Lord,
Whose face we soon shall see.

"Hanover" **HYMN 27.** 11 s.



1 BEGONE, unbelief, my Saviour is near,
And for my relief will surely appear;
By praver let me wrestle, and He will perform;
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.

2 Though dark be my way, since He is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey, 'tis His to provide;
Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail.
The word He has spoken will surely prevail.

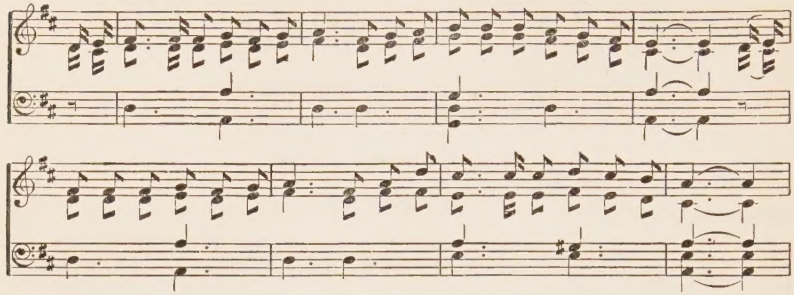
3 His love in time past forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,
Confirms His good pleasure to help me quite through.

4 Why should I complain of want or distress,
Temptation, or pain? He told me no less;
The heirs of salvation, I know from His Word,
Through much tribulation, must follow the Lord.

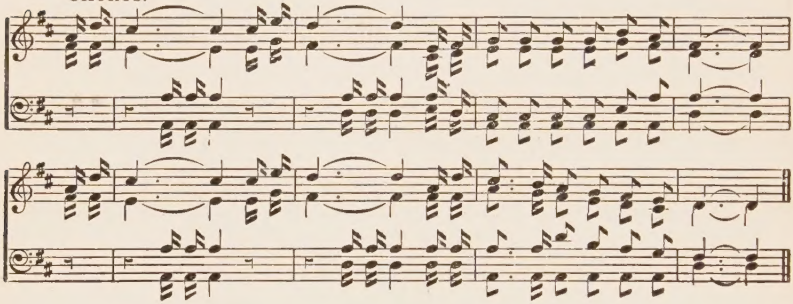
5 How bitter that cup no heart can conceive,
Which Jesus drank up, that sinners might live!
His way was much rougher and darker than mine:
Did Jesus thus suffer and shall I repine?

6 Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the med'cine is food;
Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
And then, oh, how pleasant the conqueror's song!

"Blessed Hope" **HYMN 28.** L.M. D.



CHORUS.



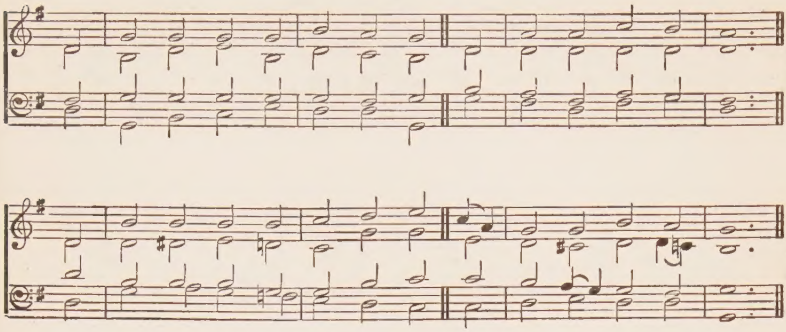
1 BLESSED hope that in Jesus is given,
In our sorrow to cheer and sustain,
That soon with our Saviour in heaven,
We shall meet with our loved ones again.
Blessed hope! . . . Blessed hope! . . .
We shall meet with our loved ones again.

2 Blessed hope in the word God has spoken,
All our peace by that word we obtain;
And as sure as God's word was ne'er broken,
We shall meet with our loved ones again.

3 Blessed hope! how it shines in our sorrow,
Like the star over Bethlehem's plain,
That it may be, with Him, ere the morrow,
We shall meet with our loved ones again.

4 Blessed hope! the bright star of the morning,
That shall herald His coming to reign;
Oh, the glory that waits its fair dawning,
When we meet with our loved ones again.

"Emmanuel" **HYMN 29.** C.M.



1 BRIDE of the Lamb, there is for thee
One only safe retreat;
Where Jesus is, thy heart should be,
Thy home at His dear feet.

2 When Satan tracks thy lonely way,
There his temptations meet;
In Jesus' presence watch and pray,
Yea, conquer at His feet.

3 Since thou hast much to learn, e'en though
Thou art in Christ complete;
In grace and knowledge seek to grow,
By sitting at His feet.

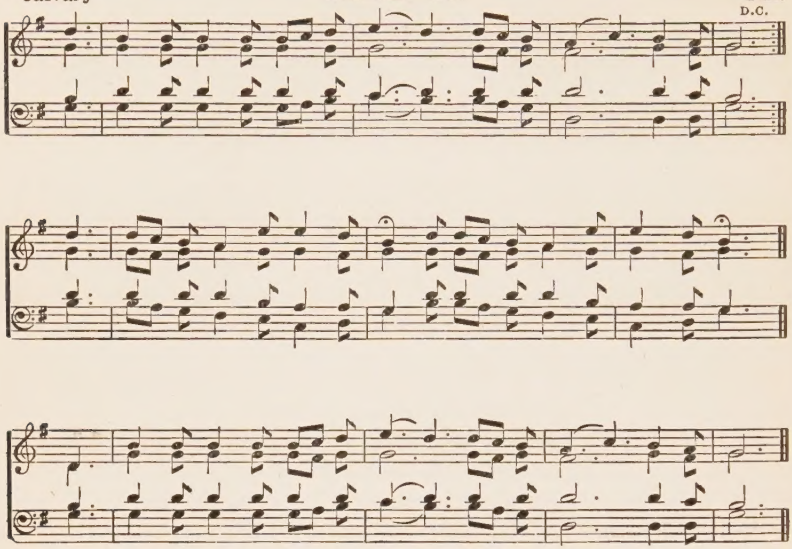
4 Through tribulation hasten on,
With Christ the cross is sweet;
The "little while" will soon be gone;
Keep only at His feet.

5 Bride of the Lamb, forget the past,
Prepare the Lord to greet;
'Tis thine to share His throne, and cast
Thy wreath before His feet.

"Calvary"

## HYMN 30.

P.M.
D.C.



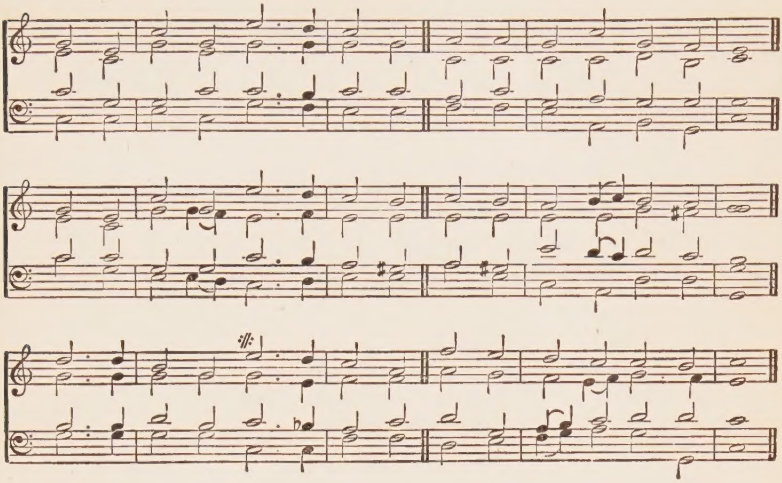
1 BEHOLD, behold the Lamb of God, On the cross.
For us He shed His precious blood, On the cross.
O, hear His all-important cry,
"Eli, lama sabachthani;"
Draw near and see the Saviour die: On the cross.

2 Behold His arms extended wide, On the cross.
Behold His bleeding hands and side, On the cross.
The sun withholds its rays of light,
The heav'ns are cloth'd in shades of night,
While Jesus wins the glorious fight, On the cross.

3 By faith we see Him lifted up, On the cross.
He drinks for us the bitter cup, On the cross.
The rocks do rend, the mountains quake,
While Jesus doth atonement make,
While Jesus suffers for our sake, On the cross.

4 And now the mighty deed is done, On the cross.
The battle's fought, the vict'ry's won, On the cross.
To heav'n He turns His languid eyes—
"'Tis finished" now, the conq'ror cries,
Then bows His sacred head and dies, On the cross.

"Regent Square" **HYMN 31.** 8.7.4.

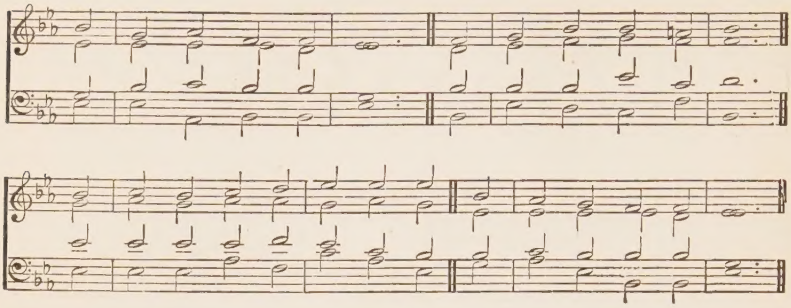


1 BRIGHT with all His crowns of glory,
See the Royal Victor's brow;
Once for sinners marr'd and gory,
See the Lamb exalted now,
While before Him
All His ransom'd brethren bow.

2 Blessed morning! long expected,
Lo! they fill the peopled air,
Mourners once, by man rejected,
They, with Him, exalted there,
Sing His praises,
And His throne of glory share.

3 King of kings! let earth adore Him,
High on His exalted throne;
Fall ye nations, fall before Him,
And His righteous sceptre own:
All the glory
Be to Him, and Him alone.

"Swabia" **HYMN 32.** S.M.



1 CHRIST'S grave is vacant now,
Left for the throne above;
His cross asserts God's right to bless,
In His own boundless love.

2 'Twas there the blood was shed,
'Twas there the life was pour'd,
There Mercy gain'd her diadem,
While Justice sheath'd her sword.

3 And thence the child of faith
Sees judgment all gone by,
Perceives the sentence fully met,
"The soul that sins shall die;"—

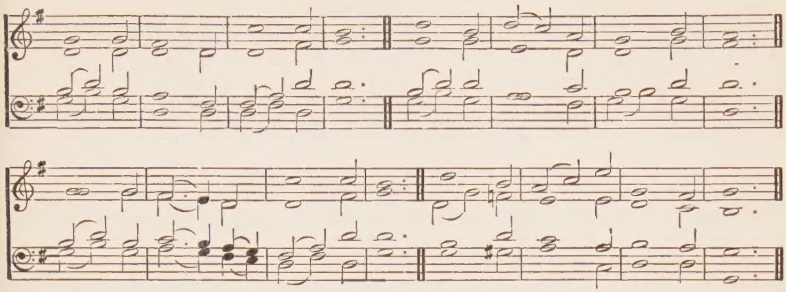
4 Learns how that God in love
Gave Christ the sins to bear
Of all who own His Lordship now,
That they His place might share;—

5 And cries with wondering joy,
"As He is so am I,
Pure, holy, loved as Christ Himself,—
Who shall my peace destroy?"

6 Reach my blest Saviour first,
Take Him from God's esteem,
Prove Jesus bears one spot of sin,
*Then* tell me I'm unclean!

7 Nay! for He purged my guilt
By His own precious blood,
And such its virtue not a stain
E'er meets the eye of God.

"Mozart" **HYMN 33.** 7's.



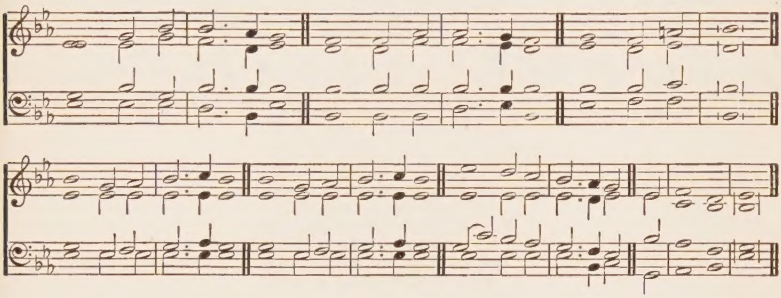
1 CHRIST has done the mighty work;
Nothing left for us to do
But to enter on His toil,
Enter on His triumph too.

2 His the pardon, ours the sin;
Great the sin, the pardon great;
His the good, and ours the ill;
His the love, and ours the hate.

3 His the labour, ours the rest;
His the death, and ours the life;
Ours the fruits of victory,
His the agony and strife.

4 He has sowed the precious seed,
Nothing left for us unsown;
Ours it is to reap the field,
Make the harvest joy our own.

"Olivet" **HYMN 34.** 6.6.4.6.6.4.

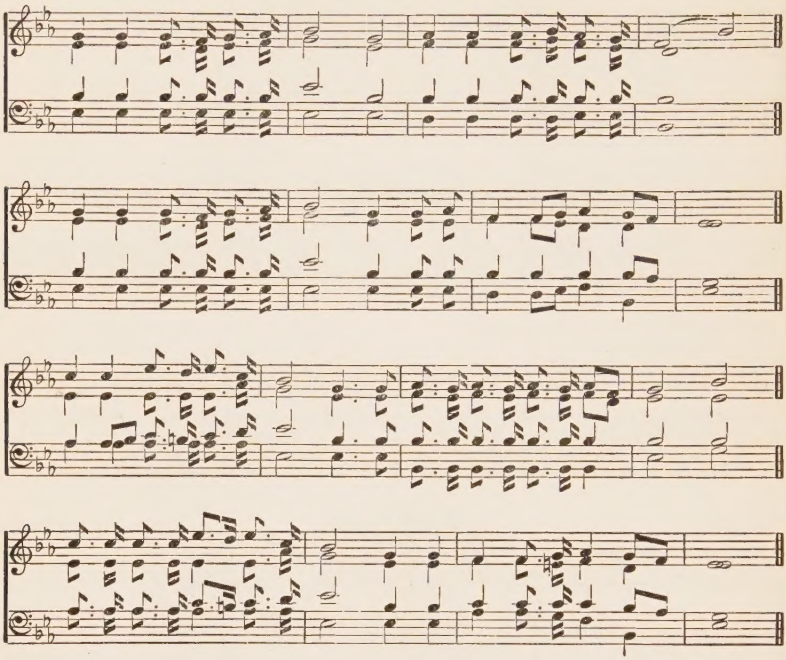


1 COME, all ye saints of God!
Publish through earth abroad,
Jesus' great fame:
Tell what His love has done;
Trust in His Name alone;
Shout to His lofty throne,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

2 Hence gloomy doubts and fears!
Dry up your mournful tears;
Swell the glad throng:
To Christ, the heavenly King,
Strike each melodious string;
From heart and voice to sing,
"Worthy's the Lamb!"

3 Hark, how the choirs above
Filled with the Saviour's love,
Dwell on His Name!
There, too, shall we be found,
With light and glory crowned,
While all the heavens resound—
"Worthy's the Lamb!"

"Tell of Jesus" **HYMN 35.** P.M.



1 CHRISTIANS, go and tell of Jesus,
How He died to save our souls;
How that He from sin might free us,
Suffered agonies untold.
Yes, we'll go and tell of Jesus,
The pure and holy, meek and lowly Jesus,
Yes, we'll go and tell of Jesus,
Who died our souls to save.

2 Tell the guilty of their danger,
While they wander far from God;
While they live to Christ a stranger,
And reject His precious Word.

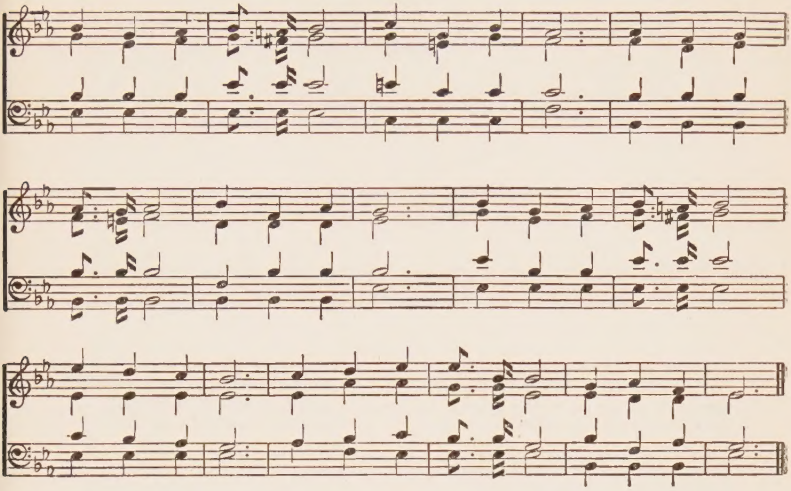
3 Tell them of the joys of heaven,
Purchased by the Saviour's blood;
How that they might be forgiven,
Jesus left His home above.

4 Tell them how He hath ascended
To prepare a home on high,
Where all sorrows shall be ended,
Where the saved shall never die.

"Veronica"

## HYMN 36.

6.4.6.4. D.

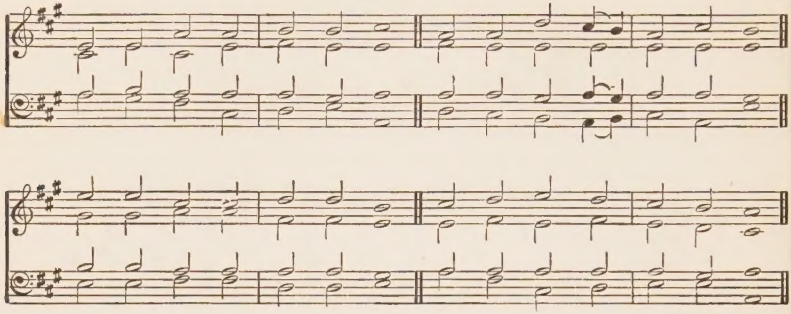


1 CLING to the MIGHTY One,
Cling in thy grief;
Cling to the HOLY One,
He gives relief;
Cling to the GRACIOUS One,
Cling in thy pain;
Cling to the FAITHFUL One,
He will sustain.

2 Cling to the LIVING One,
Cling in thy woe;
Cling to the LOVING One,
Through all below;
Cling to the PARDONING One,
He speaketh peace;
Cling to the HEALING One,
Anguish shall cease.

3 Cling to the BLEEDING One,
Cling to His side;
Cling to the RISEN One,
In Him abide;
Cling to the COMING One,
Hope shall arise;
Cling to the REIGNING One,
Joy lights thine eyes.

"Harts" **HYMN 37.** 7's.



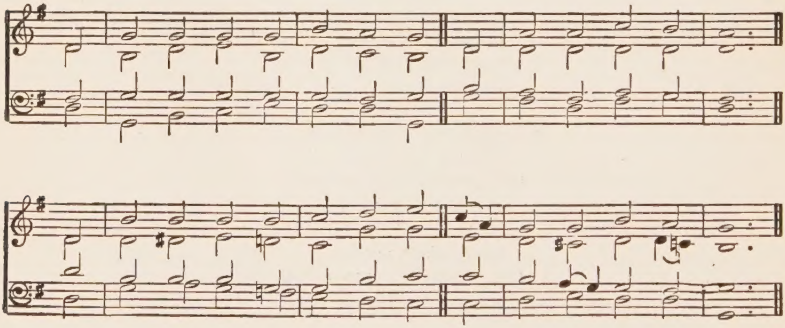
1 CHRIST the Lord is risen on high!
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply;
He endured the cross, the grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won!
He Himself our ransom paid,
Peace with God, for ever made.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ has burst the gates of hell;
Vain their efforts to enthral,
He has triumphed over all.

4 Christ our Lord is risen indeed,
Christ is now the Church's head;
Loud the song of triumph raise,
Celebrate the Victor's praise.

"Emmanuel" **HYMN 38.** C.M.



1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs,
And thus approach the throne:
Had we ten thousand thousand tongues,
Our theme of joy's but one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb enthroned on high,
To be exalted thus!
Worthy the Lamb who died," we cry,
"For He was slain for us."

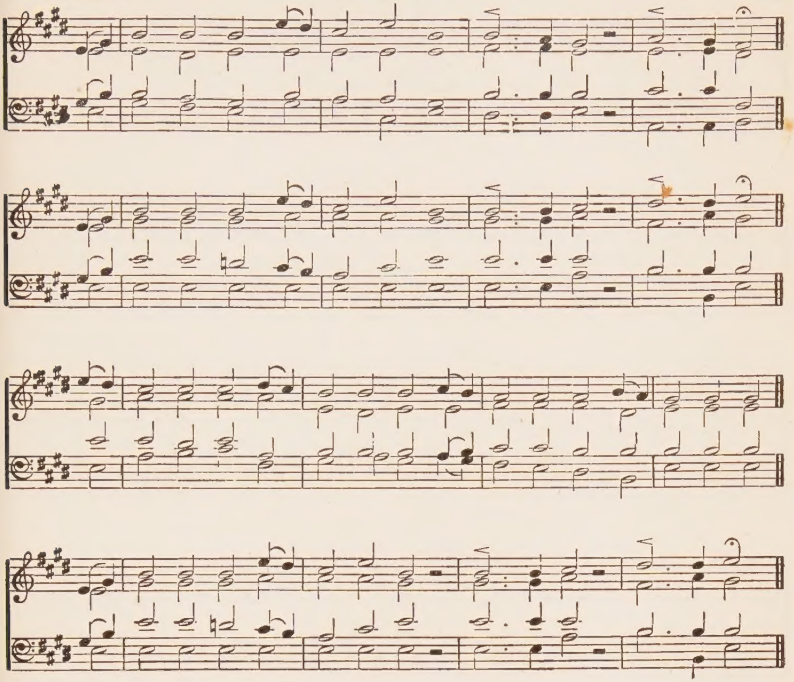
3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine:
And blessings more than we can give
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

4 Soon shall the saints, exalted high,
A glorious anthem raise;
And all that dwell beneath the sky
Speak forth Thine endless praise.

"God is Love"

## HYMN 39.

P.M.



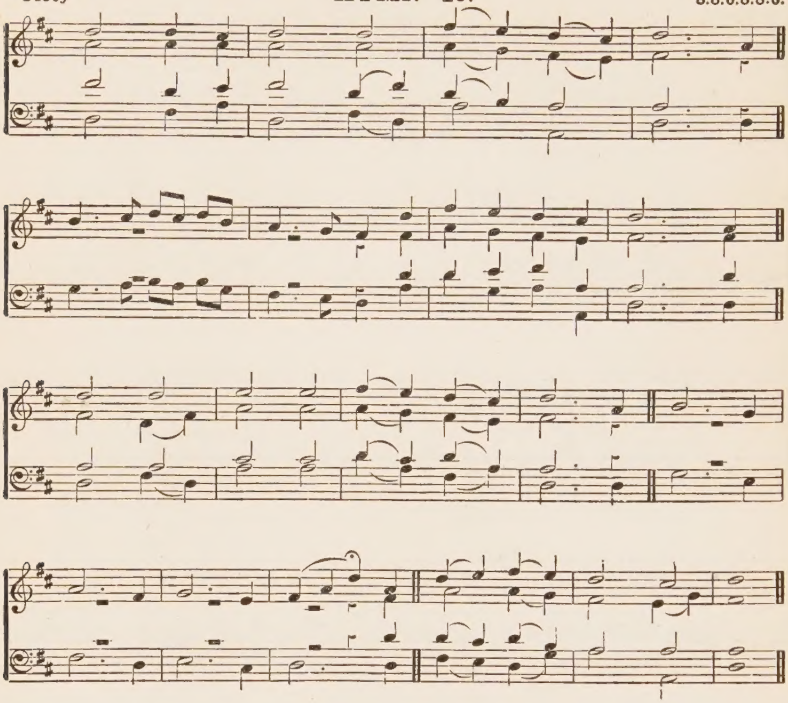
1 COME, let us all unite to sing,
"God is love."
Let heaven and earth their praises bring;
"God is love."
Let every soul from sin awake,
Each in his heart sweet music make,
And sing with us, for Jesus' sake,
"God is love."

2 Oh! tell to earth's remotest bound,
"God is love."
In Christ we have redemption found:
"God is love."
His blood has washed our sins away,
His Spirit turned our night to day;
And now we can rejoice to say,
"God is love."

3 How happy is our portion here!
"God is love."
His promises our spirits cheer;
"God is love."
He is our sun and shield by day,
Our help, our hope, our strength, and stay:
He will be with us all the way,
"God is love."

4 In glory we shall sing again,
"God is love."
Yes, this shall be our lofty strain,
"God is love."
Whilst endless ages roll along,
In concert with the heavenly throng,
This shall be still our sweetest song,
"God is love."

"Piety" **HYMN 40.** 8.8.6.8.8.6.



1 COME, let us sing the matchless worth,
And sweetly sound the glories forth,
Which in the Saviour shine,
To God and Christ our praises bring;
The song with which the heavens ring,
Now let us gladly join.

2 How rich the precious blood He spilt,
Our rescue from the dreadful guilt
Of sin against our God!
How perfect is His righteousness,
In which unspotted beauteous dress
His saints have always stood!

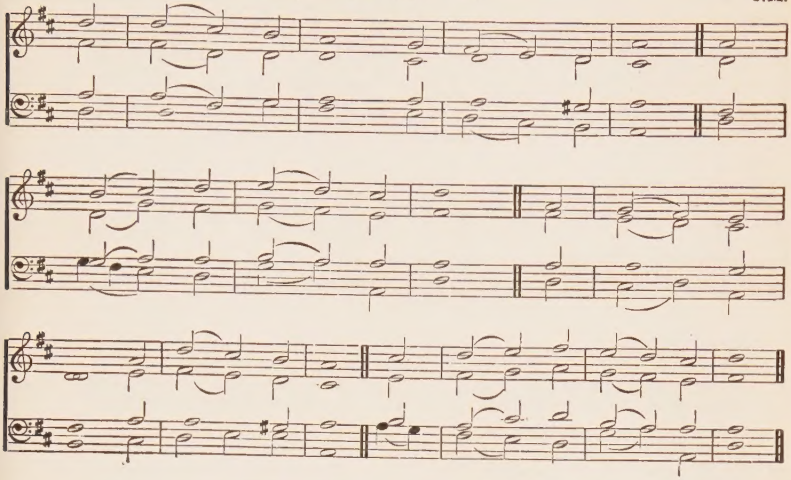
3 Great are the offices He bears,
And bright His character appears,
Exalted on the throne;
In songs of sweet untiring praise
We would, to everlasting days,
Make all His glories known.

4 And soon the happy day shall come,
When we shall reach our destined home,
And see Him face to face;
Then with our Saviour, Master, Friend,
The glad eternity we'll spend,
And celebrate His grace.

"Colchester"

## HYMN 41.

C.M.



1 COME, ye that know the Saviour's name,
And raise your thoughts above;
Let every heart and voice unite
To sing—that God is love.

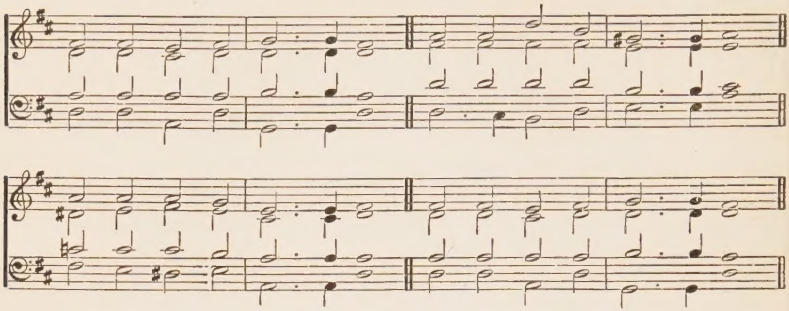
2 His Word this precious truth reveals,
And all His mercies prove;
Creation and redemption join
To show—that God is love.

3 His patience, bearing much and long
With those who from Him rove,
His kindness, while He leads them home,
Attest—that God is love.

4 The work begun, is carried on
By power from heaven above;
And every step, from first to last,
Declares—that God is love.

5 Oh! may we all, while here below,
His perfect will approve;
Till nobler songs in brighter worlds
Proclaim—that God is love!

"Dunstan" **HYMN 42.** 7.7.7.7.



1 CROWNED with thorns upon the tree,
Silent in Thine agony;
Dying, crushed beneath the load
Of the wrath and curse of God.

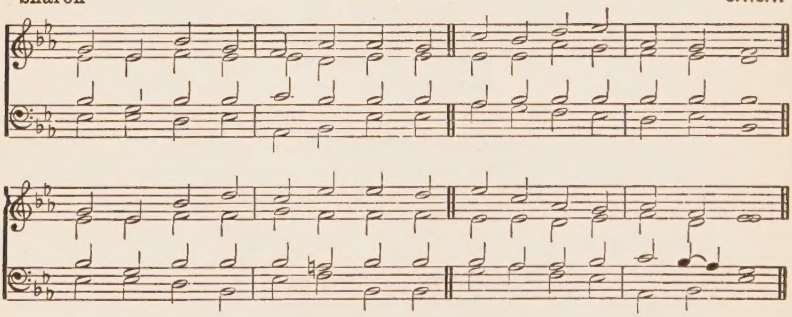
2 On Thy pale and suffering brow,
Mystery of love and woe;
On Thy grief and sore amaze,
Saviour, I would fix my gaze.

3 On Thy pierced and bleeding breast
Thou dost bid the weary rest;
Rest there from the world's false ways,
Rest there from its vanities.

4 Rest in pardon and relief,
From the load of guilt and grief;
Rest in Thy redeeming blood,
Rest in perfect peace with God.

5 Sin-atoning sacrifice,
Thou art precious in mine eyes;
Thou alone my rest shalt be,
Now and through eternity.

"Sharon" **HYMN 43.** 8.7.8.7.



1 COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace:
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

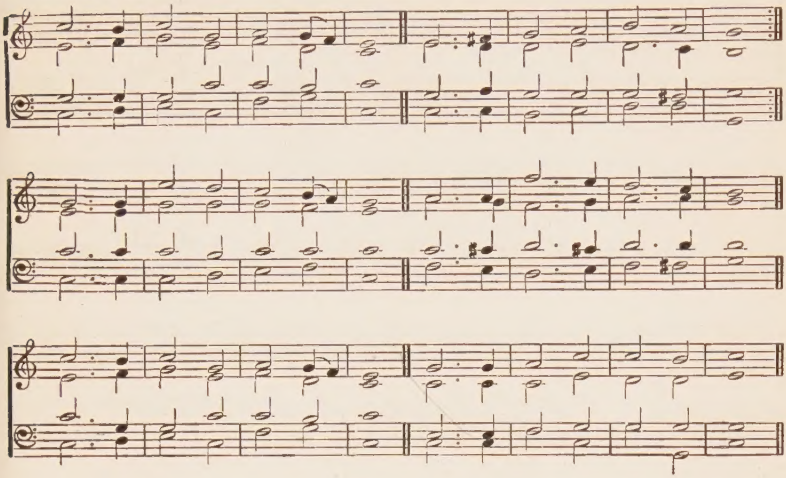
2 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interposed His precious blood,

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee

"Thanksgiving"

## HYMN 44.

7.7.7.7. D.

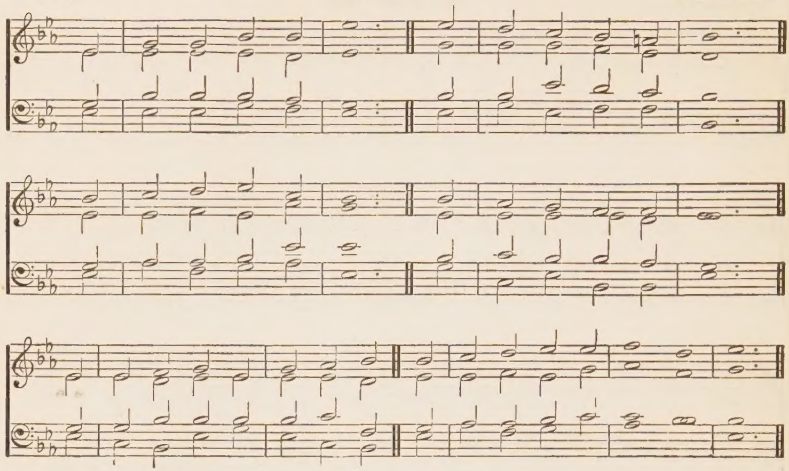


1 CROWNS of glory ever bright
Rest upon the Victor's head:
Crowns of glory are His right,
His who liveth and was dead.
Jesus fought and won the day;
Such a day was never fought;
Well His people now may say,
See what God, our God, has wrought.

2 He subdued the powers of hell;
In the fight He stood alone;
All His foes before Him fell,
By His single arm o'erthrown.
They have fallen to rise no more;
Final is the foe's defeat;
Jesus triumphed by His power,
And His triumph is complete.

3 His the fight, the arduous toil,
His the honour of the day,
His the glory and the spoil,
Jesus bears them all away.
Now proclaim His deeds afar;
Fill the world with His renown,
His alone the Victor's car,
His the everlasting crown.

"St. John" **HYMN 45.** 6.6.6.6.8.8.



1 DONE is the work that saves!
Once and for ever done;
Finished the righteousness
That clothes the unrighteous one;
The love that blesses us below,
Is flowing freely to us now.

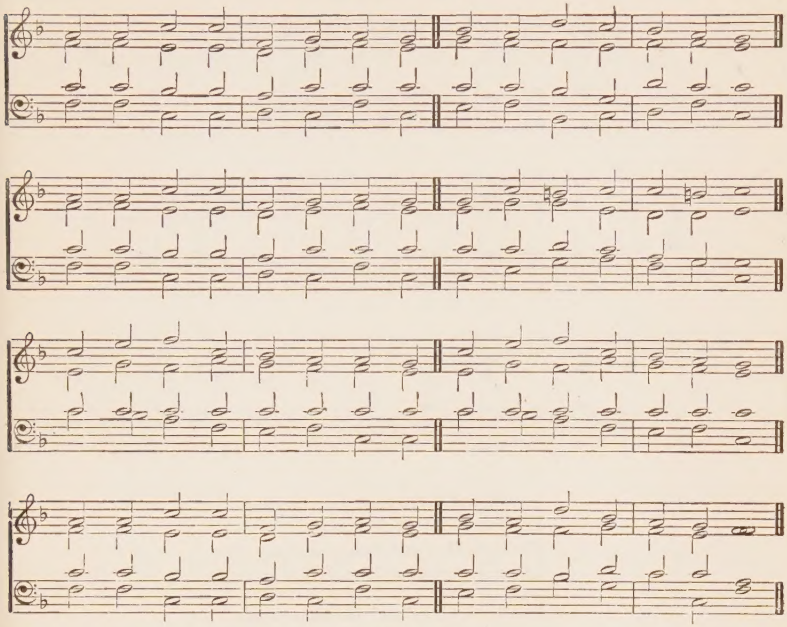
2 The sacrifice is o'er,
The veil is rent in twain,
The mercy-seat is red
With blood of victim slain.
Why stand we then without, in fear?
The blood of Christ invites us near.

3 The gate is open wide,
The new and living way
Is clear, and free, and bright,
With love, and peace, and day.
Into the holiest now we come,
Our present and our endless home.

4 Enthroned in majesty,
The High Priest sits within;
His precious blood once shed,
Has made and keeps us clean.
With boldness let us now draw near,
That blood has banished every fear.

5 Then to the Lamb once slain,
Be glory, praise, and power,
Who died, and lives again,
Who liveth evermore.
Who loved us, cleansed us by His blood,
And made us kings and priests to God.

"Sydney" **HYMN 46.** 8.7.8.7. D.



1 FATHER! we, Thy children, bless Thee,
For Thy love on us bestow'd;
As our Father we address Thee—
Call'd to be the Sons of God.
Wondrous was Thy love in giving
Jesus for our sins to die,
Wondrous was His grace in leaving,
For our sakes, His home on high.

2 Now the sprinkled blood has freed us,
On we go toward our rest;
Through the desert Thou dost lead us,
With Thy constant favour blest;
By Thy truth and Spirit guiding—
Earnest He of joys to come;
And with daily food providing,
Thou dost lead Thy children home.

3 Though our pilgrimage be dreary,
This is not our resting place;
Shall we of the way be weary,
When we see our Master's face?
Now, by faith anticipating
In this hope our souls rejoice;
We, His promised advent waiting,
Soon shall hear His welcome voice.

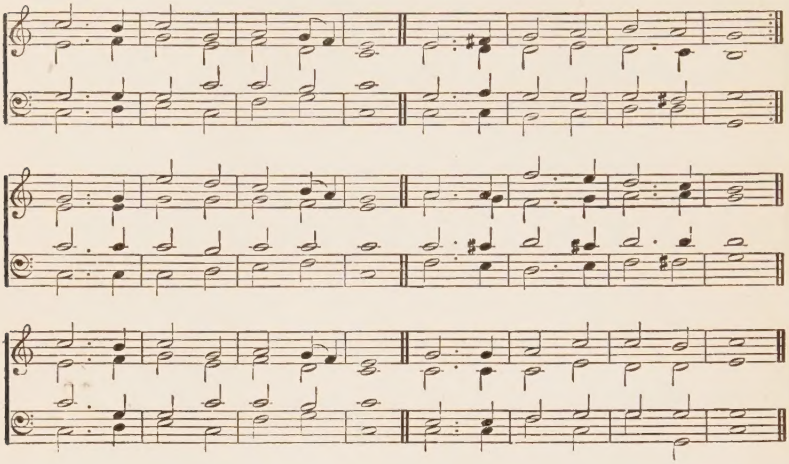
4 Father, O how rich the blessing
When Thy Son returns again!
Then Thy Saints their rest possessing,
O'er the earth with Him shall reign.
For their fathers' sakes beloved
Israel, in Thy grace restored,
Shall on earth, the curse removed,
Be the people of the Lord.

5 Then shall countless myriads wearing
Robes made white in Jesus' blood,
Palms (like rested pilgrims) bearing,
Stand around the throne of God.
These, redeemed from every nation,
Shall in triumph bless Thy name;
Every voice shall cry, "Salvation,"
To our God and to the Lamb!

"Thanksgiving"

## HYMN 47.

7.7.7.7. D.



1 FAINT not, Christian, tho' the road,
Leading to thy bless'd abode,
Darksome be, and dangerous too,
Christ thy guide will bring thee through.

2 Faint not, Christian! though in rage,
Satan doth thy soul engage;
Take thee Faith's anointed shield,
Bear it to the battle-field.

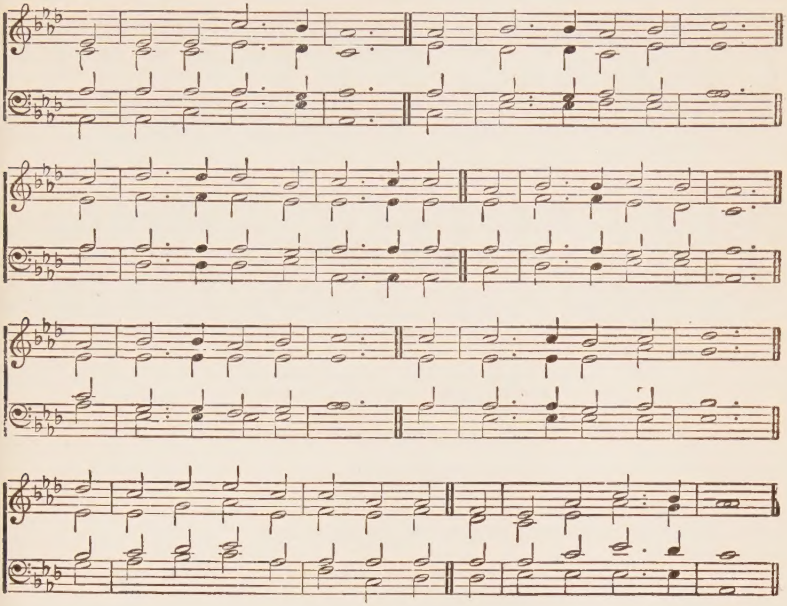
3 Faint not, Christian! though the world
Has its hostile flag unfurled;
Hold the cross of Jesus fast,
Thou shalt overcome at last.

4 Faint not, Christian! though within
There's a heart so prone to sin;
Christ, thy Lord, is over all,
He'll not suffer thee to fall.

5 Faint not, Christian! though thy God
Smite thee with the chastening rod;
Smite He must, with Father's care,
That He may His love declare.

6 Faint not, Christian! Christ is near;
Soon in glory He'll appear;
Then shalt end thy toil and strife,
Death be swallowed up of life.

"Montgomery" **HYMN 48.** S.M.D.



1 "FOR ever with the Lord,"
Amen, so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word:
'Tis immortality,
Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

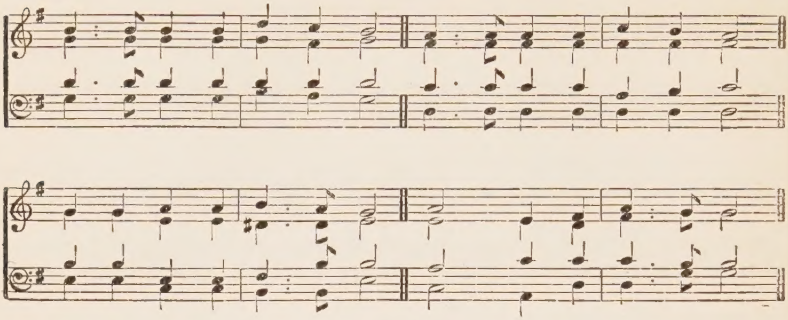
2 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul how near,
At times, to Faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear.

3 My thirsty spirit faints,
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

4 For ever with the Lord,
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
E'en here to me fulfil.

5 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
For ever with the Lord!

"Evelyn" **HYMN 49.** 7.7.7.6.



1 FOR the bread and for the wine,
For the pledge that seals Him mine,
For the words of love divine,
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

2 Only bread and only wine,
Yet to faith, the solemn sign
Of the heavenly and divine!
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

3 For the words that turn our eye
To the cross of Calvary,
Bidding us in faith draw nigh,
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

4 For the words that fragrance breathe,
These plain symbols underneath,
Words that His own peace bequeath,
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

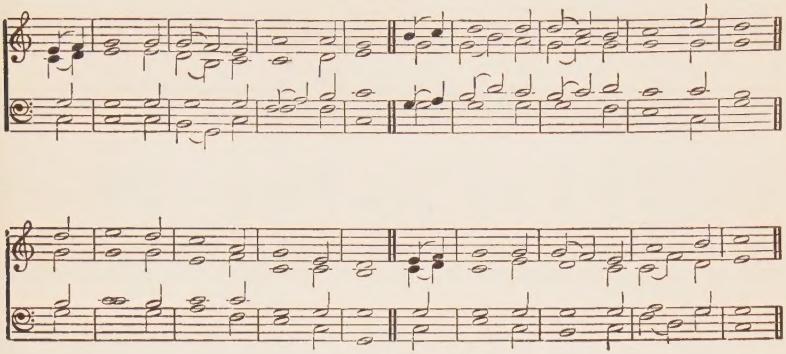
5 For the words that tell of home,
Pointing us beyond the tomb,
"Do ye this until I come,"
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

6 Till He come we take the bread,
Type of Him on whom we feed,
Him who liveth and was dead!
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

7 Till He come we take the cup;
As we at His table sup,
Eye and heart are lifted up!
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

8 For that coming, here foreshown,
For that day to man unknown,
For the glory and the throne,
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

"Retreat" **HYMN 50.** L.M.



1 FROM every stormy wind that blows
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a safe retreat;
'Tis found beneath the Mercy-seat.

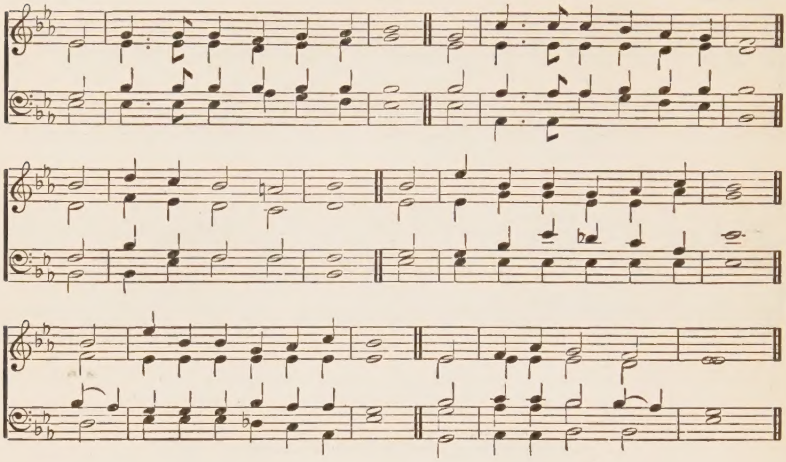
2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place, than all beside more sweet,
It is the blood-stained Mercy-seat.

3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith we meet
Around one common Mercy-seat.

4 Ah, whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no Mercy-seat?

5 There, there on eagle-wings we soar,
And time and sense appear no more,
There heavenly joys our spirits greet,
And glory crowns the Mercy-seat.

"Meribah" **HYMN 51.** 8.8.6.8.8.6.



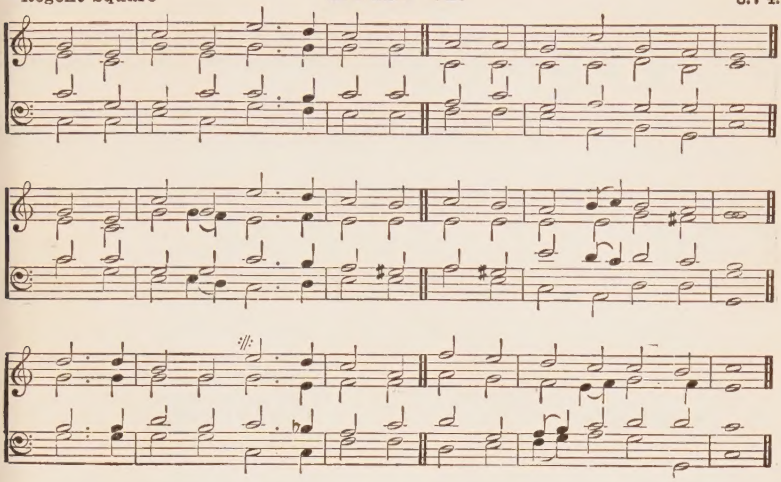
1 FROM whence this fear and unbelief,
If God, my Father, put to grief
His spotless Son for me?
Can He, the righteous Judge of men,
Condemn me for that debt of sin,
Which, Lord, was charged to Thee?

2 *Complete* atonement Thou hast made,
And to the utmost farthing paid,
Whate'er Thy people owed;
How, then, can wrath *on me* take place,
*If shelter'd in God's righteousness,*
*And sprinkled by Thy blood?*

3 If Thou hast my discharge procured,
And freely in my place endured
The whole of wrath divine,
Payment God will not *twice* demand,
*First* at my bleeding Surety's hand,
And then *again* at mine.

4 Turn, then, my soul, unto thy rest!
The merits of thy great High Priest
Speak peace and liberty;
Trust in His efficacious blood,
Nor fear thy banishment from God,
Since Jesus died for thee.

"Regent Square" **HYMN 52.** 8.7 4.

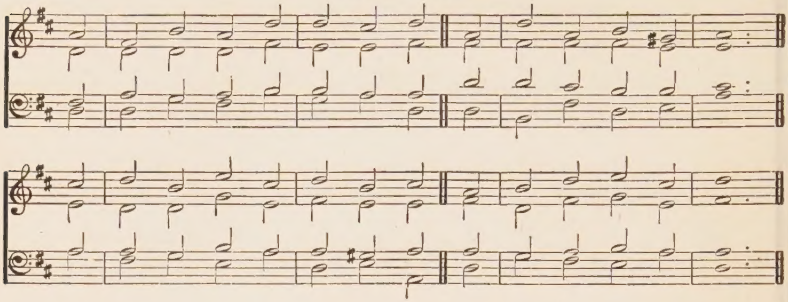


1 GLORY, glory everlasting,
Be to Him who bore the cross!
Who redeem'd our souls by tasting
Death—the death deserved by us:
Spread His glory,
Who redeem'd His people thus!

2 His is love! 'tis love unbounded,
Without measure, without end:
Human thought is here confounded:
'Tis too vast to comprehend.
Praise the Saviour!
Magnify the sinner's Friend!

3 While we hear the wondrous story,
Of the Saviour's cross and shame,
Sing we, "Everlasting glory
Be to God and to the Lamb!"
Hallelujah!
Give ye glory to His name!

"St. Ann" **HYMN 53.** C.M.



1 GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

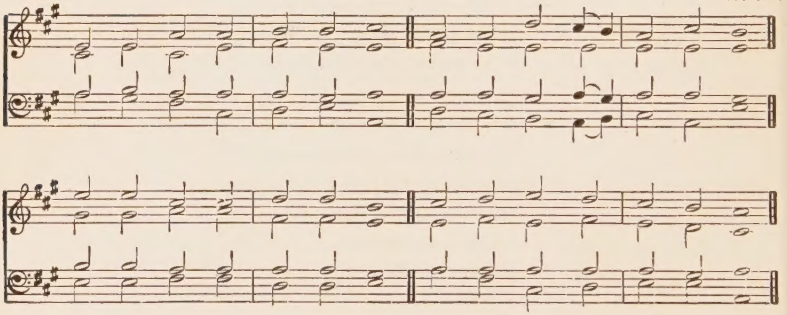
3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

"Harts" **HYMN 54.** 7.7.7.7.



1 GLORY unto Jesus be,
Thou from wrath didst set us free;
All our guilt on Thee was laid,
Thou our ransom-price hast paid.

2 All the blessed work is done,
God's well pleased in His Son,
For He raised Thee from the dead;
Set Thee over all as Head.

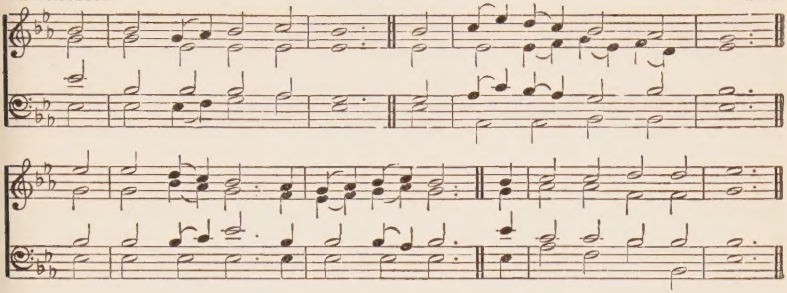
3 All should sing Thy work and worth,
All above and all on earth;
We shall sing around the throne,
"Thou art worthy, Thou alone."

4 Knowing this, we cease to mourn,
Patient wait Thy sure return;
For Thy saints with Thee shall reign,
Come, Lord Jesus, come again!

"Silchester"

## HYMN 55.

S.M.



1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear:
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace taught my wandering feet
To tread the heav'nly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While passing on to God.

3 'Twas grace that wrote my name
In life's eternal Book;
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.

4 Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made my eyes o'erflow;
'Twas grace that kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.

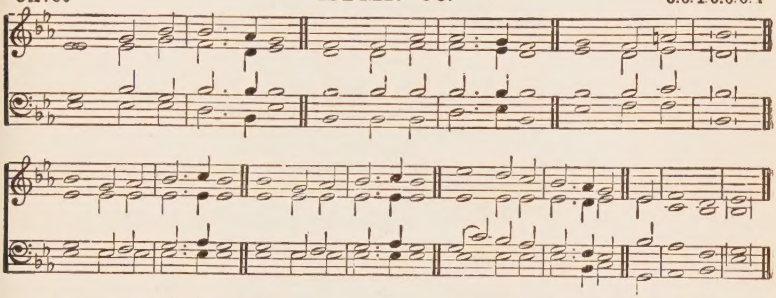
5 O let that grace inspire
My soul with strength divine;
May all my powers to Thee aspire,
And all my days be Thine.

6 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

"Olivet"

## HYMN 56.

6.6.4.6.6.4



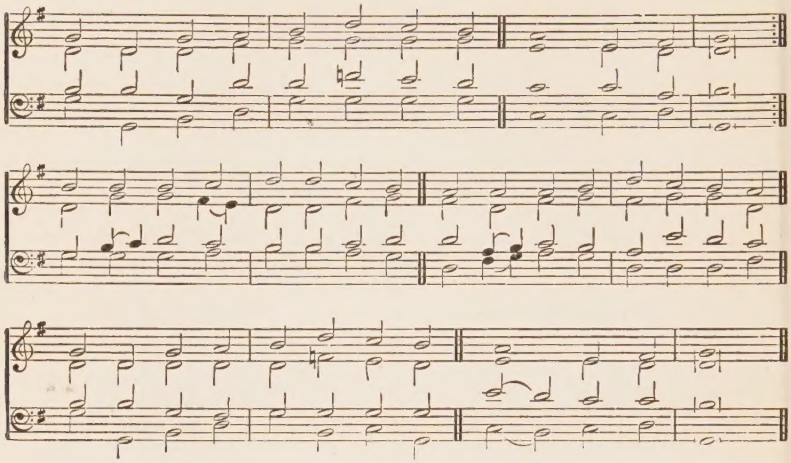
1 "GLORY to God on high!
Peace upon earth and joy,
Good will to man."
We who God's blessing prove,
His Name all names above,
Sing now, the Saviour's love,
Too vast to scan.

2 Mercy and truth unite,
O 'tis a wondrous sight—
All sights above!
Jesus the curse sustains!
Guilt's bitter cup He drains!
Nothing for us remains—
Nothing but love.

3 Love that no tongue can teach,
Love that no thought can reach:
No love like His.
God is its blessed source,
Death ne'er can stop its course,
Nothing can stay its force;
Matchless it is.

4 Blest in this love we sing;
To God our praises bring;
All sins forgiven.
Jesus, our Lord, to Thee
Honour and majesty,
Now, and for ever be,
Here, and in heaven!

"Evensong" **HYMN 57.** P.M.



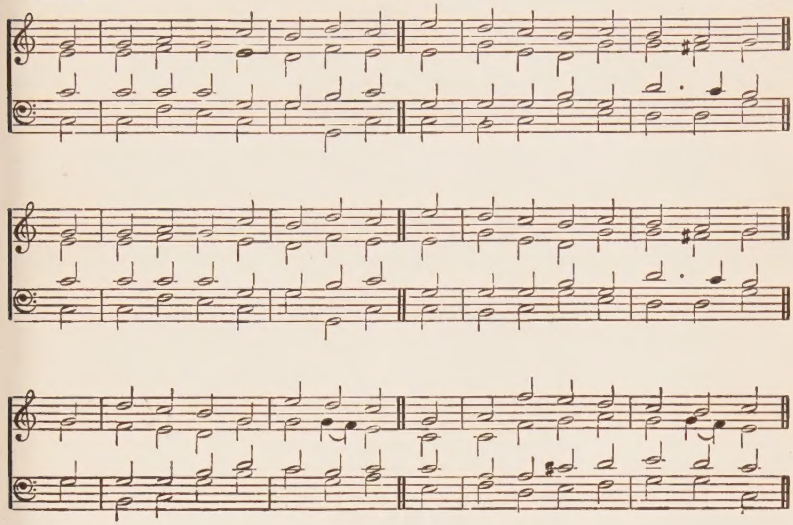
1 GOD'S almighty arms are round me,
Peace, peace, is mine!
Judgment scenes need not confound me,
Peace, peace, is mine!
Jesus came Himself and sought me;
Sold to death He found and bought me;
Then my blessed freedom taught me,
Peace, peace, is mine!

2 While I hear life's surging billows,
Peace, peace, is mine!
Why suspend my harp on willows?
Peace, peace, is mine!
I may sing with Christ beside me,
Though a thousand ills betide me,
Safely He hath sworn to guide me!
Peace, peace, is mine!

3 Every trial draws Him nearer;
Peace, peace, is mine!
All His strokes but make Him dearer,
Peace, peace, is mine!
Bless I then the hand that smiteth,
Gently, and to heal delighteth,
'Tis against my sins He fighteth,
Peace, peace, is mine!

4 Welcome, every rising sunlight,
Peace, peace, is mine!
Nearer home each rolling midnight,
Peace, peace, is mine!
Death and hell cannot appal me,
Safe in Christ whate'er befall me,
Calmly wait I till He call me,
Peace, peace, is mine!

"Linden" **HYMN 58.** 6 8's.



1 GREAT God of wonders! all Thy ways,
Display Thine attributes divine;
But the bright glories of Thy grace,
Above Thine other wonders shine:
Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

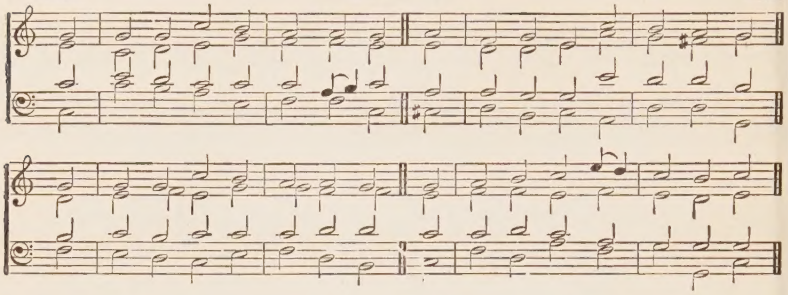
2 Such deep transgressions to forgive!
Such guilty, daring worms to spare!
This is Thy grand prerogative,
And in this honour none shall share!
Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

3 Pardon from an offended God!
Pardon for sins of deepest dye!
Pardon bestowed through Jesus' blood!
Pardon that brings the rebel nigh!
Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

"Mainzer"

## HYMN 59.

L.M.



1 GREAT Shepherd of Thy chosen flock,
Thy people's shield, their shadowing Rock,
Once more we meet to hear Thy voice,
Once more before Thee to rejoice.

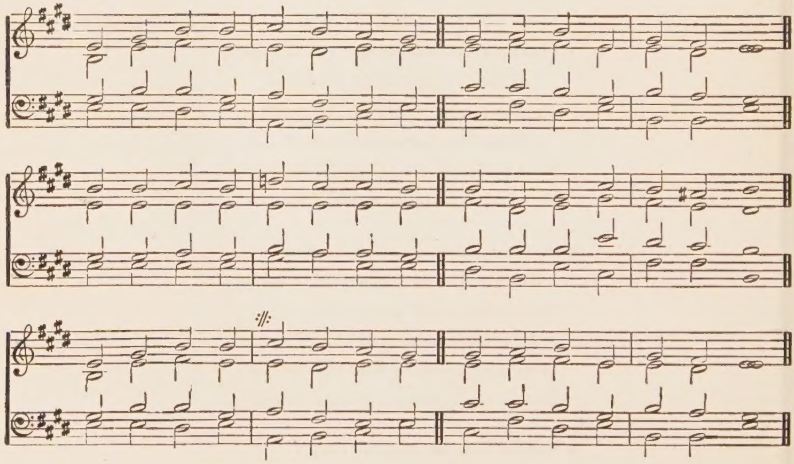
2 Now may Thy Spirit by the word,
Refresh each wearied heart, O Lord;
Wearied of earth's vain strife and woe,
And longing more Thyself to know.

3 Thine is the heart our griefs to feel,
And Thine the love each wound to heal,
Home Thou art gone for us to care,
Returning soon to take us there.

"Mannheim"

## HYMN 60.

8.7.4.



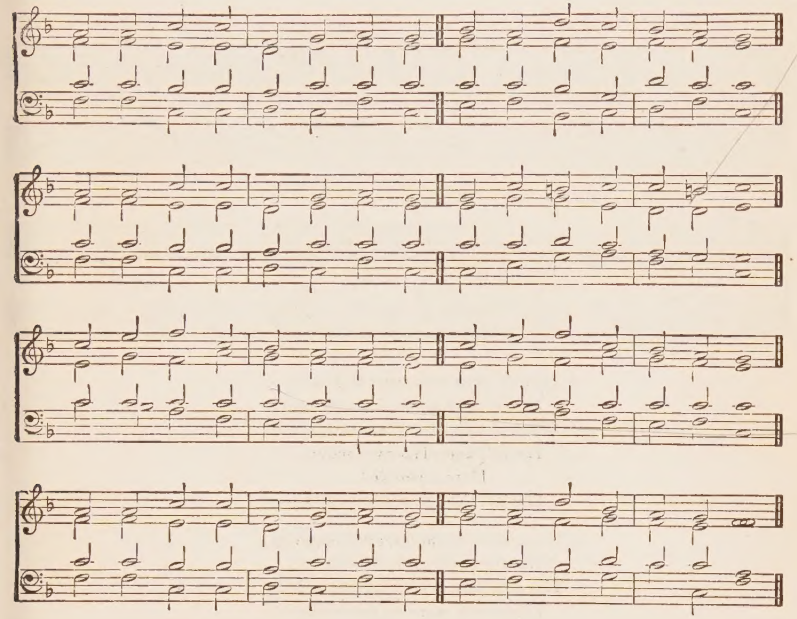
1 GUIDE us, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrims through this barren land;
We are weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold us by Thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven!
Feed us now and evermore.

2 Open wide the living fountain
Whence the healing waters flow;
Be Thyself our cloudy pillar
All the dreary desert through:
Strong deliverer!
Be Thou still our strength and shield.

3 While we tread this vale of sorrow,
May we in Thy love abide;
Keep us, O our gracious Saviour!
Cleaving closely to Thy side;
Still relying
On our Father's changeless love.

4 Saviour! come, we long to see Thee,
Long to dwell with Thee above,
And to know in full communion,
All the sweetness of Thy love.
Come, Lord Jesus!
Take Thy waiting people home.

"Sydney" **HYMN 61.** 8.7.8.7. D.



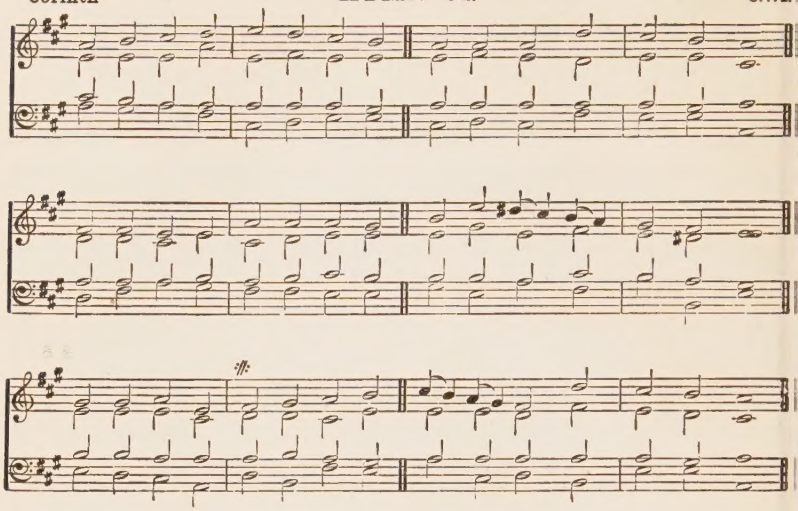
1 HAIL, thou once despised Jesus!
Hail, thou still rejected King;
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst free salvation bring:
Through Thy death and resurrection,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
We enjoy divine protection,
Life and glory through Thy name.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on Thee were laid;
By our Father's love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made:
All who trust Thee are forgiven,
Through the virtue of Thy blood;
Rent in Thee the vail of heaven,
Grace shines forth to man from God.

3 Saviour, hail! amid the glory,
Where for us Thou dost abide;
We by faith do now adore Thee!
Seated at Thy Father's side.
There for us Thou now art pleading,
While Thou dost our place prepare,
For Thy saints still interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honour, praise, and blessing,
Thou shalt then from all receive;
Loudest praises without ceasing,
All that earth or heaven can give:
In that day Thy saints will meet Thee,
Welcome Thee with grateful song;
Joyful hearts will ever greet Thee,
Source of joy to all the throng.

"Corinth" **HYMN 62.** 8.7.4.



1 HAPPY they who trust in Jesus!
Sweet their portion is and sure;
When the foe on others seizes,
He will keep His own secure:
Happy people!
Happy, though despised and poor.

2 Since His love and mercy found us,
We are precious in His sight;
Thousands now may fall around us,
Thousands more be put to flight;
But His presence
Keeps us safe by day and night.

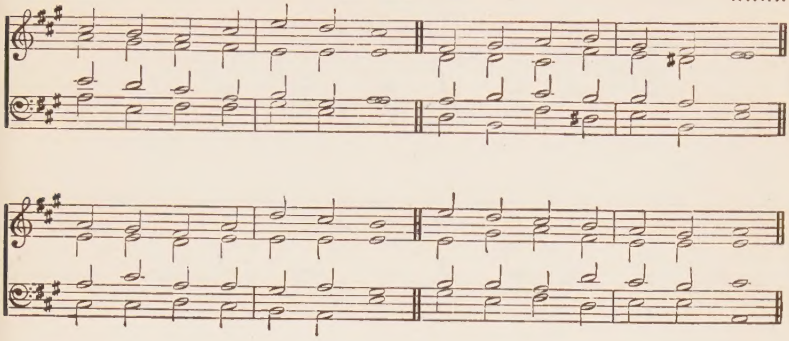
3 Lo! our Saviour never slumbers;
Ever watchful is His care;
Though we cannot boast of numbers,
In His strength secure we are:
Sweet their portion,
Who our Saviour's kindness share!

4 As the bird beneath her feathers
Guards the object of her care,
So the Lord His children gathers,
Spreads His wings, and hides them there:
Thus protected,
All their foes they boldly dare.

"Ravenna"

## HYMN 63.

7.7.7.7.



1 HARK! my soul, it is the Lord!
'Tis the Saviour! hear His word:
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?

2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And when wounded healed thy wound,
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turn'd thy darkness into light.

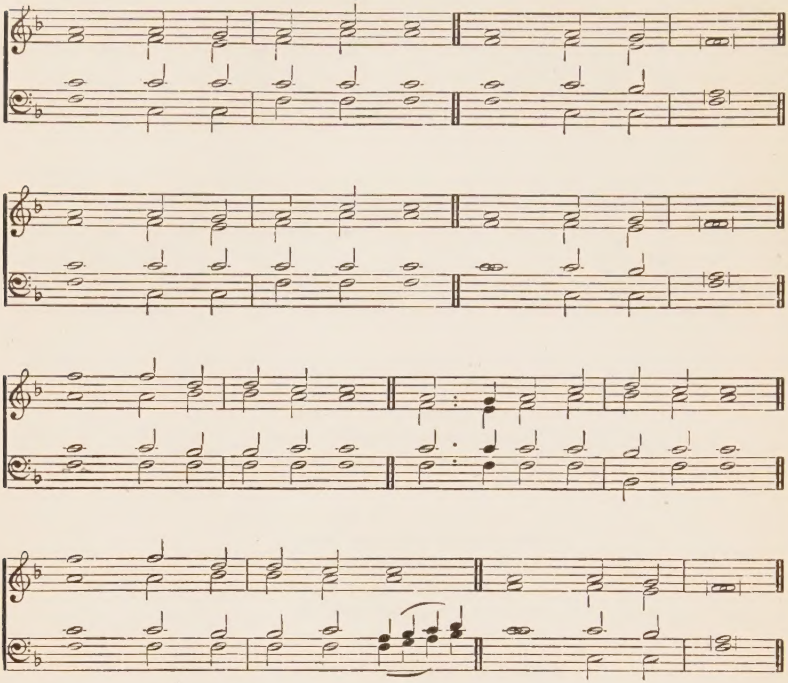
3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes; she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done:
Partner of My throne shalt be,
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is cold and faint,
Yet I love Thee, and adore;
Oh for grace to love Thee more!

"Watchman's Cry" **HYMN 64.** 6.4.6.4.6.7.6.4.



1 HARK! 'tis the watchman's cry,
Wake, brethren, wake!
Jesus our Lord, is nigh; Wake, &c.
Sleep is for sons of night,
Ye are children of the light,
Yours is the glory bright; Wake, &c.

2 Call to each waking band,
Watch, brethren, watch! [&c.
Clear is our Lord's command, Watch,
Be ye as men that wait
Always at their Master's gate, [&c.
E'en though the hour seem late, Watch,

3 Heed we the steward's call?
Work, brethren, work!
There's room enough for all; Work, &c.
This vineyard of the Lord,
Constant labour will afford,
Yours is a sure reward; Work, &c.

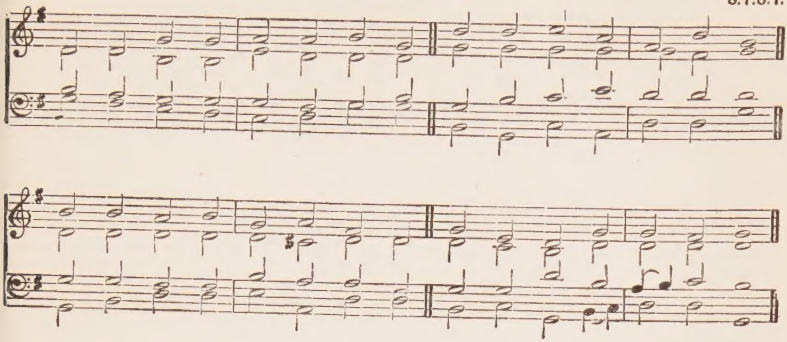
4 Hear we the Shepherd's voice?
Pray, brethren, pray!
Would ye His heart rejoice? Pray, &c.
Sin calls for constant fear,
Weakness needs the strong One near,
Long as ye struggle here, Pray, &c.

5 Now sound the final chord,
Praise, brethren, praise!
Thrice holy is our Lord. Praise, &c.
What more befits the tongues,
Soon to lead th' eternal songs,
While heaven the note prolongs? Praise, &c.

"Sigismund"

## HYMN 65.

8.7.8.7.



1 HARK! ten thousand voices crying,
"Lamb of God" with one accord;
Thousand thousand saints replying,
Wake at once the echoing chord.

2 "Praise the Lamb" the chorus waking,
All in heaven together throng,
Loud and far, each tongue partaking,
Rolls around the endless song.

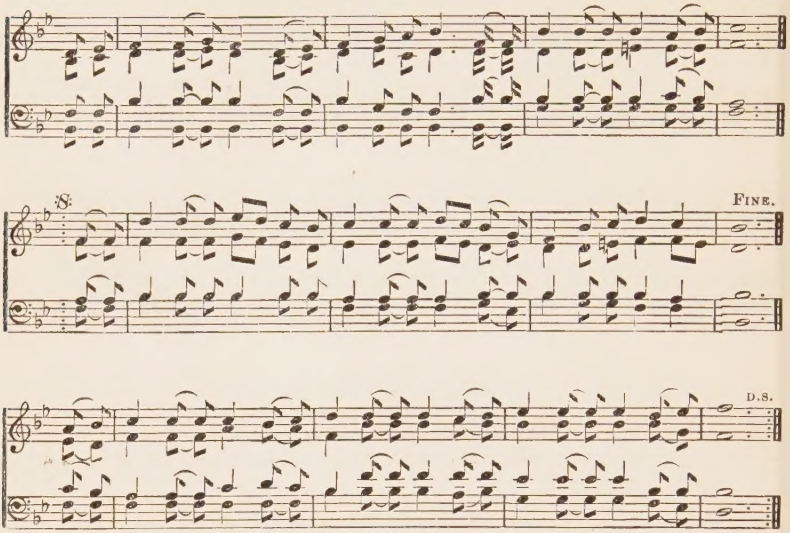
3 Grateful incense, this, ascending,
Ever to the Father's throne;
Every knee to Jesus bending—
All the mind of heaven is one.

4 All the Father's counsels claiming
Equal honours for the Son—
All the Son's effulgence beaming,
Makes the Father's glory known.

5 By the Spirit, all pervading,
Hosts unnumbered round the Lamb,
Crowd with light and joy unfading,
Hail Him as the great "I AM."

6 Joyful now the new creation
Rests in undisturbed repose;
Blest in Jesus' full salvation,
Sorrow now nor thraldom knows.

"Resolution" **HYMN 66.** P.M.



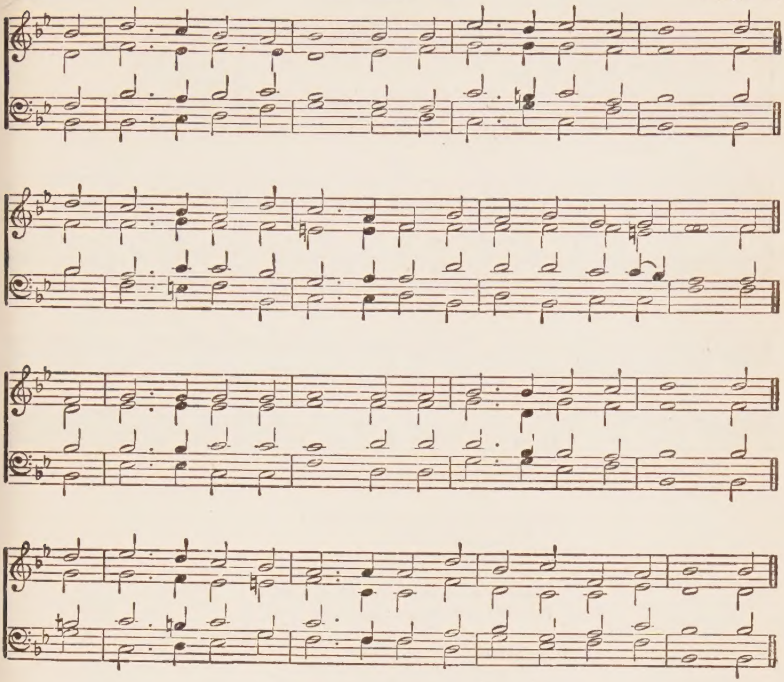

1 HAVE ye counted the cost,
Have ye counted the cost,
Ye warriors of the cross?
Are ye fixed in heart for your Master's sake,
To suffer all earthly loss?
Can ye bear the scoff of the worldly-wise,
As ye pass by pleasure's bower,
To watch with our Lord on the mountain-top
Through the dreary midnight hour?

2 Ye may drink of His cup!
Ye may drink of His cup!
And in His baptism share!
Ye shall not fail, if ye tread in His steps,
His blood-stained cross to bear!
But count ye the cost: oh! count ye the cost!
That ye be not unprepared! [stand
And know ye the strength that alone can
In the conflict ye have dared!

3 In the power of His might!
In the power of His might!
Who was made through weakness strong,
Ye shall overcome in the fearful fight!
And sing His victory song! [the Lamb,'
By the 'Blood of the Lamb'—By the 'Blood of
By the faithful witness word!
Not loving your lives unto death for Him,
Ye shall triumph with your Lord!

4 Oh! the banner of love!
Oh! the banner of love!
It will cost you a pang to hold!
But 'twill float in triumph the field above,
Though your heart's blood stain its fold.
Ye may count the cost, ye may count the cost,
Of all Egyptia's treasure!
But the riches of Christ ye cannot count—
His love ye cannot measure!

"Zoan II." **HYMN 67.** 7.7.8.7. D.



1 HEAD of the Church triumphant!
We joyfully adore Thee,
'Til Thou appear
Thy Members here
Would sing of Thee in glory!
We lift our hearts and voices,
In blest anticipation;
And sing aloud,
And give to God
The praise of our salvation.

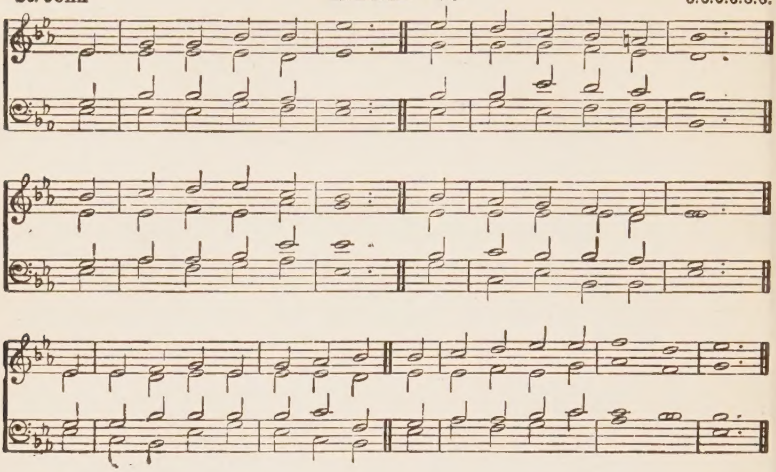
2 While in affliction's furnace,
And passing through the fire;
Thy love we praise,
Which tries our ways,
And ever brings us nigher;
We lift our hands exulting,
In Thine almighty favour;
The love divine,
Which made us Thine,
Shall keep us Thine for ever.

3 Thou dost conduct Thy people,
Through torrents of temptation;
Nor need we fear,
While Thou art near,
The fire of tribulation:
The world with sin and Satan,
In vain our march opposes;
By Thee we shall
Break through them all;
Thy triumph ours discloses.

"St. John"

## HYMN 68.

6.6.6.6.8.8.



1 HE comes, Emmanuel comes!
Jesus, the crucified!
The Man of Sorrows—He
Who bowed His head and died;
Who hath redeemed us by His blood;
He comes to take us home to God.

2 He comes! our Advocate,
Who bears us on His breast;
Himself to take us home
To His eternal rest:
Oh let the hope dispel each fear—
Our great High Priest will soon appear!

3 He comes! our Shepherd comes,
Whose eyelids never sleep:
To gather in the skies
The thousands of His sheep;
Where the eternal fountains spring
Of love divine, His flock he'll bring.

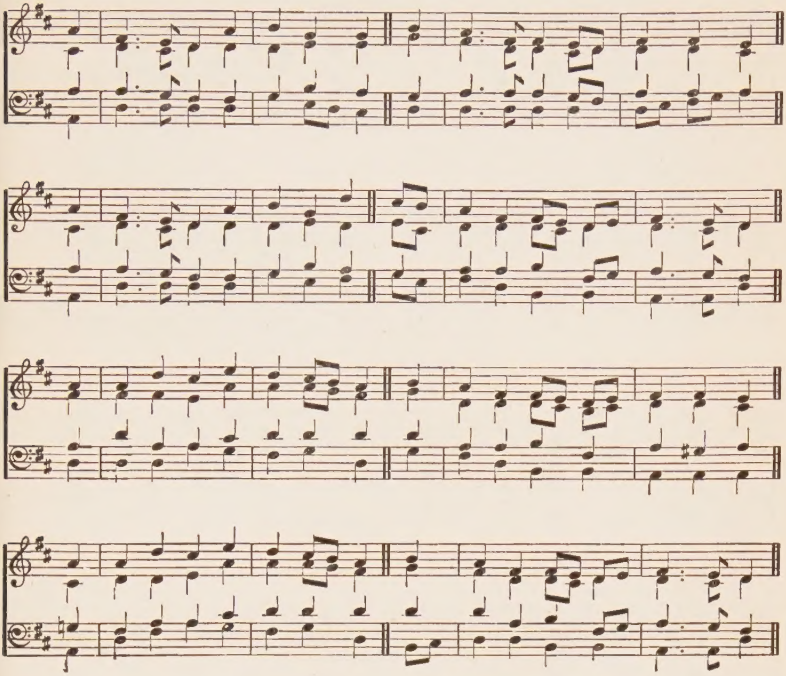
4 He comes! the Heir of all!
All shall His power obey:
Our Bridegroom to His Church
His glories shall display:
But oh! His love, what tongue can tell,
Eternal, vast, unsearchable!

5 "Behold I quickly come!"
Responsive to Thy word,
The Spirit and the Bride
Cry "Even so, O Lord!"
Naught else can satisfy her heart,
But to be with Thee where Thou art.

"He Leadeth Me"

## HYMN 69.

L.M. D.



1 He leadeth me, oh blessed thought,
Oh words with heavenly comfort fraught;
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me!
He leadeth me! He leadeth me!
By His own hand He leadeth me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.

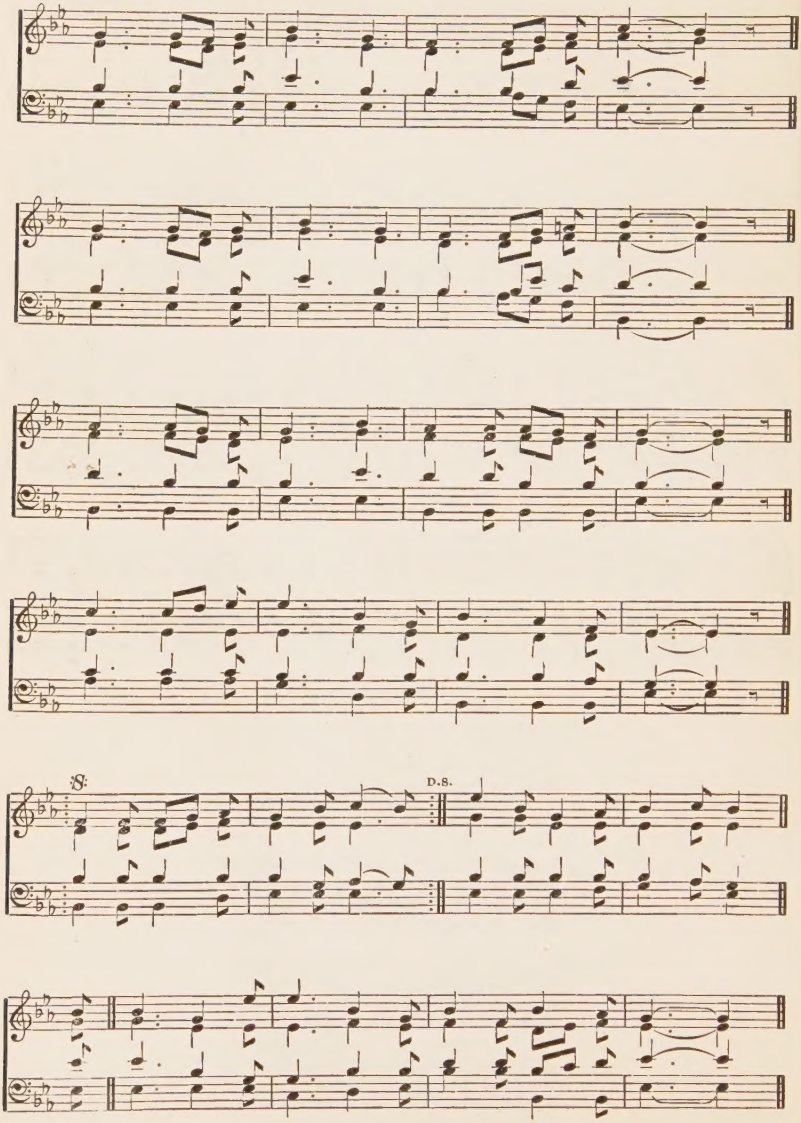
3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
And never murmur or repine—
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

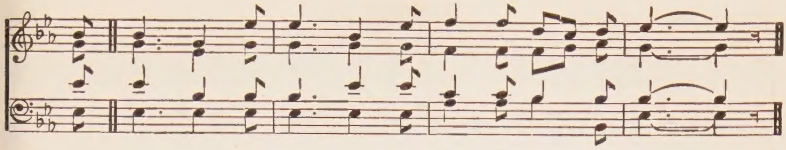
4 And when my task on earth is done,
When by Thy grace the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
If God through Jordan leadeth me.

"Heirs of Salvation"

## HYMN 70.

P.M.



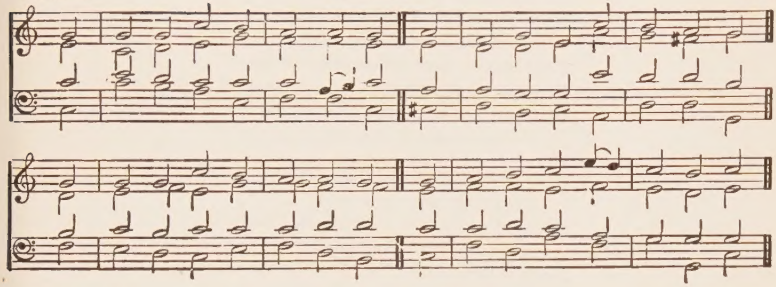


HEIRS of salvation—chosen of God!
Past condemnation—sheltered by blood.
Even in Egypt feed we on the Lamb,
Keeping the statutes of God, the I Am!
In the world around, 'tis night,
Where the feast is spread, 'tis bright,
Israel's Lord is Israel's light. [above,
Tis Jesus, 'tis Jesus, our Saviour from
Tis Jesus, 'tis Jesus, 'tis Jesus whom we love.

2 Pilgrims and strangers, captives no more!
Wilderness rangers—sing we on shore!
God in His power parted hath the sea,
Foes have all perished—His people are
By the pillar safely led, [free!
By the manna daily fed,
Now the homeward way we tread! [low,
'Tis Jesus, 'tis Jesus, our Shepherd here be-
'Tis Jesus, 'tis Jesus, 'tis Jesus whom we know!

3 Canaan-possessors safe in the land!
Victors, confessors, banner in hand!
Jordan's deep river evermore behind!
Cares of the desert no longer in mind!
Egypt's stigma rolled away,
Canaan's corn our strength and stay,
Triumph we the live-long day!
'Tis Jesus, 'tis Jesus, the Christ of God alone!
'Tis Jesus, 'tis Jesus, 'tis Jesus whom we own.

"Mainzer" **HYMN 71.** L.M.



1 HE lives—the great Redeemer lives!
What joy the blest assurance gives!
And now before His Father, God,
Pleads the full merit of His blood.

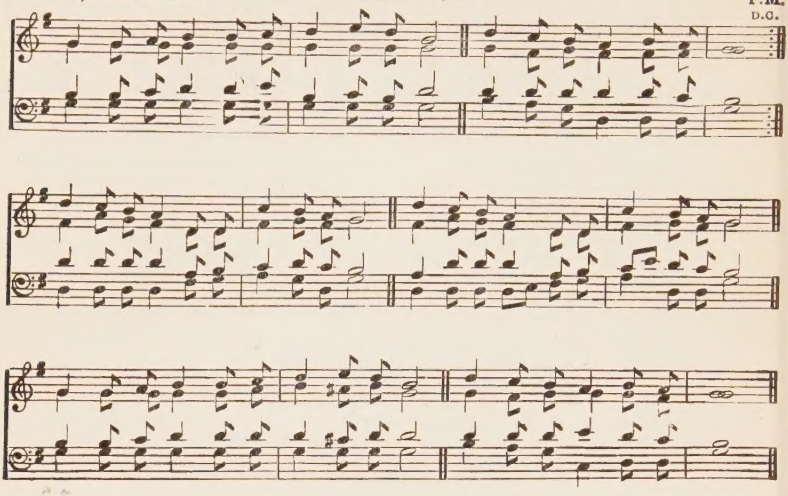
2 Great Advocate, Almighty Friend,
On Thee do all our hopes depend;
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Thou dost plead, and must prevail.

3 In every dark distressing hour,
When sin and Satan join their power,
Let this blest truth repel each dart,
That Thou dost bear us on Thy heart.

"There, there is Rest"

## HYMN 72.

P.M.
D.C.

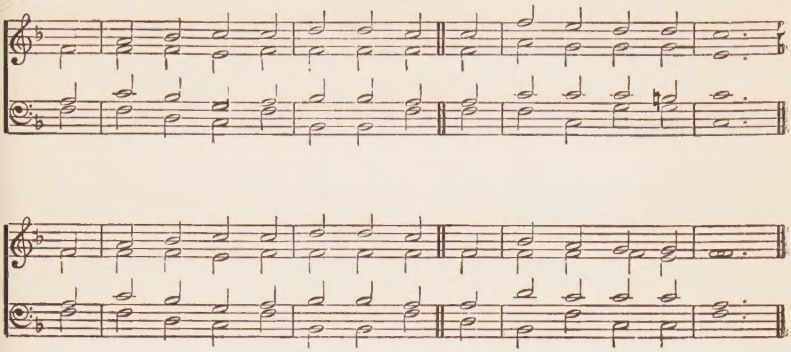


1 HERE o'er the earth as a stranger I roam,
Here is no rest—is no rest;
Here as a pilgrim I wander alone,
Yet I am blest—I am blest!
For I look forward to that glorious day,
When sin and sorrow shall vanish away;
My heart doth leap while I hear Jesus say,
"*There*, there is rest—there is rest!"

2 Here are afflictions and trials severe,
Here is no rest—is no rest;
Here I must part with the friends I hold dear,
Yet I am blest—I am blest!
Sweet is the promise I read in Thy Word:
Blessed are they who have died in the Lord;
They have been called to receive their reward;
"*There*, there is rest—there is rest!"

3 This world of care is a wilderness state:
Here is no rest—is no rest;
But I must bear from the world all its hate,
Yet I am blest—I am blest!
Soon shall I be from the wicked released;
Soon shall the weary for ever be blest;
*Soon* shall I lean upon Jesus' breast;
"*There*, there is rest—there is rest!"

"Tallis" **HYMN 73.** C.M



1 He sitteth o'er the waterfloods,
And He is strong to save;
He sitteth o'er the waterfloods,
And guides each drifting wave.

2 Though loud around the vessel's prow
The waves may toss and break;
Yet, at His word, they sink to rest,
As on a tranquil lake.

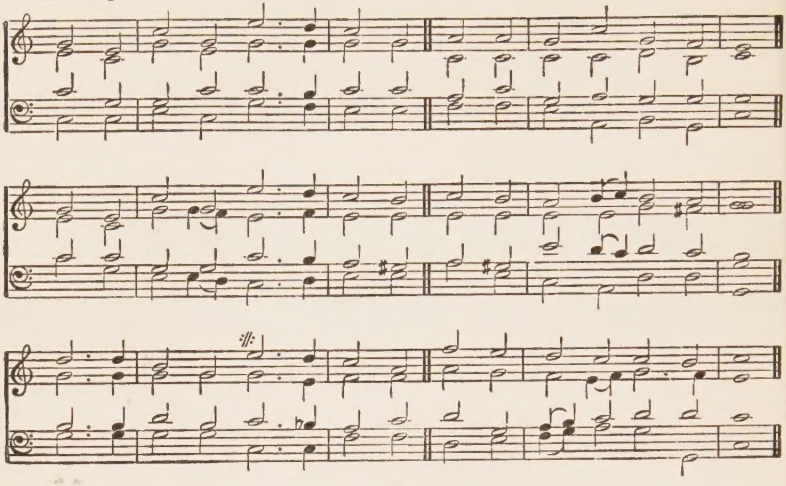
3 He sitteth o'er the waterfloods,
As in the days of old,
When o'er the Saviour's sinless head
The waves and billows rolled.

4 Yea, *all* the billows passed o'er Him
Our sins—they bore Him down;
For us He met th' o'erwhelming storm—
He met th' Almighty's frown.

5 He sitteth o'er the waterfloods,
Then doubt and fear no more;
For He who pass'd thro' *all* the storms
Has reached the heavenly shore.

6 And every tempest-driven bark,
With Jesus for its Guide,
Will soon be moor'd in harbour calm,
In glory to abide.

"Regent Square" **HYMN 74.** 8.7.4.



1 HOLY Saviour! we adore Thee,
Seated on the throne of God;
While the heavenly hosts before Thee
Gladly sing Thy praise aloud—
"Thou art worthy!"
We are ransomed by Thy blood.

2 Saviour, though the world despise Thee,
Though Thou here wast crucified,
Yet the Father's glory raised Thee:
Lord of all creation wide,
"Thou art worthy!"
We shall live for Thou hast died.

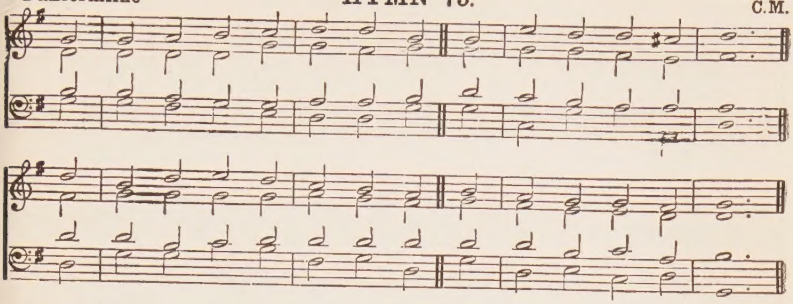
3 And though here on earth rejected,
'Tis but fellowship with Thee:
What besides could be expected,
Than like Thee our Lord to be?
"Thou art worthy!"
Thou from earth hath set us free.

4 Haste the day of Thy returning,
With Thy ransomed Church to reign;
Then shall end our days of mourning,
We shall sing with rapture then,
"Thou art worthy!"
Come, Lord Jesus, come. Amen.

"Dunfermline"

## HYMN 75.

C.M.



1 HOPE of our hearts, O Lord, appear,
Thou glorious Star of day!
Shine forth, and chase the dreary night,
With all our tears, away!

2 No resting-place we seek on earth,
No loveliness we see;
Our eye is on the royal crown
Prepared for us and Thee.

3 But, Jesus Lord! however bright
That crown of joy above,
What is it to the *brighter* hope
Of dwelling in Thy love?

4 What to the joy, the *deeper* joy,
Unmingled, pure, and free,
Of union with our living Head,
Of fellowship with Thee?

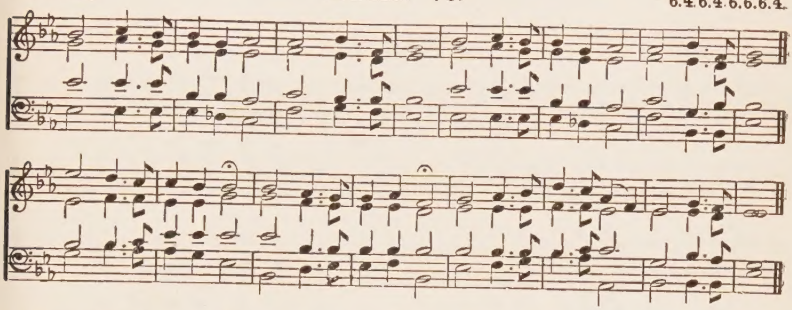
5 This joy e'en now on earth is ours;
But only, Lord, above,
Our hearts without a pang shall know
The fulness of Thy love.

6 There, near Thy heart, upon the throne,
Thy ransom'd Church shall see,
What grace was in the bleeding Lamb,
Who died to make us free.

"Worship"

## HYMN 76.

6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4.



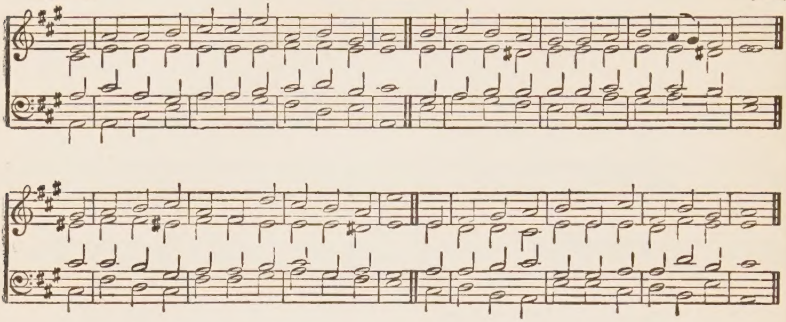
1 HOW bright that blessed hope! – Jesus will come,
Let us our heads lift up—Jesus will come;
Morning so bright and clear,
Mansions of God appear,
Sin shall not enter there—Jesus will come.

2 Him every eye shall see—when He appears;
Bright will the glory be—when He appears;
Soon shall the trumpet speak,
Each sleeping saint awake,
And the glad morning break—when He appears.

3 Raised unto glory—then, at His return;
Joyous our song shall be—at His return;
Gathered around to Him,
All learn the heavenly hymn;
Jesus our joyful theme—at His return.

4 Full of this blessed hope—till He shall come,
Let us the cross take up—till He shall come;
Happy reproach to bear,
Shame, for His sake, to share,
Since we the crown shall wear—when He shall come.

"Hanover" **HYMN 77.** 11's.

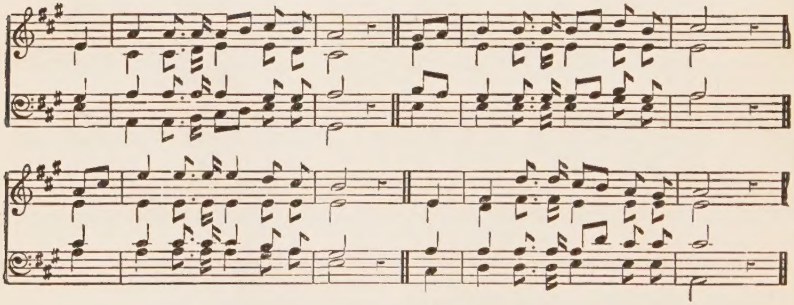


1 HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent Word!
What more can He say, than to you He hath said,—
You who to the Saviour for refuge hath fled?

2 Fear not; He is with thee! oh, be not dismayed!
He—He is thy God, and will still give thee aid:
He'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by His righteous, omnipotent hand.

3 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
He will not, He cannot desert to its foes;
That soul, though all hell shall endeavour to shake,
"He'll never—no never—no never forsake."

"Ebenezer" **HYMN 78.** 8's.



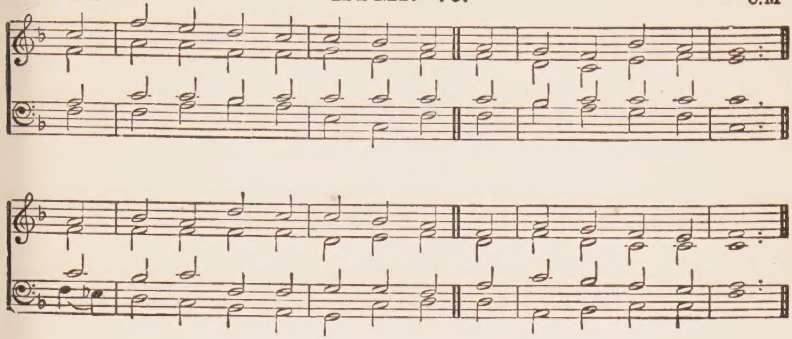
1 HOW good is the God we adore,
Our faithful unchangeable Friend,
Whose love is as great as His power,
And knows neither measure nor end.

2 'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,
Whose spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise Him for all that is past,
And trust Him for all that's to come.

"St. Peter"

## HYMN 79.

C.M



1 HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast:
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

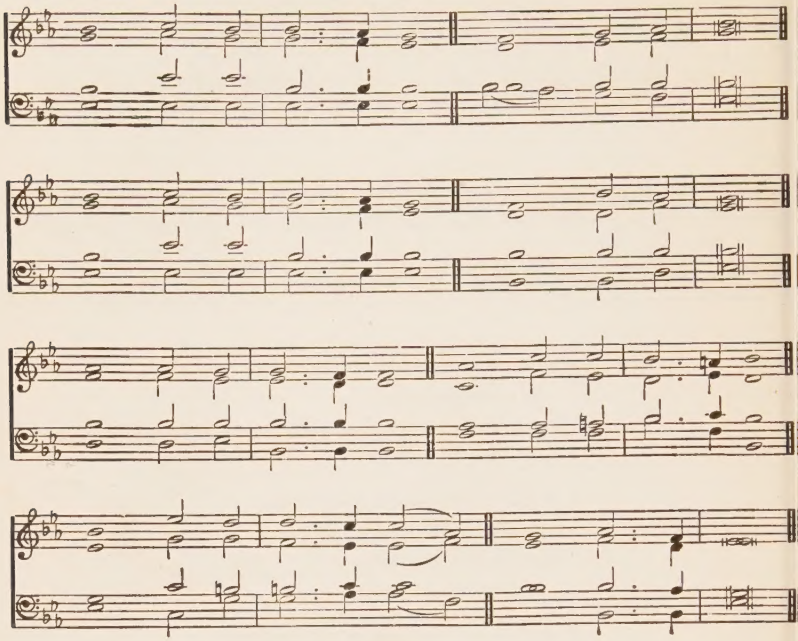
3 Dear Name! the rock on which we build:
Our shield and hiding-place;
Our never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus! our Saviour, Shepherd, Friend:
Prophet, and Priest, and King;
Our Lord, our Life, our Way, our End,
Accept the praise we bring.

5 Weak is the effort of our heart,
And cold our warmest thought;
But when we see Thee as Thou art,
We'll praise Thee as we ought.

6 Till then we would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And triumph in that blessed Name.
Which quells the power of death.

"Pilgrim Song" **HYMN 80.** 6.4.6.4.6.5.6.4.



1 I'M but a stranger here—
Heaven is my home.
Earth is a desert drear—Heaven, &c.
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand,
Heaven is my fatherland—Heaven, &c.

2 What though the tempest rage—Heaven, &c.
Short is my pilgrimage—Heaven, &c.
And Time's wild wintry blast
Soon will be overpast,
I shall reach home at last—Heaven, &c.

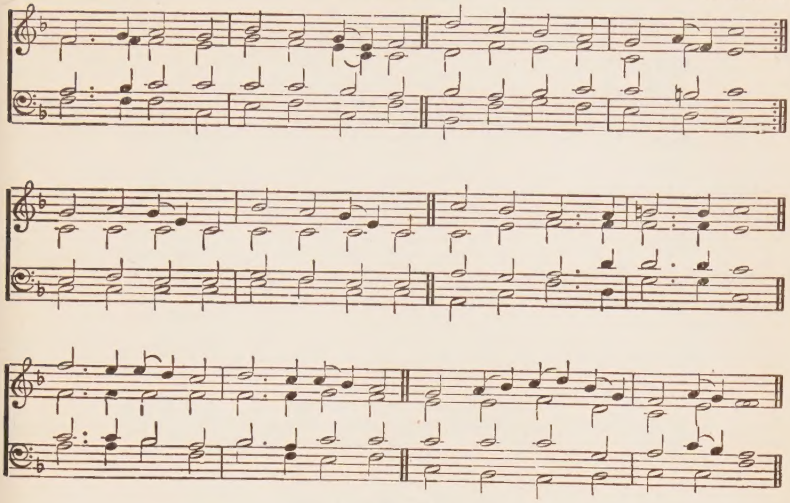
3 There, at my Saviour's side—Heaven, &c.
I shall be glorified—Heaven, &c.
There, with the good and blest,
Those I loved most and best,
I shall for ever rest—Heaven, &c.

4 Therefore I'll murmur not--Heaven, &c.
Whate'er my earthly lot—Heaven, &c.
For I shall surely stand
There at my Lord's right hand,
Heaven is my fatherland—Heaven, &c.

"Austrian Hymn"

## HYMN 81.

8.7.8.7. D.



1 I AM waiting for the dawning
Of the bright and blessed day,
When the darksome night of sorrow
Shall have vanished far away.
When for ever with the Saviour,
Far beyond this vale of tears,
I shall swell the song of worship
Through the everlasting years.

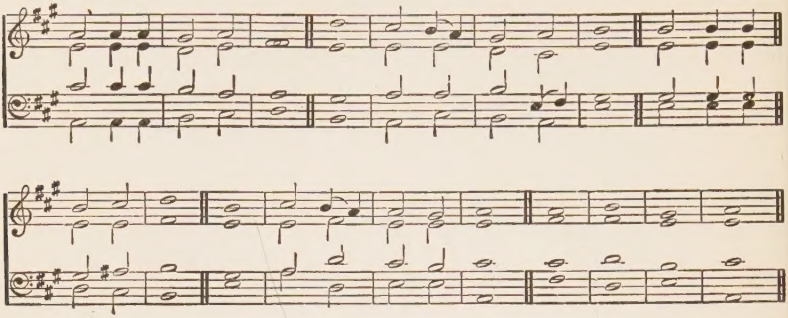
2 I am looking at the brightness,
(See, it shineth from afar,)
Of the clear and joyous beaming,
Of the "Bright and Morning Star."
Through the dark-grey mist of morning
Do I see its glorious light;
Then away with every shadow
Of this sad and weary night.

3 I am waiting for the coming
Of the Lord who died for me;
Oh, His words have thrilled my spirit—
"I will come again for thee."
I can almost hear His footfall
On the threshold of the door,
And my heart, my heart is longing
To be with Him evermore.

"I'm Going Home"

## HYMN 82.

6.6.6.6.4.



1 I AM a stranger here,
No home, no rest I see;
Not all men count most dear
Should win a sigh from me—
I'm going home!

2 Saviour! Thy home is mine,
And I, Thy Father's child;
With hopes and joys divine,
The world's a weary wild—
I'm going home!

3 Home! oh, how soft and sweet,
It thrills upon the heart!
Home! where the brethren meet,
And never, never part—
I'm going home!

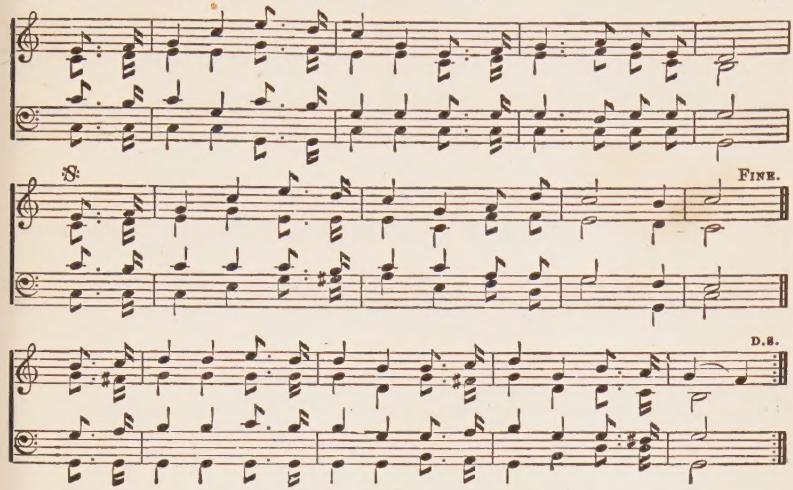
4 Home! where the Bridegroom takes
The purchase of His love;
Home! where the Father waits
To welcome her above—
I'm going home!

5 And when the world looks cold,
Which did my Lord revile—
A Lamb within the fold,
I can look up and smile—
I'm going home!

6 When earth's delusive charms
Would snare my pilgrim feet,
I'll fly to Jesus' arms,
And yet again repeat—
I'm going home!

7 Ah gently, *gently* lead,
Along the painful way,
Bid every word and deed,
And every look to say—
I'm going home!

"My Father Knows" **HYMN 83.** P.M.



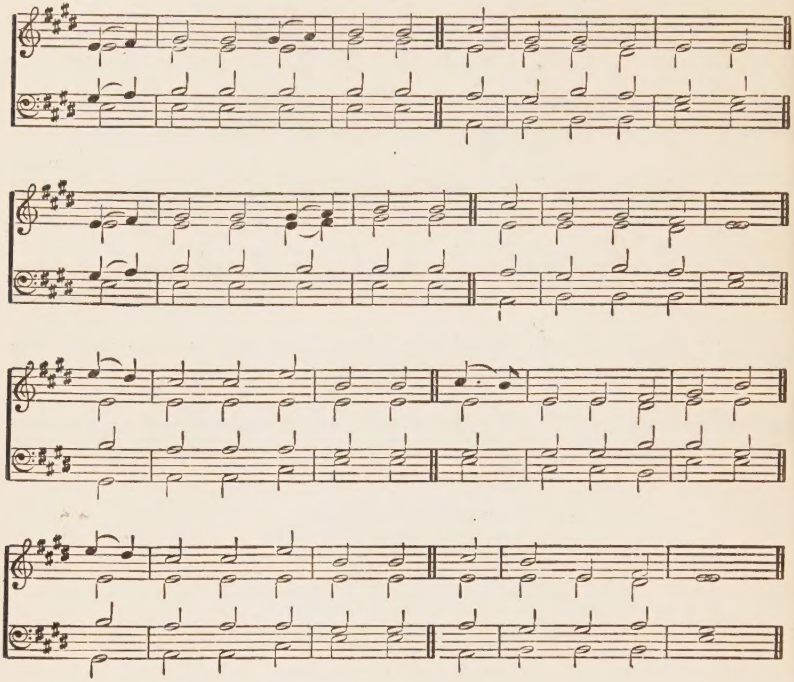

1 I'M a pilgrim and a stranger,
Rough and thorny is the road,
Often in the midst of danger;
But it leads to God.
Clouds and darkness oft distress me;
Great and many are my foes;
Anxious cares and thoughts oppress me;
But my Father knows.

2 Oh, how sweet is this assurance,
'Midst the conflict and the strife,
Although sorrows past endurance,
Follow me through life.
Home in prospect still can cheer me:
Yes, and give me sweet repose,
While I feel His presence near me;
For my Father knows.

3 Yes, He sees and knows me daily,
Watches over me in love;
Sends me help when foes assail me,
Bids me look above.
Soon my journey will be ended,
Life is drawing to a close;
I shall then be well attended,—
This my Father knows.

4 I shall then with joy behold Him;
Face to face my Saviour see;
Fall with rapture, and adore Him
For His love to me.
Nothing more shall then distress me—
In the land of sweet repose:
Jesus stands engaged to bless me,—
This my Father knows.

"Jewels" **HYMN 84.** P.M.



1 I'M waiting for Thee, Lord,
Thy beauty to see, Lord,
I'm waiting for Thee, for Thy coming again,
Thou art gone over there, Lord,
A place to prepare, Lord, [again.
Thy home I shall share at Thy coming

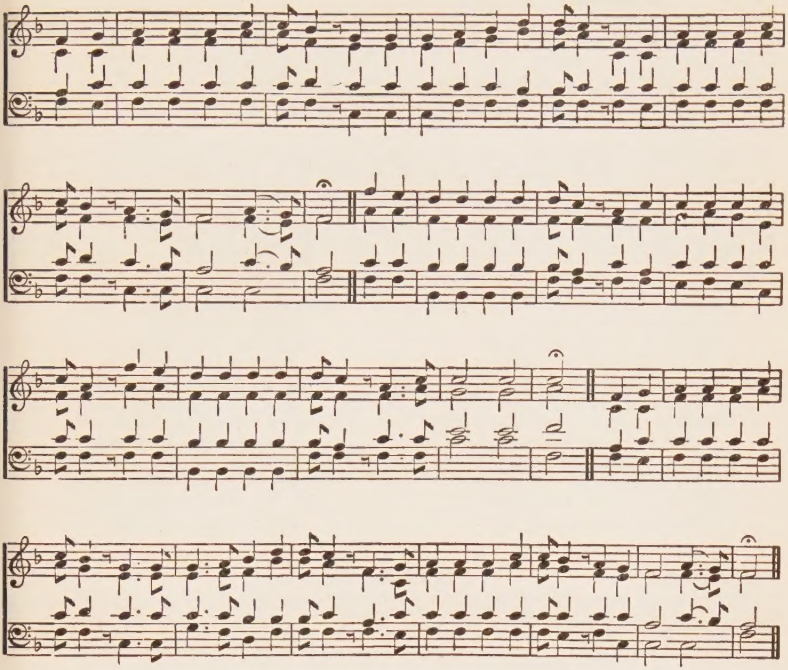
2 'Mid danger and fear, Lord,
I'm oft weary here, Lord, [again—
The day must be near of Thy coming
'Tis all sunshine there, Lord,
No sighing nor care, Lord,
But glory so fair at Thy coming again.

3 Whilst Thou art away, Lord,
I stumble and stray, Lord;
Oh, hasten the day of Thy coming again!
This is not my rest, Lord;
A pilgrim confest, Lord,
I wait to be blest at Thy coming again.

4 Our loved ones before, Lord,
Their troubles are o'er, Lord, [again,
I'll meet them once more at Thy coming
The blood was the sign, Lord,
That marked them as Thine, Lord,
And brightly they'll shine at Thy coming again.

5 E'en now let my ways, Lord,
Be bright with Thy praise, Lord,
For brief are the days ere Thy coming again.
I'm waiting for Thee, Lord.
Thy beauty to see, Lord,
No triumph for me like Thy coming again.

"Watching" **HYMN 85.** P.M.



1 I AM watching for the morning,
I am looking for the dawning;
I am watching for the morning
Of that day—that day.
I am waiting for the meeting,
I am longing for the greeting;
I am waiting for the meeting
With my Lord that day.

With the Lord to be for ever,
With the saints to be together;
With the Lord to be for ever
From that day—that day.

2 I am gazing up for Thee, Lord,
Until Thy face I see, Lord;
I am gazing up for Thee, Lord,
Till that day—that day.
I would haste the consummation,
Of that great and full salvation,
I would haste the consummation
Of our joys that day.

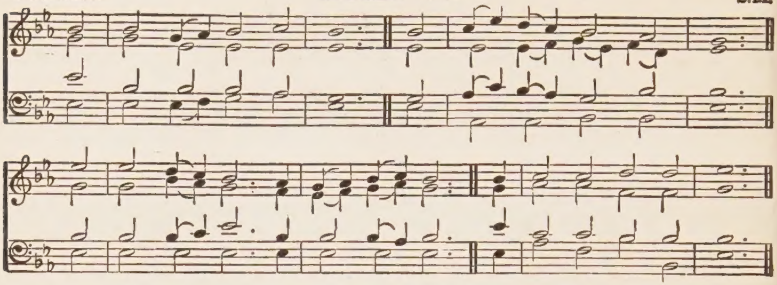
3 How I long to see Thy smile, Lord,
When has passed the "little while," Lord,
How I long to see Thy smile, Lord,
On that day—that day.
Oh, to see the beam of gladness,
On that face once marred with sadness!
Oh, to see the beam of gladness
On Thy face, that day.

4 Oh, to see the morning breaking,
Oh, the joys of such awaking,
Oh, to see the morning breaking
On that day—that day.
To be caught up, Lord, for ever,
To be parted, Lord, no; never!
To be with Thee, Lord, for ever
From that rapturous day!

"Silchester"

## HYMN 86.

S.M.



1 I BLESS the Christ of God;
I rest on love divine;
And, with unfaltering lip and heart,
I call this Saviour mine.

2 His cross dispels each doubt;
I bury in His tomb
Each thought of unbelief and fear,
Each lingering shade of gloom.

3 I praise the God of grace;
I trust His truth and might;
He calls me His, I call Him mine,
My God, my joy, my light.

4 In Him is only good,
In me is only ill;
My ill but draws His goodness forth,
And me He loveth still.

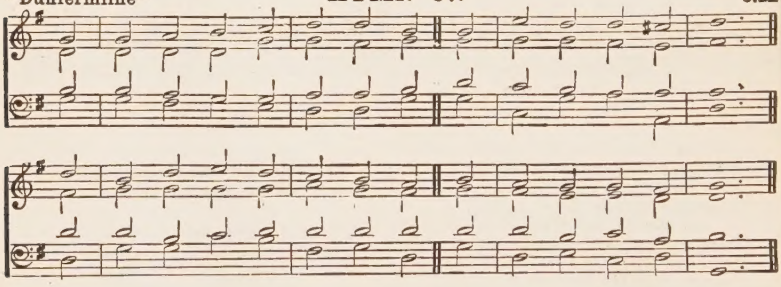
5 'Tis He who saveth me,
And freely pardon gives;
I love because He loveth me,
I live because He lives.

6 My life with Him is hid,
My death has pass'd away,
My clouds have melted into light,
My midnight into day.

"Dunfermline"

## HYMN 87.

C.M.



1 I BOW me to Thy will, O God;
And all Thy ways adore,
And every day I live I'd seek
To please Thee more and more.

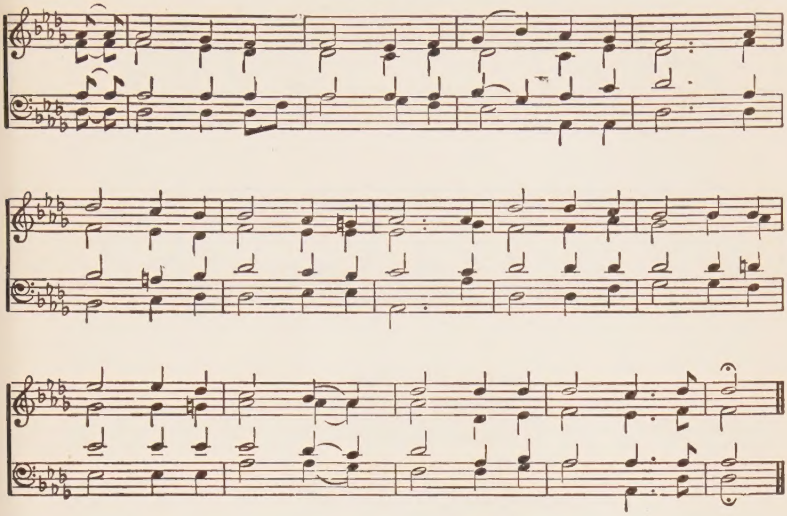
2 Why should I care, O blessed Lord,
Since all my cares are Thine?
Why not in triumph live, since Thou
Hast made Thy triumphs mine?

3 Lead on, lead on triumphantly,
O blessed Lord! lead on;
Faith's pilgrim sons behind Thee seek,
The road that Thou hast gone.

4 He always wins who sides with God,
To Him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to Him, when
It triumphs at His cost.

5 Ill that God blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His sweet will.

"It is Well" **HYMN 88.** P.M.



1 I HAVE been at the altar and witnessed the Lamb
Burnt *wholly* to ashes for me;
And watched its sweet savour ascending on high,
Accepted, O Father, by Thee.

2 And lo, while I gazed at the glorious sight,
A voice from above reached mine ears;
'By this thine iniquity's taken away,
And no trace of it on thee appears.

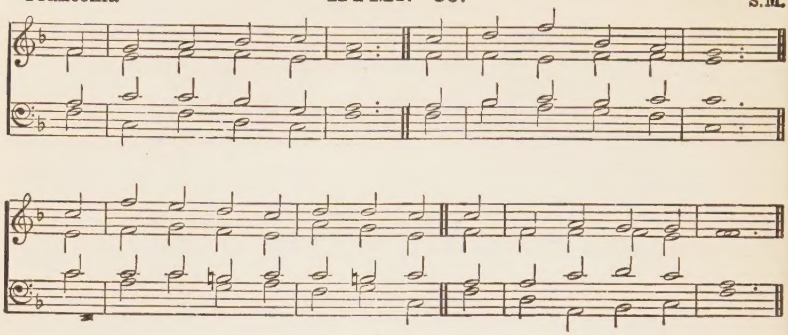
3 "An end of thy sin has been made for thee here,
By Him who its penalty bore,
With *blood* it is blotted eternally out,
And I will not remember it more."

4 O Lord, I believe it, with wonder and joy—
Confirm, Thou, this precious belief;
While daily I learn that I am, in myself,
Of sinners the vilest and chief.

"Franconia"

## HYMN 89.

S.M.



1 I HAVE a home above,
From sin and sorrow free,
A mansion which eternal love
Design'd and form'd for me.

2 My Father's gracious hand
Has built this blest abode;
From everlasting it was plann'd
My dwelling-place with God.

3 My Saviour's precious blood
Has made my title sure:
He pass'd through death's dark raging flood
To make my rest secure.

4 The Comforter is come,
The earnest has been given;
He leads me onward to the home
Reserved for me in heaven.

5 Loved ones are gone before,
Whose pilgrim days are done;
I soon shall greet them on that shore
Where partings are unknown.

6 But more than all I long
His glories to behold,
Whose smile fills all the radiant throng
With ecstasy untold.

7 That bright, yet tender smile,
My sweetest welcome there,
Shall cheer me through the "little while"
I tarry for Him here.

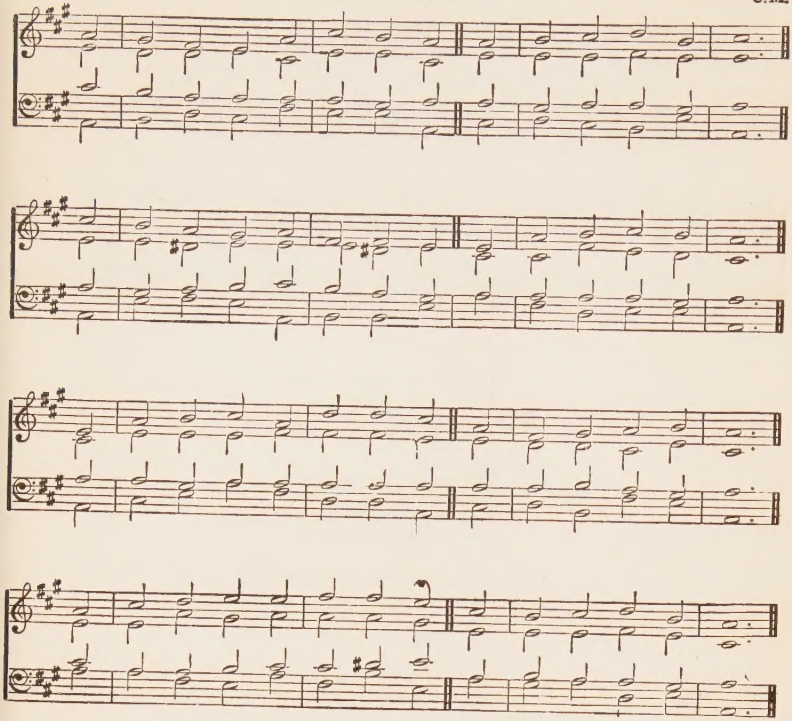
8 Thy love, most gracious Lord,
My joy and strength shall be;
Till Thou shalt speak the gladdening word
That bids me rise to Thee.

9 And then, through endless days,
Where all Thy glories shine,
In happier, holier strains I'll praise
The grace that made me Thine.

"Old 137th"

## HYMN 90.

C.M.



1 I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
" Come unto Me and rest ;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast."

2 I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary and worn and sad :
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

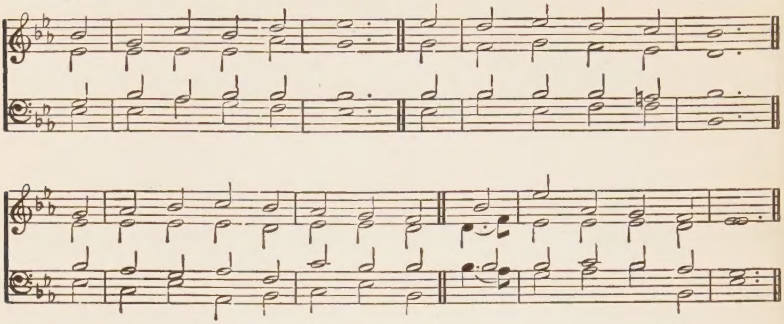
3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
" Behold, I freely give
The living water : thirsty one,
Stoop down and drink, and live."

4 I came to Jesus and I drank
Of that life-giving stream ;
My thirst was quench'd, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

5 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
" I am this dark world's Light ;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."

6 I looked to Jesus and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun ;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till travelling days are done.

"Hampton" **HYMN 91.** S.M.



1 I HEAR the words of love,
I gaze upon the blood,
I see the mighty sacrifice,
And I have peace with God.

2 'Tis everlasting peace!
Sure as Jehovah's name,
'Tis stable as His stedfast throne,
For evermore the same.

3 The clouds may go and come,
And storms may sweep my sky;
This blood-seal'd friendship changes not,
The cross is ever nigh.

4 My love is ofttimes low,
My joy still ebbs and flows,
But peace with Him remains the same,
No change Jehovah knows.

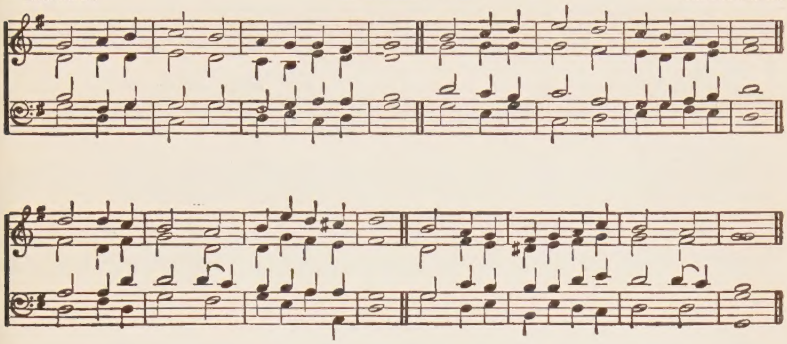
5 I change. He changes not:
The Christ can never die;
His love, not mine, the resting-place,
His truth, not mine; the tie.

6 The Cross still stands unchanged,
Though heaven is now His home;
The mighty stone is rolled away,
But yonder is His tomb!

7 And yonder is my peace,
The grave of all my woes!
I know the Son of God has come,
I know He died and rose.

8 I know He liveth now
At God's right hand above;
I know the throne on which He sits,
I know His truth and love!

"Navarre" **HYMN 92.** 10.10.10.10.



1 I JOURNEY through a desert drear and wild,
Yet is my heart by such sweet thoughts beguiled,
Of Him on whom I lean, my strength, my stay—
I can forget the sorrows of the day.

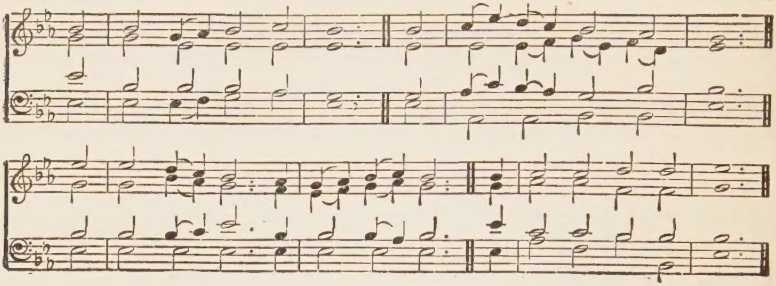
2 Thoughts of His love the root of every grace
Which finds in this poor heart a dwelling-place;
The sunshine of my soul, than day more bright;
And my calm pillow of repose by night.

3 Thoughts of His sojourn in this vale of tears,—
The tale of love unfolded in those years
Of sinless suffering, and patient grace,
I love again, and yet again to trace.

4 Thoughts of His glory,—on the Cross I gaze,
And there behold its sad yet healing rays;
Beacon of hope, which lifted up on high,
Illumes with heavenly light the tear-dimmed eye.

5 Thoughts of His coming,—for that joyful day
In patient hope I watch, and wait, and pray;
The dawn draws nigh, the midnight shadows flee,
Oh, what a sunrise will that advent be.

"Silchester" **HYMN 93.** S.M.



1 I HEAR the Accuser roar
Of ills that I have done,
I know them well, and thousands more—
Jehovah findeth none.

2 Sin, Satan, Death, press near
To harass and appal;
Let but my risen Lord appear,
Backward they go and fall.

3 Before, behind, around,
They set their fierce array,
To fight and force me from my ground.
Along Immanuel's way.

4 I meet them face to face,
Through Jesus' conquest blest,
March, in the triumph of His grace,
Right onward to my rest.

5 There, in His book, I bear
A more than conqu'ror's name,
A soldier, son, and fellow-heir
Who fought and overcame;

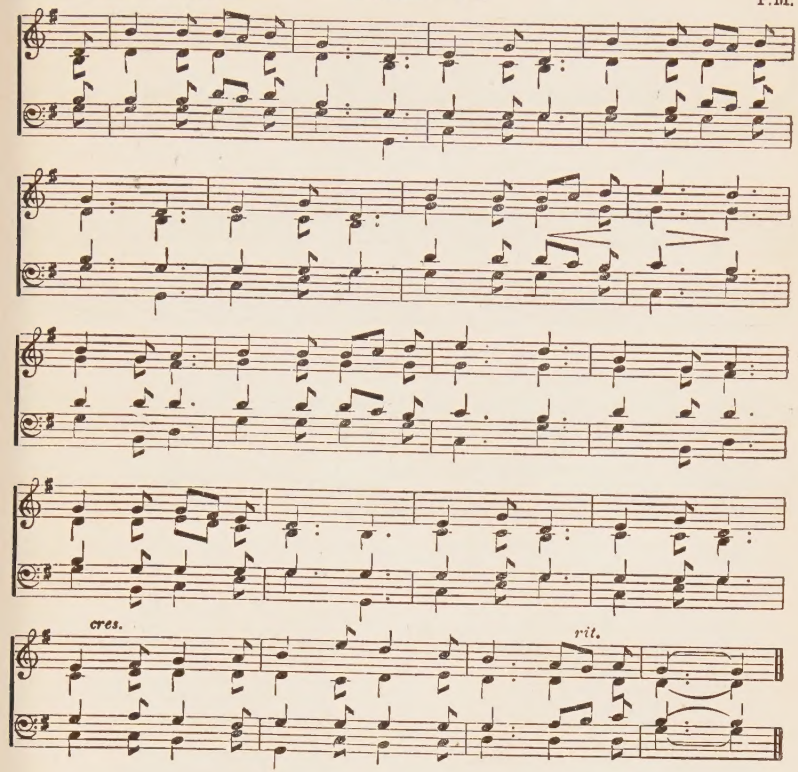
6 His be the victor's name
Who fought the fight alone:
Triumphant saints no honour claim—
Their conquest was His own!

7 By weakness and defeat
He won the meed and crown;
Trod all our foes beneath His feet,
By being trodden down.

8 He hell in hell laid low;
Made sin, He sin o'erthrew;
Bow'd to the grave, destroyed it so,
And Death, by dying, slew.

9 Bless, bless the Conqueror slain—
Slain in His victory;
Who lived, Who died, Who lives again,
For thee, His Church, for thee.

"I Left it all with Jesus" **HYMN 94.** P.M.

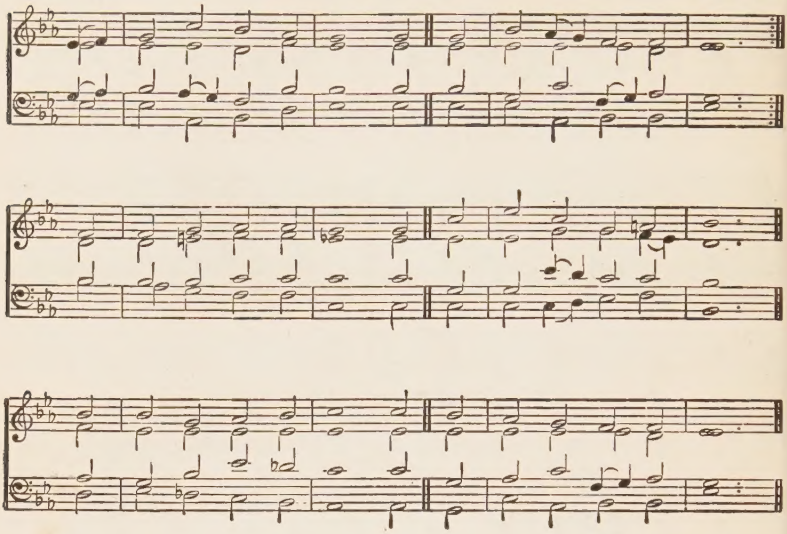



1 I LEFT it all with Jesus long ago;
All my sin I brought Him and my woe.
When by faith I saw Him on the tree,
Heard His still small whisper, "'Tis for thee,"
From my heart the burden rolled away—
Happy day!

2 I leave it all with Jesus, for He knows
How to steal the bitter from life's woes,
How to gild the tear-drop with His smile,
Make the desert garden bloom awhile,
When my weakness leaneth on His might
All seems light.

3 I leave it all with Jesus, day by day;
Faith can firmly trust Him, come what may,
Hope has dropped her anchor, found her rest
In the calm sure haven of His breast;
Love esteems it heaven to abide
At His side.

"Munich" **HYMN 95.** 7.6.7.6. D.



1 I NEED Thee, precious Saviour!
Oh, Thou art all to me;
Before the throne for ever,
I stand complete in Thee.
Though Satan loud accuses,
Yet I can ever see,
The blood of Christ most precious,
The sinner's perfect plea.

2 I need Thee, precious Saviour!
For I am very poor;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store.
I need Thy love, Lord Jesus,
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.

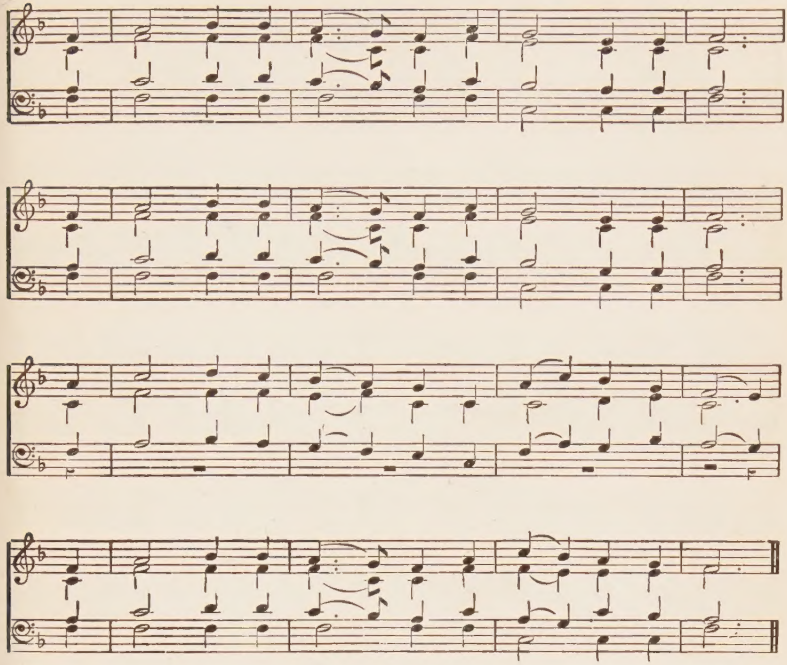
3 I need Thee, precious Saviour!
I need a friend like Thee:
A friend to soothe and comfort,
A friend to care for me;
I need Thy heart, Lord Jesus,
To feel each anxious care;
To bear my every burden,
And all my sorrow share.

4 I need Thee, precious Saviour!
For I am very blind—
A weak and foolish wanderer,
With a dark and evil mind:
I need Thy light, Lord Jesus,
To tread the thorny road,
To guide me safe to glory,
Where I shall see my God.

5 I need Thee, precious Saviour!
I need Thee day by day,
To fill me with Thy fulness,
To lead me on my way:
I need Thy Holy Spirit
To teach me what I am—
To show me more of Jesus,
To point me to the Lamb.

6 I need Thee, precious Saviour!
And hope to see Thee soon,
Encircled with the rainbow,
And seated on Thy throne;
There, with Thy blood-bought people,
My joy shall ever be,
To sing Thy praise, Lord Jesus,
And ever gaze on Thee.

"Consolation" **HYMN 96.** 11's.



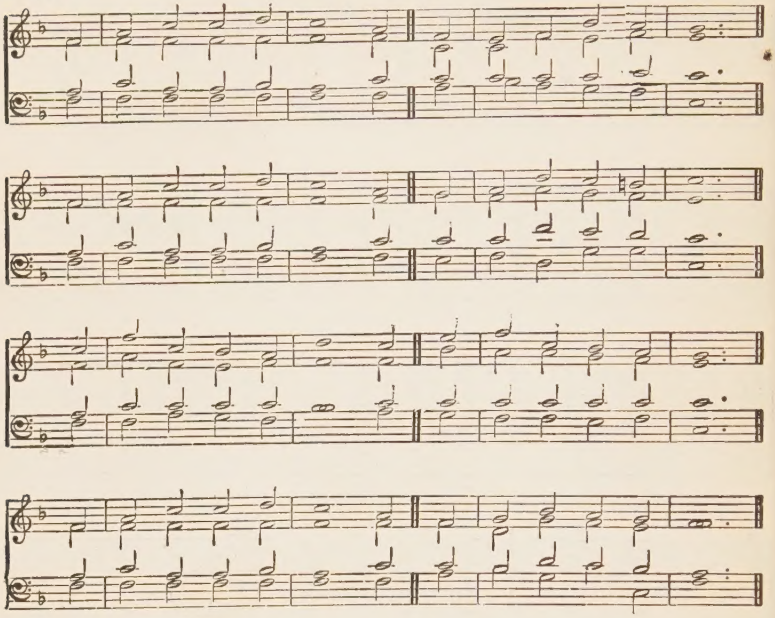
1 I ONCE was a stranger to grace and to God,
I knew not my danger, and felt not my load;
Though friends spoke in rapture of Christ on the tree,
JEHOVAH TSIDKENU was nothing to me.

2 Like tears from the daughters of Zion that roll
I wept when the waters went over His soul;
Yet thought not that my sins had nailed to the tree
JEHOVAH TSIDKENU—'twas nothing to me.

3 When free grace awoke me, by light from on high,
Then legal fears shook me, I trembled to die;
No refuge nor safety in self could I see,
JEHOVAH TSIDKENU my Saviour must be.

4 My terrors all vanished before the sweet Name,
My guilty fears banished, with boldness I came,
To drink at the fountain life-giving and free:
JEHOVAH TSIDKENU is all things to me.

"Heber" **HYMN 97.** 7.6.7.6. D.



1 I SAW the cross of Jesus,
When burdened with my sin;
I sought the cross of Jesus,
To give me peace within;
I brought my sins to Jesus,
He cleansed them in His blood;
And in the cross of Jesus
I found my peace with God.

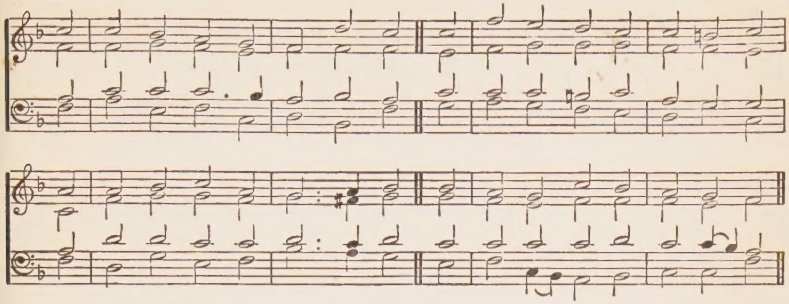
2 I love the cross of Jesus,
It tells me what I am,
A vile and guilty creature,
Saved only through the Lamb;
No righteousness, no merit,
No beauty can I plead;
Yet in the cross I glory,
My title there I read.

3 Sweet is the cross of Jesus,
There let my weary heart
Still rest in peace unshaken,
Till *with Him*—ne'er to part;
And then in strains of glory
I'll sing His wondrous pow'r,
Where sin can never enter,
And death is known no more.

"Melcombe"

## HYMN 98.

L.M.



1 I THIRST, but not as once I did
The vain delights of earth to share;
Thy wounds, Emmanuel, all forbid
That I should seek my pleasure there.

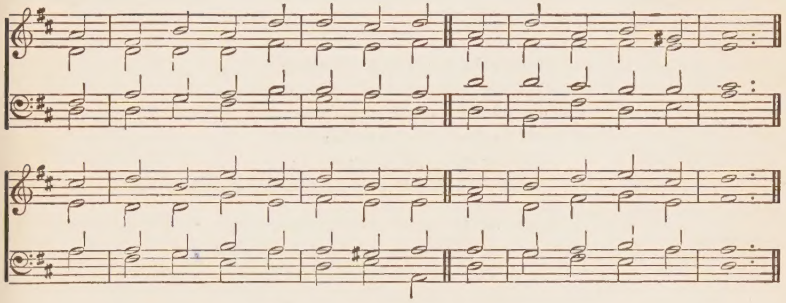
2 It was the sight of Thy dear cross
First weaned my soul from earthly things,
And taught me to esteem as dross
The mirth of fools and pomp of kings.

3 Great fountain of delight unknown!
No longer sink below the brim,
But overflow and pour me down
A living and life-giving stream.

"St. Ann"

## HYMN 100.

C.M.



1 I WOULD commune with Thee, my God;
E'en to Thy seat I come;
I leave my joys, I leave my sins,
And seek in Thee my home.

2 I stand upon the mount of God,
With sunlight in my soul;
I hear the storms in vales beneath;
I hear the thunders roll.

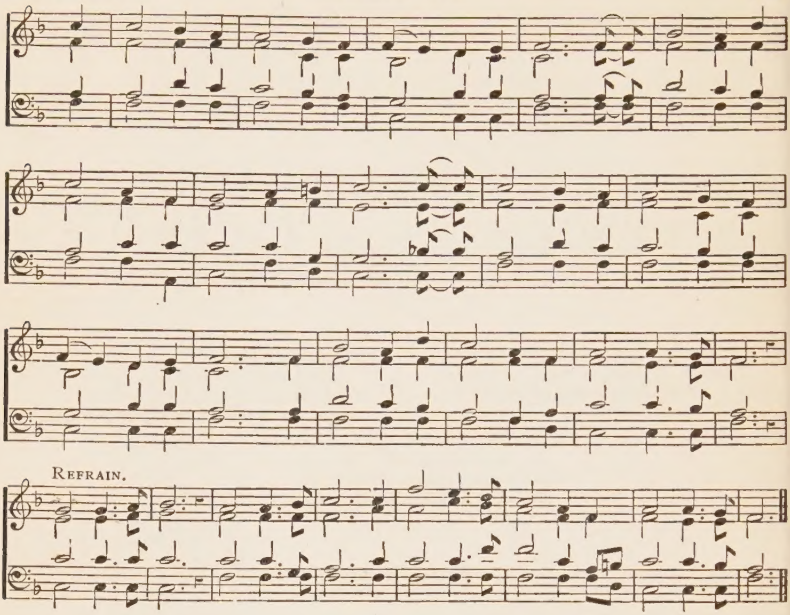
3 But I am calm with Thee, my God,
Beneath these glorious skies;
And to the height on which I stand
Nor storms nor clouds can rise.

4 Oh this is life! Oh this is joy!
My God to find Thee so;
Thy face to see, Thy voice to hear,
And all Thy love to know.

"Hiding in Thee"

## HYMN 99.

P.M.



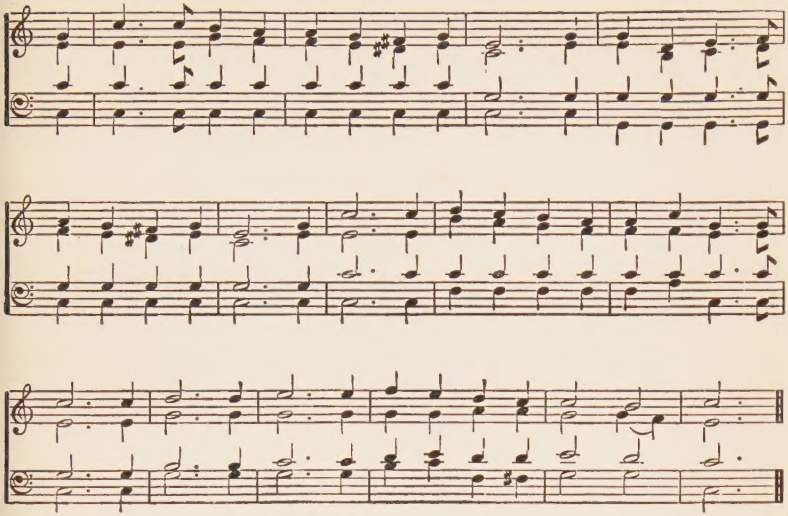

1 IN seasons of grief to my God I'll repair,
When my heart is o'erwhelmed with sorrow and care;
From the ends of the earth unto Thee will I cry,
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.
Higher than I, higher than I;
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.

2 When Satan, my foe, shall come in like a flood,
To drive my poor soul from the fountain of good,
I'll pray to the Saviour, who meekly did die,—
"Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I."

3 And while as a stranger I sojourn below,
Thy covenant blessings, Lord, freely bestow,
In affliction's dark night to Thy throne let me fly,
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.

4 And when the last trumpet shall sound thro' the skies,
And the dead in Christ Jesus immortal shall rise,
With the ransomed I'll praise Him above yonder sky,
Built firm on the Rock that is higher than I.

"Passing Knowledge" **HYMN 101.** P.M.



1 It passeth knowledge, that dear love of Thine,
Lord Jesus, Saviour; yet this soul of mine
Would of Thy love, in all its breadth and length,
Its height and depth, its everlasting strength,
Know more and more.

2 It passeth telling, that dear love of Thine,
Lord Jesus, Saviour; yet these lips of mine
Would fain proclaim to sinners, far and near,
A love which can remove all guilt and fear,
And love beget.

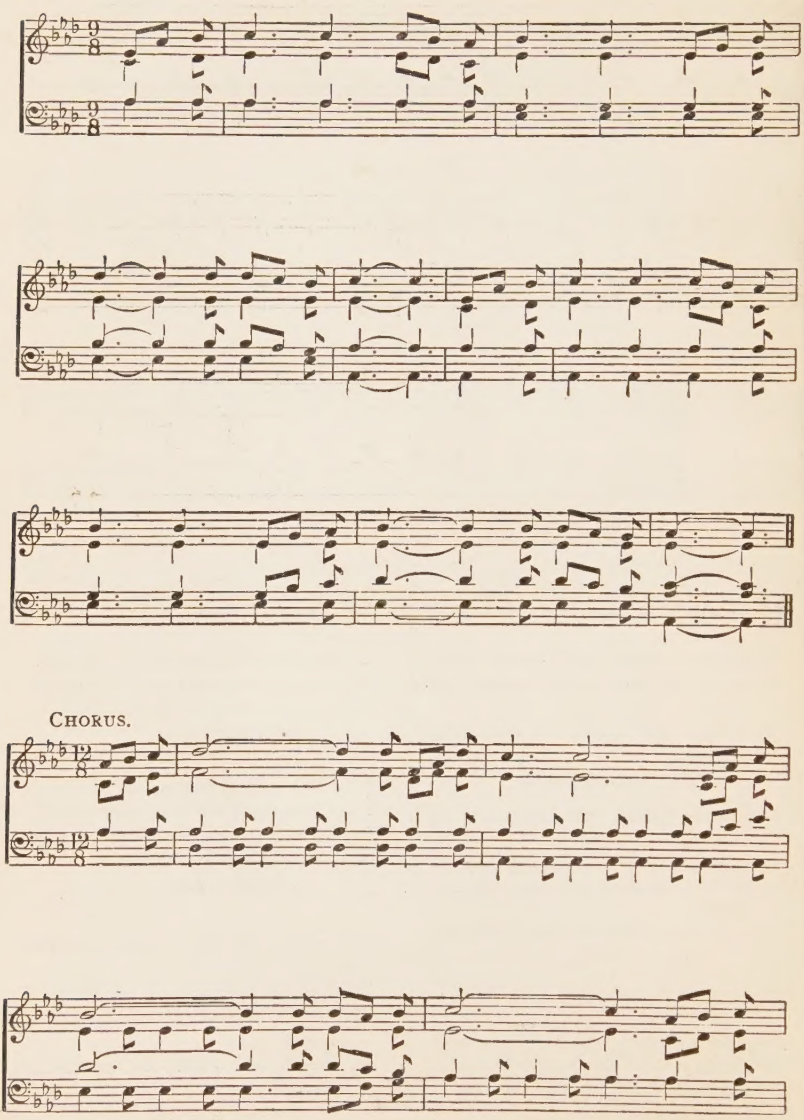
3 It passeth praises, that dear love of Thine,
Lord Jesus, Saviour; yet this heart of mine
Would sing that love, so full, so rich, so free,
Which brings a rebel sinner, even me,
Nigh unto God.

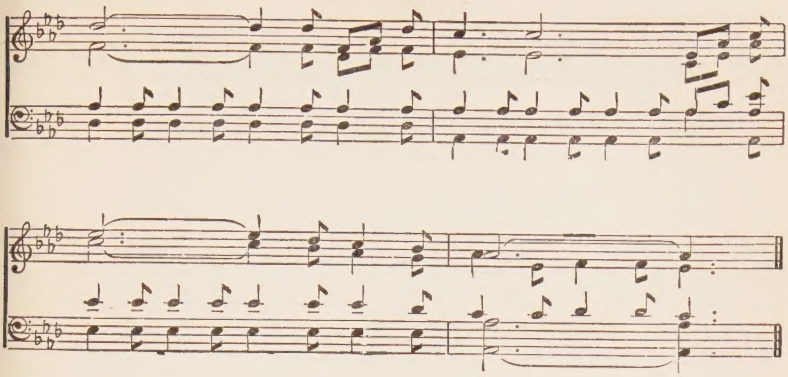
4 But though I cannot sing, or tell, or know
The fulness of Thy love while here below,
My empty vessel I may freely bring;
O Thou, who art of love the living spring,
My vessel fill.

5 Then fill me, O my Saviour, with Thy love!
Lead, lead me to the living fount above:
Thither may I, in simple faith, draw nigh,
And never to another fountain fly,
But unto Thee.

6 And when, Lord Jesus, Thine own face I see,
When at Thy lofty throne I bow the knee,
Then of Thy love—in all its breadth and length,
Its height and depth, its everlasting strength,
My soul shall sing.

"My Redeemer" **HYMN 102.** P.M.





1 I WILL sing of my Redeemer,
And His wondrous love to me:
On the cruel cross He suffered,
From the curse to set me free.

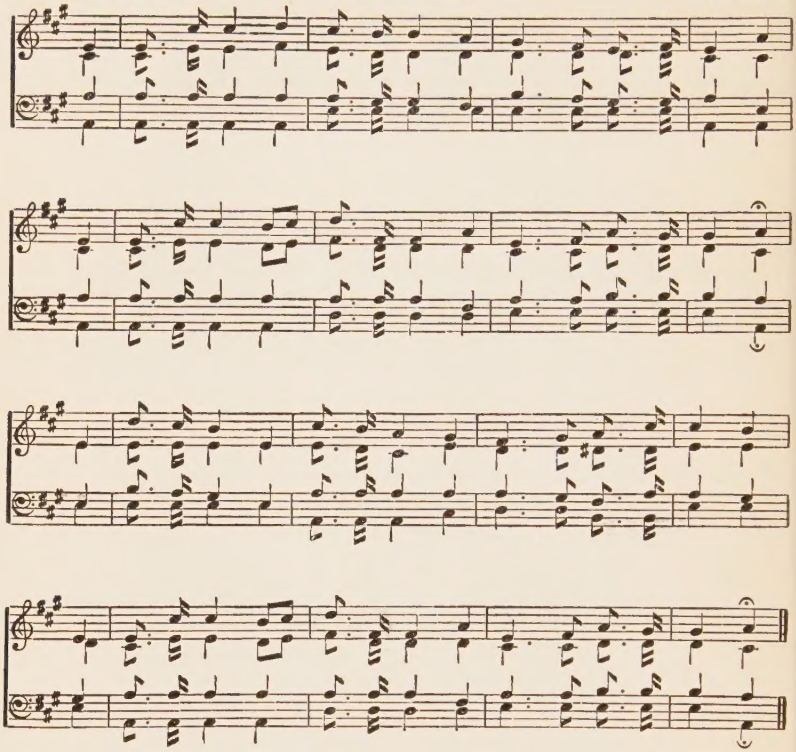
Sing, oh sing . . . of my Redeemer! . . .
With His blood . . . He purchased me! . . .
On the cross . . . He sealed my pardon, . . .
Paid the debt, . . . and made me free! . . .

2 I will tell the wondrous story,
How my lost estate to save,
In His boundless love and mercy,
He the ransom freely gave.

3 I will praise my dear Redeemer,
His triumphant power I'll tell;
How the victory He giveth
Over sin, and death, and hell.

4 I will sing of my Redeemer,
And His heavenly love to me;
He from death to life hath brought me,
Son of God with Him to be.

"I've Found a Friend" **HYMN 103.** 8.7.8.7. D.



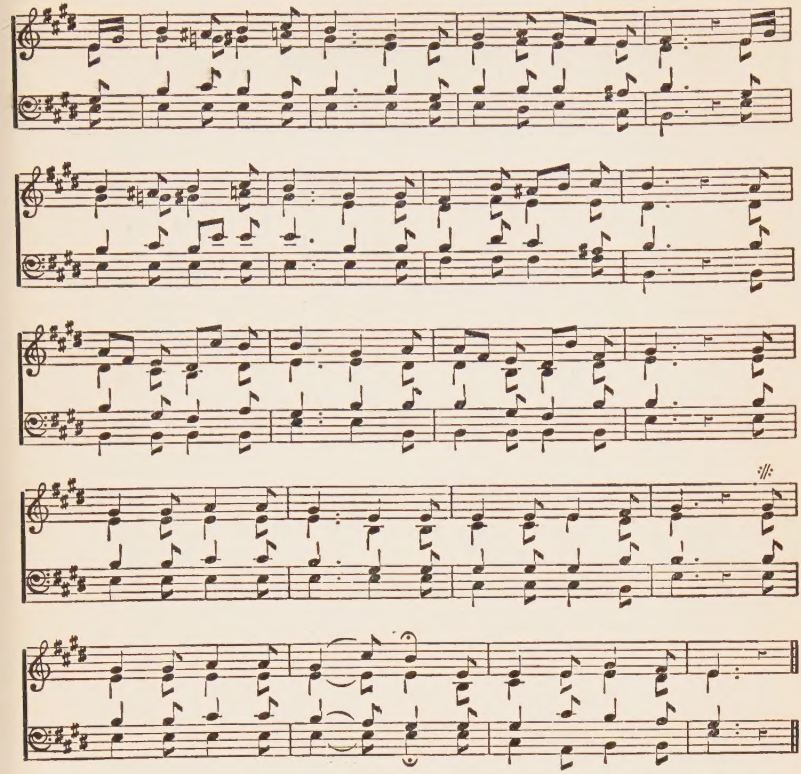
1 I'VE found a Friend; oh, such a Friend!
He loved me ere I knew Him;
He drew me with the cords of love
And thus He bound me to Him.
And round my heart still closely twine
Those ties which nought can sever;
For I am Christ's, and He is mine,
For ever and for ever.

2 I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend!
He bled; He died to save me;
And not alone the gift of life,
But His own self He gave me.
Nought that I have, mine own I'll call;
I'll hold it for the Giver:
My heart, my strength, my life, my all,
Are His, and His for ever.

3 I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend!
All power to Him is given,
To guard me on my onward course
And bring me safe to heaven.
Th' eternal glories gleam afar,
To nerve my faint endeavour;
So now to watch, to work, to war,
And then to rest for ever.

4 I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend!
So kind, and true, and tender;
So wise a Counsellor and Guide,
So mighty a Defender!
From Him who loves me now so well,
What power my soul can sever?
Shall life or death? shall earth or hell?
No; I am His for ever.

"Joy in Sorrow" **HYMN 104.** 7.6.7.6. D.



1 I've found a joy in sorrow,
A secret balm for pain,
A beautiful to-morrow
Of sunshine after rain;
I've found a branch of healing
Near every bitter spring,
A whispered promise stealing
O'er every broken string.

2 I've found a glad hosannah
For every woe and wail,
A handful of sweet manna
When grapes of Eshcol fail:
I've found a Rock of Ages
When desert wells are dry:
And after weary stages
I've found an Elim nigh.

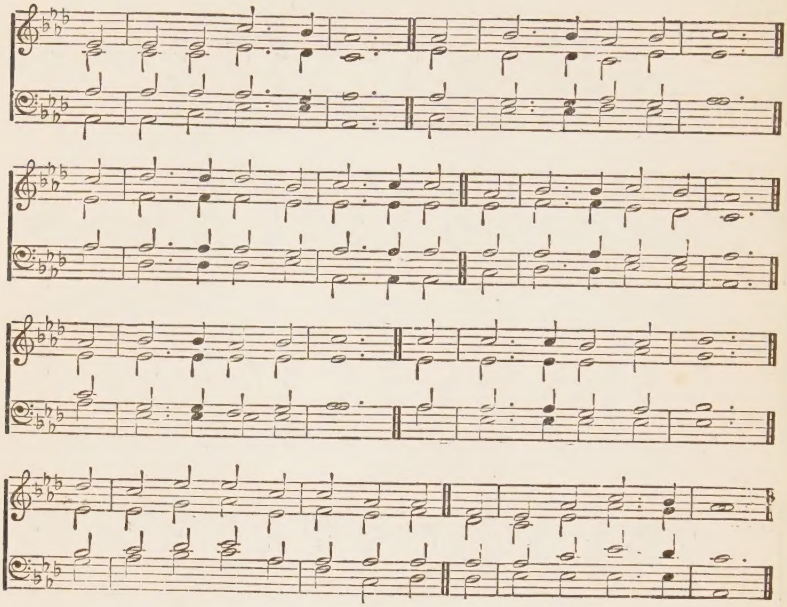
3 An Elim with its coolness,
Its fountains, and its shade;
A blessing in its fulness,
When buds of promise fade.
O'er tears of soft contrition
I've seen a rainbow light,
A glory and fruition,
So near!—yet out of sight.

4 My Saviour, Thee possessing,
I have the joy, the balm,
The healing and the blessing,
The sunshine and the psalm;
The promise for the fearful,
The Elim for the faint;
The rainbow for the tearful,
The glory for the saint!

"Montgomery"

## HYMN 105.

S.M. D.



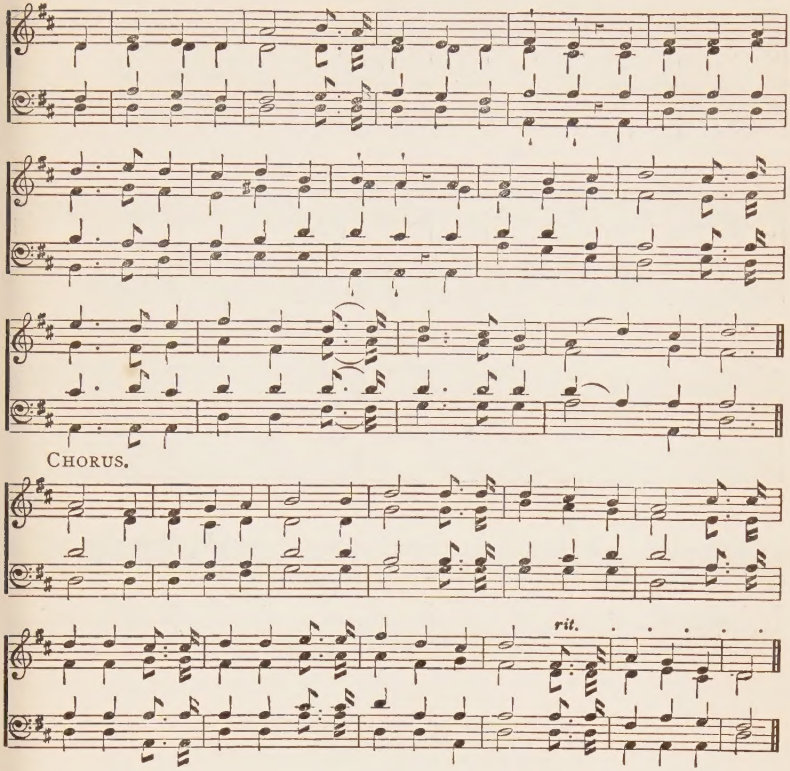
1 I WAS a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold;
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled.
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home;
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child;
And followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er desert waste and wild.
Yea, found me nigh to death,
Famished and faint and lone,
And bound me with the bands of love,
And saved the wandering one.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is,
'Twas He that loved my soul,
'Twas He that cleansed me by His blood,
'Twas He that made me whole.
'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep,
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
'Tis He that still doth keep.

4 No more a wandering sheep,
I love to be controlled;
I love my tender Shepherd's voice,
I love the peaceful fold.
No more a wayward child,
I seek no more to roam;
I love my heavenly Father's voice,
I love, I love His home.

"It may be at Morn" **HYMN 106.** P.M.



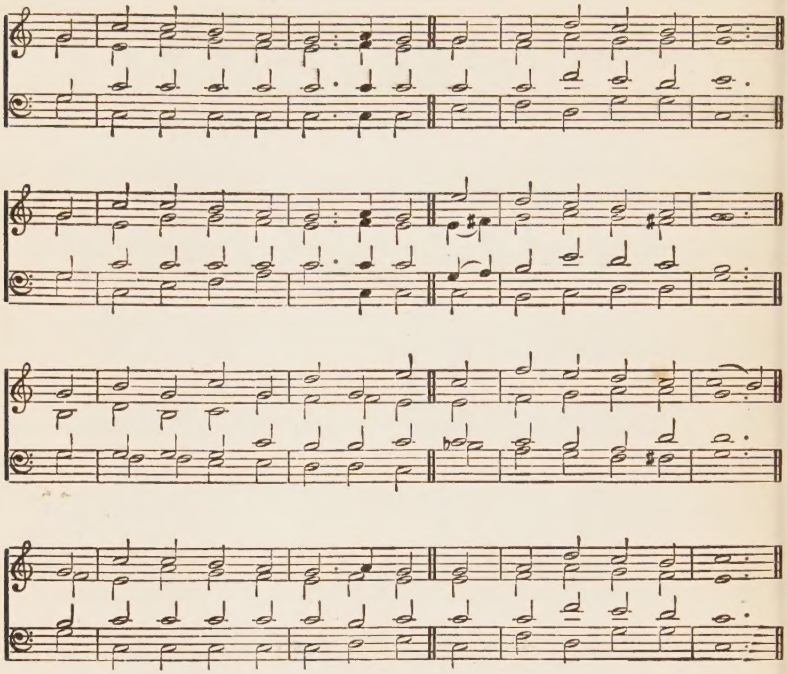

1 IT may be at morn,
When the day is awaking,
When sunlight through darkness
And shadow is breaking,
That Jesus will come
In the fulness of glory,
To receive from the world "His own."
O Lord Jesus how long?—
How long—ere we shout the glad song?—
Christ returneth! Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Amen!
Hallelujah! Amen!

2 It may be at midday,
It may be at twilight,
It may be, perchance,
That the blackness of midnight
Will burst into light
In the blaze of His glory,
When Jesus receives "His own."

3 While hosts cry Hosanna,
From heaven descending,
With glorified saints
And the angels attending,
With grace on His brow,
Like a halo of glory,
Will Jesus receive "His own."

4 Oh, joy! oh, delight!
Should we go without dying!
No sickness, no sadness,
No dread, and no crying;
Caught up through the clouds
With our Lord into glory,
When Jesus receives "His own."

"Salem" **HYMN 107.** C.M.



1 I'VE found the precious Christ of God!
My heart doth sing for joy;
And sing I must, for Christ I have!
A precious Christ have I!

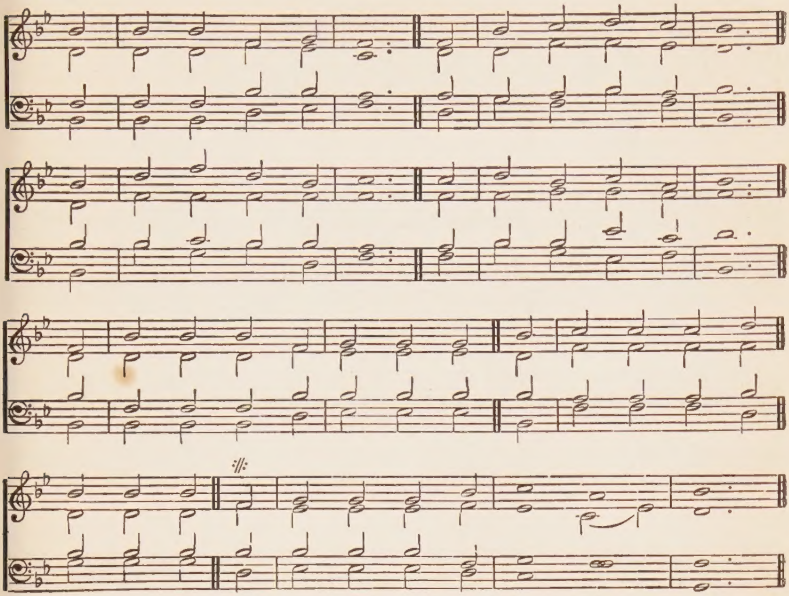
2 Christ Jesus is the Lord of lords,
He is the King of kings;
He is the Sun of Righteousness,
With healing in His wings.

3 Christ is my meat, Christ is my drink,
My med'cine and my health;
My peace, my strength, my joy, my crown,
My glory and my wealth.

4 Christ is my Shepherd and my Friend,
My Saviour whom I love,
My Head, my Hope, my Counsellor,
My Advocate above.

5 Christ Jesus is the heaven of heaven:
My Christ, what shall I call?
Christ is the First, Christ is the Last,
And Christ is all in all.

"Lenox" **HYMN 108.** 6.6.6.6.8.8.



1 JEHOVAH is our strength,
And He shall be our song;
We shall o'ercome at length,
Altho' our foes be strong;
In vain then Satan doth oppose,
For God is stronger than His foes.

2 The Lord our refuge is,
And ever will remain;
Since He hath made us His,
He will our cause maintain;
In vain our enemies oppose,
For God is stronger than His foes.

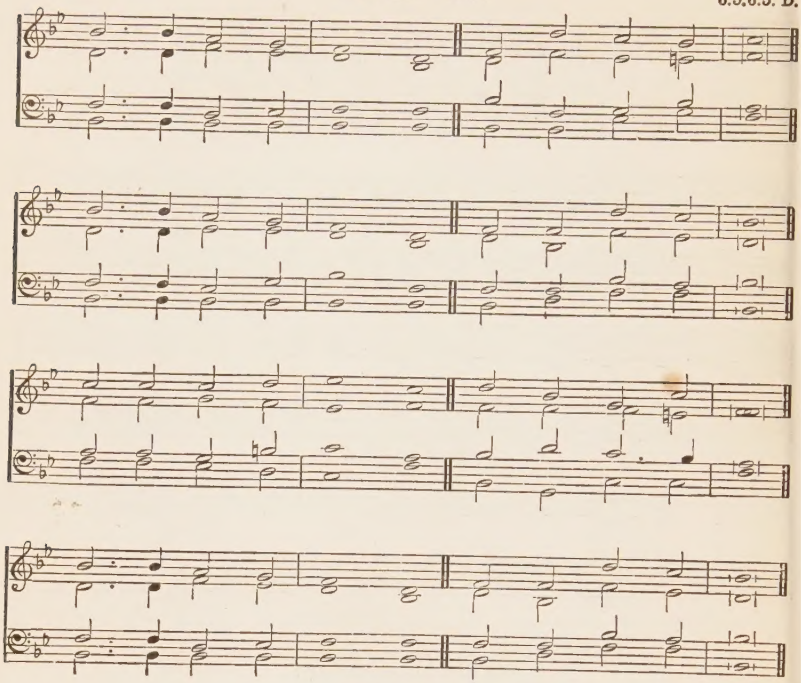
3 The Lord our portion is,
What can we wish for more;
As long as we are His,
We never can be poor:
In vain do earth and hell oppose,
For God is stronger than His foes.

4 The Lord our Shepherd is,
He knows our every need;
And since we now are His,
His care our souls will feed:
In vain do sin and death oppose,
For God is stronger than His foes.

"Goshen"

## HYMN 109.

6.5.6.5. D.



1 JESUS is our Shepherd, wiping every tear,
Folded in His bosom, what have we to fear?
Only let us follow whither He doth lead,
To the thirsty desert or the dewy mead.

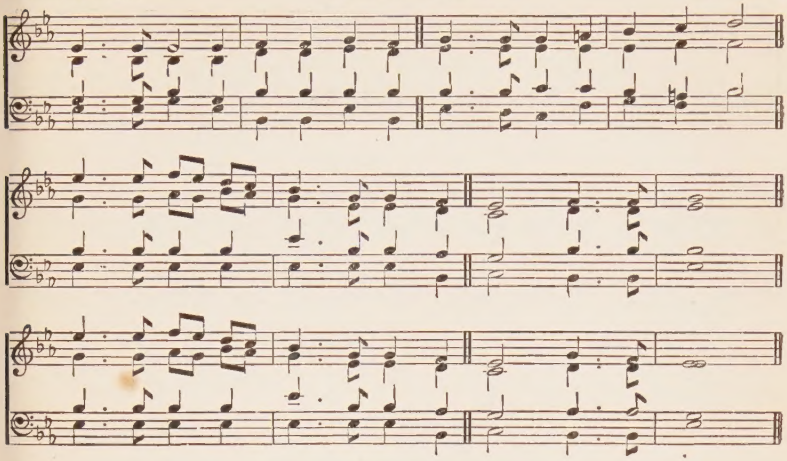
2 Jesus is our Shepherd, well we know His voice,
How its gentlest whisper makes our heart rejoice;
Even when He chideth, tender is His tone,
None but He shall guide us; we are His alone.

3 Jesus is our Shepherd, for His sheep He bled;
Every lamb is sprinkled with the blood He shed;
Then on each He setteth His own secret sign,
"They that have My spirit, these," saith He, "are Mine."

4 Jesus is our Shepherd, guarded by His arm,
Though the wolves may raven, none can do us harm;
If we tread death's valley, dark with fearful gloom,
We will fear no evil, victors o'er the tomb.

5 Jesus is our Shepherd, with His goodness now,
And His tender mercy He doth us endow;
Let us sing His praises, with a gladsome heart,
Till in heaven we meet Him, never more to part.

"Star of Peace" **HYMN 110.** 8.7.8.4.8.4.



1 JESUS CHRIST, Thou King of glory!
Born a Saviour-Prince to be,
While the angel-hosts adore Thee,
We joy in Thee!
Singing of Thy grace the story—
Praise, praise to Thee!

2 Thou the bands of death didst sever,
Conflict Thine and victory!
God is for us now and ever!
We joy in Thee!
We are Thine, Thine own for ever,
Praise, praise to Thee!

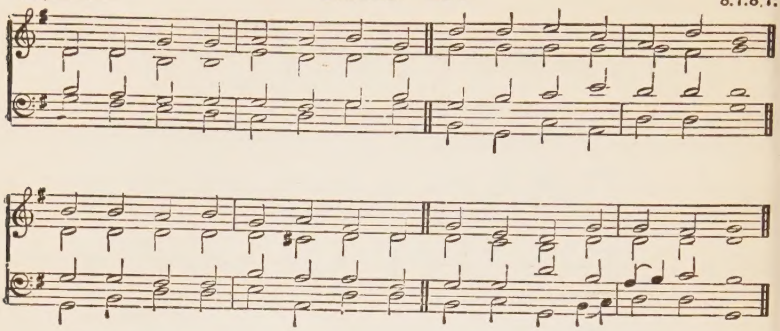
3 Thou the ransom price hast given,
Setting thus the captive free!
Thou art Lord of earth and heaven,
We joy in Thee!
Through Thy blood we stand forgiven—
Praise, praise to Thee!

4 Risen Lord, at Thy returning
Sweet and full our song shall be;
Hasting to that blissful morning—
We joy in Thee!
Thou hast read our spirits' yearning!
Praise, praise to Thee!

"Sigismund"

## HYMN 111.

8.7.8.7.



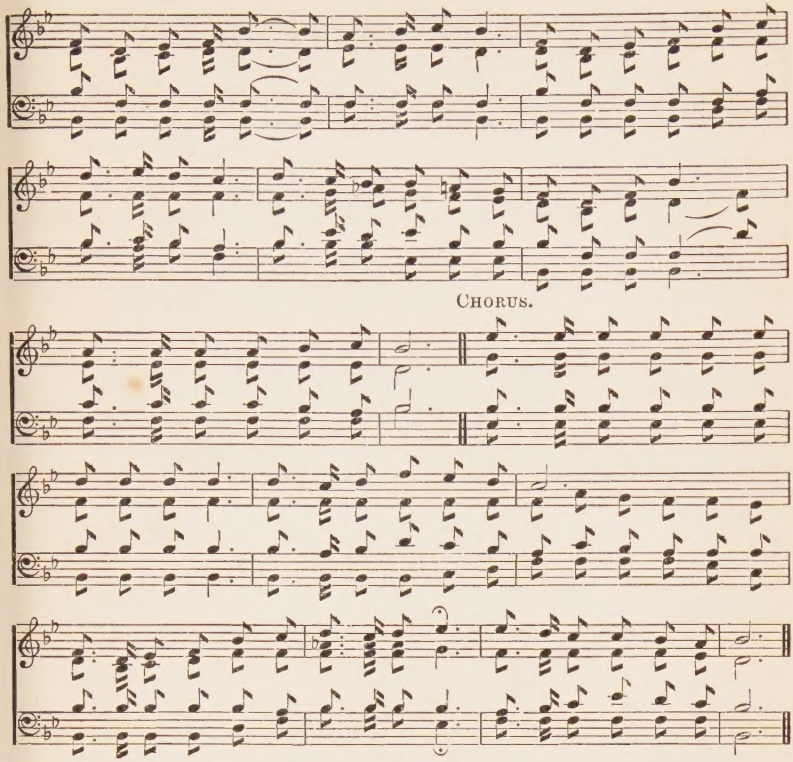
1 JESUS, in His heavenly temple,
Sits with God upon the throne,
Now no more to be forsaken,
His humiliation gone.

2 Never more shall God, Jehovah,
Smite the Shepherd with the sword;
Ne'er again shall cruel sinners,
Set at nought our glorious Lord.

3 Dwelling in eternal sunshine
Of the countenance of God,
Jesus fills all heaven with incense
Of His reconciling blood.

4 On His heart our names are graven,
On His shoulders we are borne;
Of our God beloved in Jesus,
We can love Him in return.

"Jesus is Coming" **HYMN 112.** P.M.




1 JESUS is coming! Sing the glad word!
Coming for those He redeemed by His blood!
Coming to reign as the glorified Lord!
Jesus is coming again!
Jesus is coming, is coming again!
Jesus is coming again! . . .
Shout the glad tidings o'er mountain and plain!
Jesus is coming again.

2 Jesus is coming! The dead shall arise,
Loved ones shall meet in a joyful surprise,
Caught up together to Him in the skies.
Jesus is coming again!

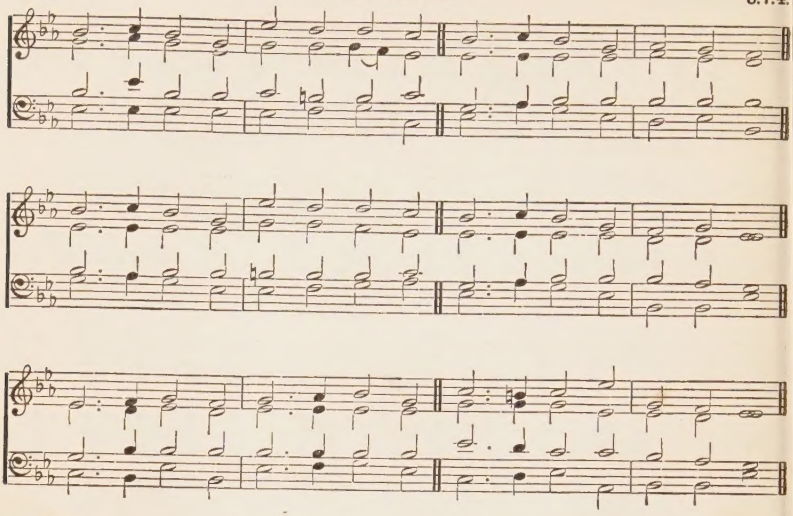
3 Jesus is coming! His saints to release;
Coming to give to the warring earth peace:
Sinning and sighing and sorrow shall cease.
Jesus is coming again!

4 Jesus is coming! The promise is true:
Who are the chosen, the faithful, the few,
Waiting and watching, prepared for review?
Jesus is coming again!

"Balm"

## HYMN 113.

8.7.4.



1 JESUS, Lord! I'm never weary
Looking on Thy cross and shame;
Gazing there I seem so near Thee,
Dear to me each throb of pain.
Ever near Thee,
Ling'ring here I would remain.

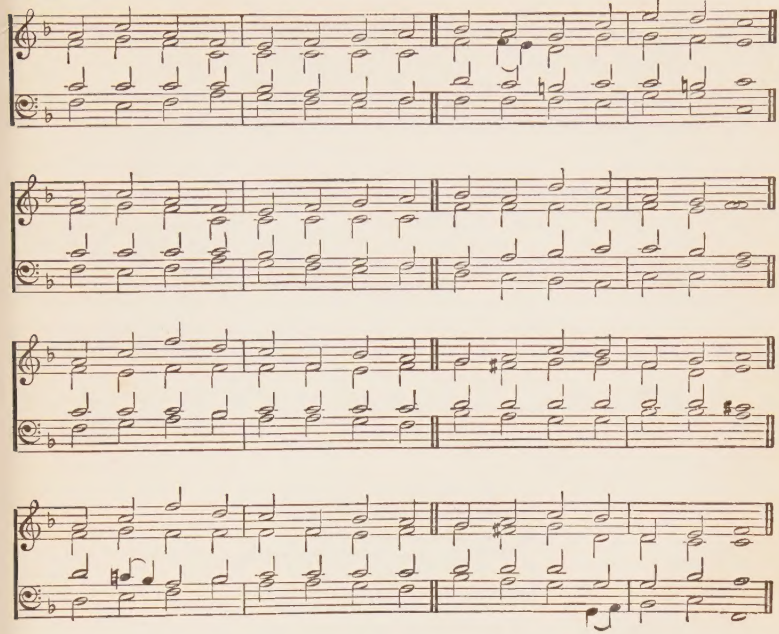
2 Little cared I for the anguish
Of Thy bitter, bitter cry:
Left alone, Lord, there to languish,
None to share Thy parting sigh.
All forsaken?
Left alone, O Lord, to die.

3 Jesus, Saviour, I have found Thee,
All my utmost need required;
In Thyself, Lord, Thou hast found me,
All Thy loving heart desired.
I would praise Thee,
From my soul, by love inspired.

4 All my sins were laid upon Thee,
All my guilt was on Thee laid;
And the blood of Thine atonement,
All my utmost debt hast paid.
Gracious Saviour,
I believe, for Thou hast said.

5 Thine almighty arms are round me,
And my head is on Thy breast;
For my weary soul has found Thee
Such a *perfect, perfect rest.*
Gracious Saviour,
Now I *know* that I am blest.

"Deerhurst" **HYMN 114.** 8.7.8.7. D.



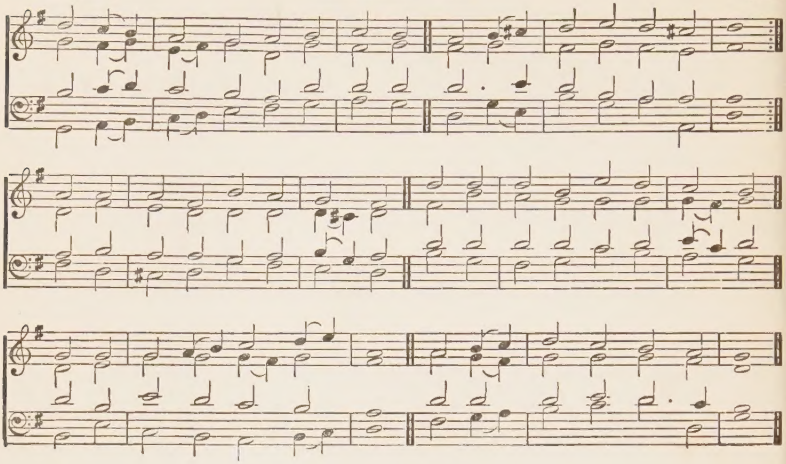
1 JESUS, Lord, we know Thee present,
At Thy table freshly spread;
Seated at Thy priceless banquet,
With Thy banner overhead.
Precious moments at Thy table,
From all fear and doubt set free;
Here to rest, so sweetly able,
Occupied alone with Thee.

2 Here rejoicing in Thy nearness,
Gladly by Thy Spirit led;
Calmly in the blest remembrance
Of Thy precious blood once shed,
Lord, we take each simple token,
In fond memory of Thee;
Muse upon Thy body broken,
And Thy blood shed on the tree.

3 Oh, what joy it is to see Thee
In these emblems gathered here!
In the bread and wine of blessing,
Bread to strengthen, wine to cheer.
Lord, behold us met together,
Members of our risen Head,
Thus to take the cup of blessing,
Thus to share the broken bread.

4 Lord, we know how true Thy promise
To be with us where we meet;
When in Thy loved Name we gather
To enjoy communion sweet.
Dearer still that looked-for promise
To each waiting, yearning heart,
That we soon shall be with Thee, Lord,
And "for ever" where Thou art.

"Altenburg" **HYMN 115.** P.M.



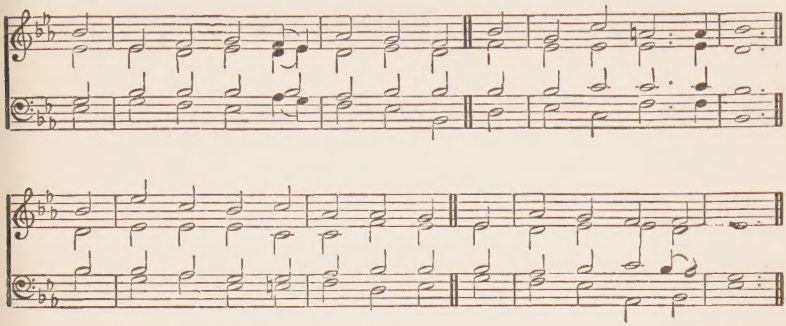
1 JESUS! Source of life eternal!
Jesus, author of our breath!
Victor o'er the hosts infernal,
By defeat, and shame, and death,
Thou thro' deepest tribulation
Deigned to pass for our salvation:
Thousand, thousand praises be,
Lord of glory, unto Thee!

2 Thou, O Son of God! wert bearing
Cruel mockings, hatred, scorn;
Thou, the King of glory, wearing,
For our sake, the crown of thorn:
Dying, Thou didst us deliver
From the chains of sin for ever;
Thousand, thousand praises be,
Precious Saviour, unto Thee!

3 All the shame men heaped upon Thee,
Thou didst patiently endure;
Not the pains of death too bitter,
Our redemption to procure:
Wondrous Thy humiliation
To accomplish our salvation:
Thousand, thousand praises be,
Precious Saviour, unto Thee!

4 Heartfelt praise and adoration,
Saviour, thus to Thee we give:
For Thy life humiliation,
For Thy death, whereby we live.
All the grief Thou wert enduring,
All the bliss Thou wert securing,
Evermore the theme shall be.
Of thanksgivings, Lord, to Thee!

"St. Bernard" **HYMN 116.** C.M.



1 JESUS! Thou name of power divine
To all of heavenly birth!
Jesus! the never-failing mine
Of richest, sweetest worth!

2 Each bitter grief, each anxious care,
O Lord! Thy goodness knows;
My wounded spirit only there,
'Mid conflict, finds repose.

3 Here love may meet a kindred heart,
But not a heart like Thine;
Lord, from Thy love I cannot part,
Nor canst Thou part with mine.

4 With Thee I cannot feel alone;
I cannot be forgot;
Though friends are changing one by one,
Thou, Saviour, changest not.

5 My future path, I know, may be
A path of anxious care;
But love has planned that path for me,
That love in which I share.

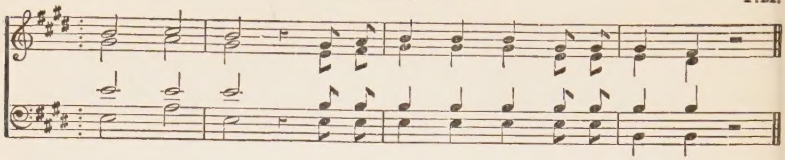
6 And is it not, O Lord, enough
Thy perfect love to share,
Till Thou shalt call Thy bride above,
To meet Thee in the air?

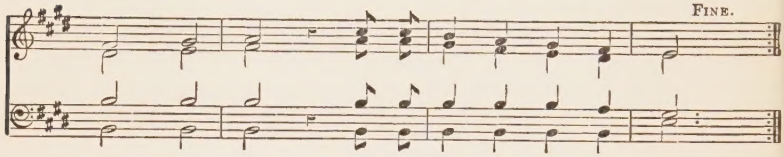
7 It is enough: Thy tender smile,
Till I behold Thee there,
Shall cheer me through the "little while"
I'm waiting for Thee here.

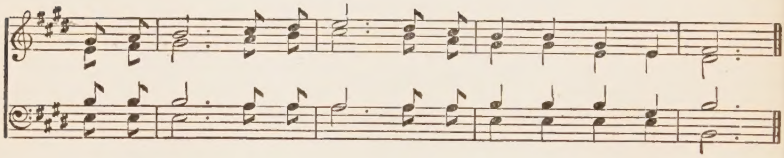
"Joy"

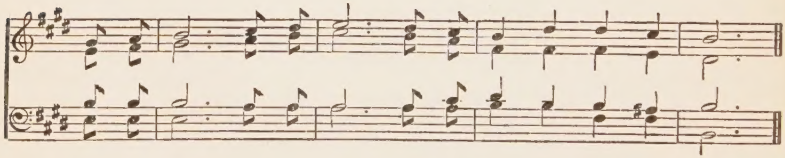
## HYMN 117.

P.M.

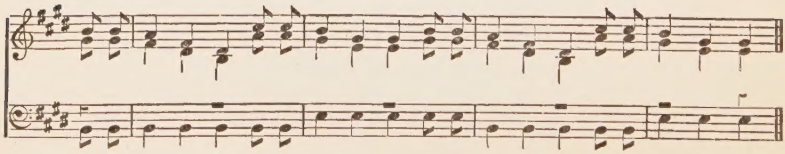


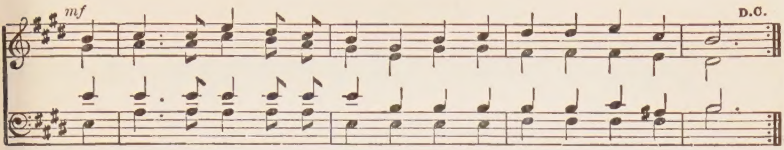




*A little slower. mp*






1 JOY! joy! joy! there is joy in heav'n with the angels;
Joy! joy! joy! for the prodigal's return;
He has come, he has come
To his Father's house at last;
He was lost, he is found,
And the night of gloom is past,
Blessed hour of joy and communion sweet,
For his heart is full and his love complete;
His Father sees him and hastes to meet,
And bids him welcome home.

Joy! joy! joy! there is joy in heaven with the angels;
Joy! joy! joy! for the prodigal's return.

2 Joy! joy! joy! in the courts of heaven resounding,
Joy! joy! joy! o'er the prodigal's return;
Hark! the song, hark! the song,
'Tis a joyful, joyful strain,
Welcome home, welcome home,
To thy Father's house again.
While his eye is dim with the falling tears
Of repentant grief over wasted years,
The pardoning voice of his Father cheers,
And bids him welcome home.

3 Joy! joy! joy! in the radiant fields of glory,
Joy! joy! joy! when a wandering soul returns:
Let us haste, let us haste,
While the morning sun is bright,
Jesus calls, Jesus calls,
To a land of love and light.
We will journey on, till our pilgrim feet
Shall be found at last in the golden street;
Our glorious Saviour will smile to greet,
And bid us welcome home.

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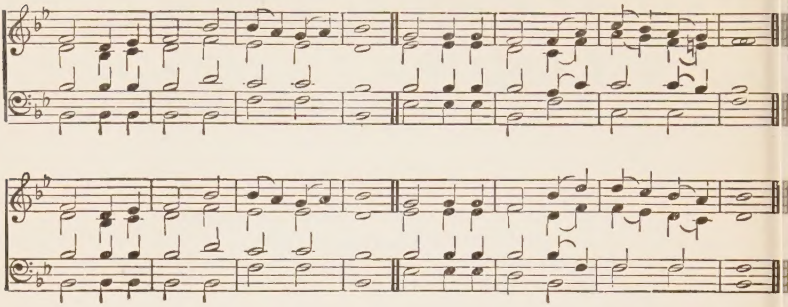
"Ernan" **HYMN 118.** L.M.



1 JUST as Thou art—how wondrous fair,
Lord Jesus, all Thy members are!
A life divine to them is given—
A long inheritance in heaven.

2 Just as I *was* I came to Thee,
An heir of wrath and misery;
Just as *Thou art* before the throne,
I stand in righteousness Thine own.

3 Just as Thou art—how wondrous free!
Loosed by the sorrows of the tree:
Jesus! the curse, the wrath were Thine,
To give Thy saints this life divine.

4 Just as Thou art—nor doubt, nor fear
Can with Thy spotlessness appear;
O timeless love! as Thee, I'm seen
The righteousness of God in Him."

5 Just as Thou art—Thou Lamb divine;
Life, light, and holiness are Thine!
Thyself their endless *source* I see,
And *they*, the life of God, in me.

6 Just as Thou art—O blissful ray,
That turned my darkness into day!
That woke me from my death in sin,
To know my perfectness in Him.

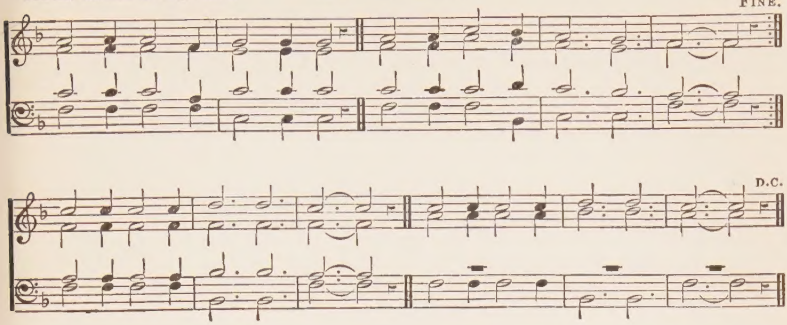
7 O teach me, Lord, this grace to own,
That self and sin no more are known!
That love—Thy love—in wondrous right,
Hath placed me in its spotless light!

8 Soon, soon, 'mid joys on joys untold,
Thou wilt this grace and love unfold,
Till worlds on worlds adoring see
The part Thy members have in Thee.

"Jesus, Lover of my Soul"

## HYMN 119.

7.7.7.7. D.




1 JESUS! lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high,
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last!

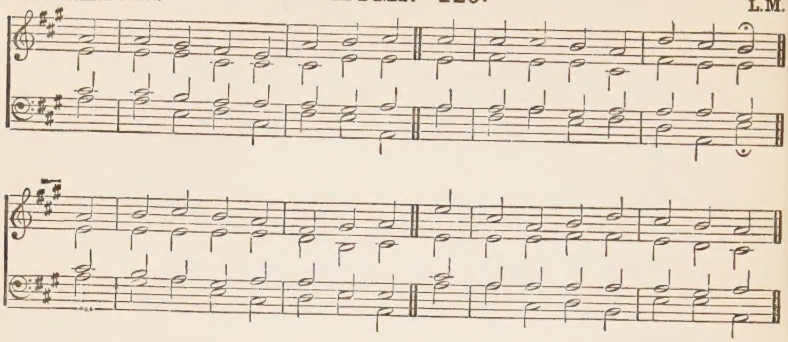
2 Other refuge have I none:
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my hope on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head,
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found—
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Now and to eternity!

"Old Hundredth."

## HYMN 120.

L.M.



1 JESUS, the Lord, our righteousness!
Our beauty Thou—our glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds whilst thus array'd,
With joy shall we lift up our head.

2 Bold shall we stand in that great day;
For who ought to our charge shall lay,
While by Thy blood absolved we are
From sin's tremendous curse and fear?

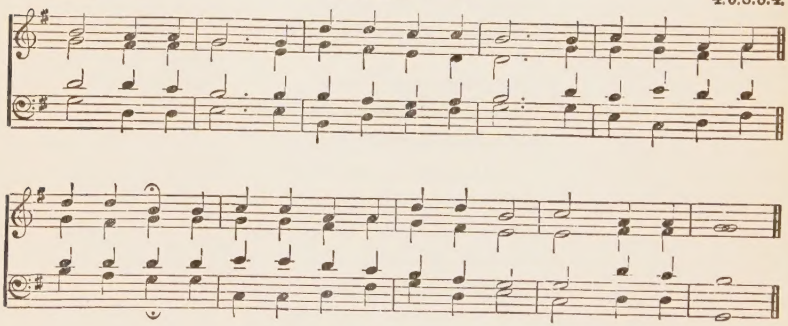
3 Thus Abraham, the friend of God,
Thus all the saints redeem'd by blood,
Saviour of sinners Thee proclaim,
And all their boast is in Thy name.

4 Till we behold Thee on Thy throne,
In Thee we boast, in THEE alone,
Our beauty this, our glorious dress,
"Jesus, the Lord, our righteousness."

"Patience"

## HYMN 121.

4.6.8.8.4.



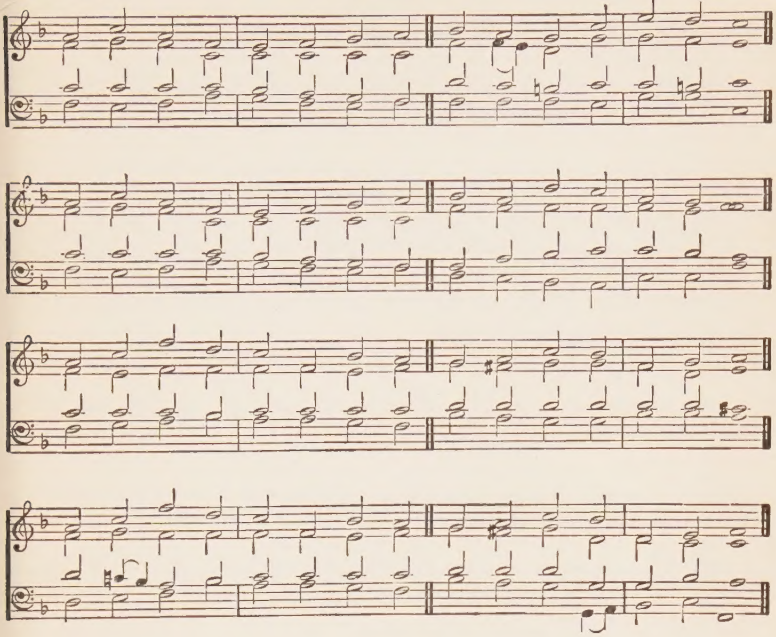
1 Kept, safely kept;
My fears away are swept;
In weakness to my God I cling,
Though foes be strong I calmly sing—
Kept, safely kept.

2 Kept by His power;
Whatever dangers low'r;
The strength of God's almighty arm,
Doth shield my soul from every harm;
Kept by His power.

3 Through simple faith;
Believing what He saith,
Unshaken on my God I lean,
And realise His power unseen;
But known to faith.

4 Kept all the way;
E'en to salvation's day;
His mighty love ne'er cold shall wax,
Nor shall His powerful grasp relax,
Through all the way.

"Deerhurst" **HYMN 122.** 8.7.8.7. D.



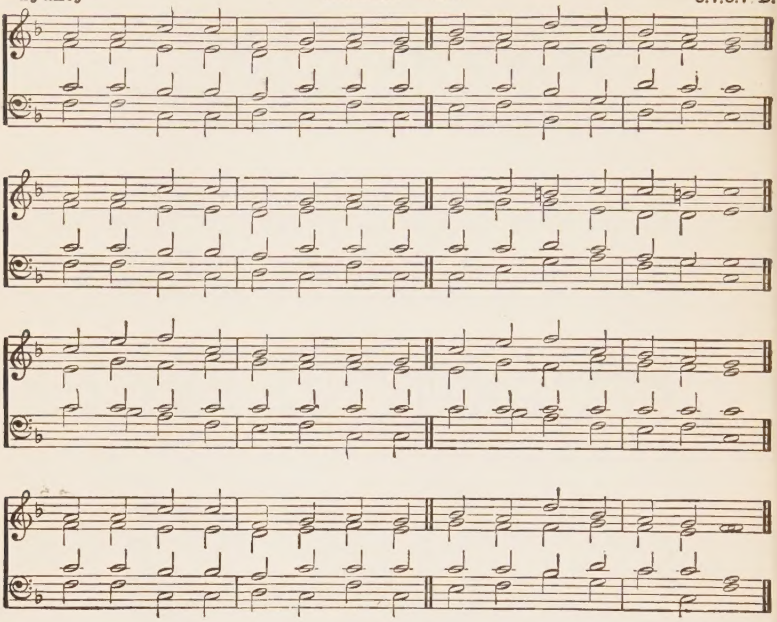
1 LAMB OF GOD! our souls adore Thee
While upon Thy face we gaze;
There the Father's love and glory
Shine in all their brightest rays;
Thine Almighty power and wisdom
All creation's works proclaim;
Heaven and earth alike confess Thee,
As the ever great "I AM."

2 LAMB OF GOD! Thy Father's bosom
Ever was Thy dwelling-place;
His delight, in Him rejoicing,
One with Him in power and grace;
Oh, what wondrous love and mercy!
Thou did'st lay Thy glory by;
And for us did'st come from heaven
As the Lamb of God to die.

3 LAMB OF GOD! when we behold Thee
Lowly in the manger laid,
Wand'ring as a homeless stranger
In the world Thy hands had made;
When we see Thee in the garden
In Thine agony of blood—
At Thy grace we are confounded,
Holy, Spotless Lamb of God!

4 When we see Thee, as the victim,
Bound to the accursed tree,
For our guilt and folly stricken,
All our judgment borne by Thee,
Lord, we own, *with hearts adoring*,
Thou hast loved us unto blood;
Glory, glory everlasting
Be to Thee, THOU LAMB OF GOD.

"Sydney" **HYMN 123.** 8.7.8.7 D.



1 LAMB of God! Thou now art seated
High upon Thy Father's throne;
All Thy gracious work completed,
All Thy mighty victory won:
Every knee in heaven is bending
To the Lamb for sinners slain;
Every voice and harp is swelling—
"Worthy is the Lamb to reign."

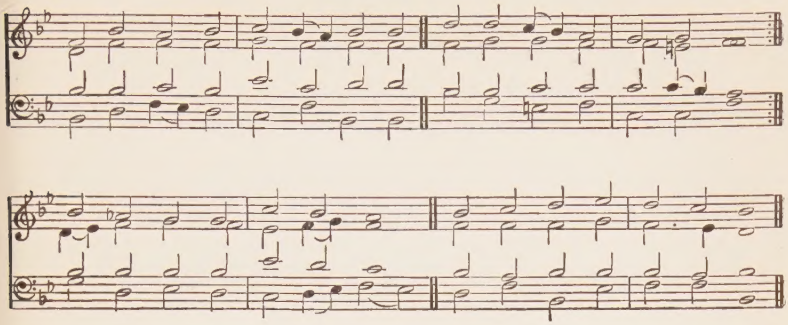
2 Lord, in all Thy power and glory,
Still Thy thoughts and eyes are here,
Watching o'er Thy ransom'd people,
To Thy gracious heart so dear.
Thou for us art interceding,
Everlasting is Thy love;
And a blessed rest preparing,
In the Father's house above.

3 Lamb of God! Thou soon in glory
Wilt to this sad earth return;
All Thy foes shall quake before Thee,
All that now despise Thee mourn;
Then Thy saints all gathered to Thee,
With Thee in Thy kingdom reign;
Thine the praise and Thine the glory,
Lamb of God, for sinners slain!

"Oberlin"

## HYMN 124.

8.7.8.7.7.7



1 LET us *love*, and *sing*, and *wonder*—
Let us praise the Saviour's name!
He has hushed the law's loud thunder,
He has quenched Mount Sinai's flame;
He has washed us in His blood,
He has brought us nigh to God.

2 Let us *love* the Lord that bought us,
Pitied us when enemies;
Called us by His grace, and taught us,
Where our joy and blessing is;
He has washed us in His blood,
He presents our souls to God.

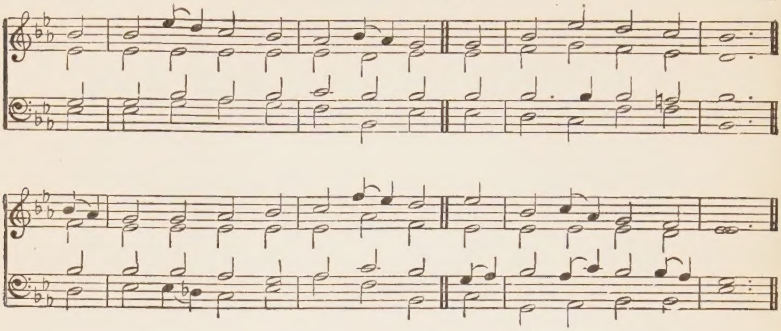
3 Let us *sing*, though fierce temptation
Threaten hard to bear us down;
For the Lord, our strong salvation,
Holds in view the conqu'ror's crown;
He who washed us in His blood
Has secured our way to God.

4 Let us *wonder*: grace and justice
Join and point to mercy's store:
When through grace in Christ our trust is,
Justice smiles, and asks no more:
He who washed us in His blood
Soon will bring us home to God.

"Jackson's"

## HYMN 125.

C.M.



1 LET us rejoice in Christ the Lord,
Who claims us for His own:
The hope established on His word,
Can ne'er be overthrown.

2 Though many foes beset us round,
And feeble is our arm,
Our life is hid with Christ in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.

3 Weak as we are we shall not faint,
Or, fainting, cannot fail;
Jesus, the strength of every saint,
For ever must prevail.

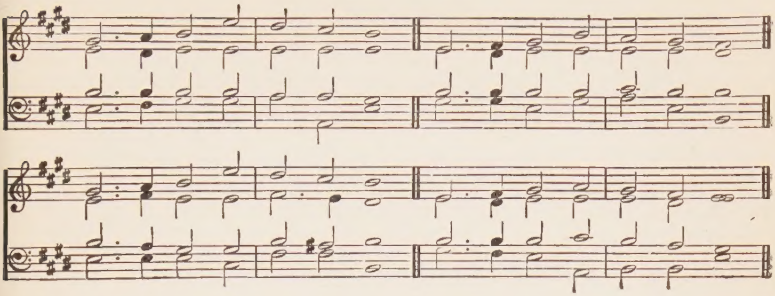
4 Though now He's unperceived by sense,
Faith sees Him always near—
Our Guide, our Glory, our Defence,
To save from every fear.

5 As surely as He overcame,
And conquered death and sin,
So surely those who trust His name
Shall all His triumph win.

"Innocents"

## HYMN 126.

7.7.7.7



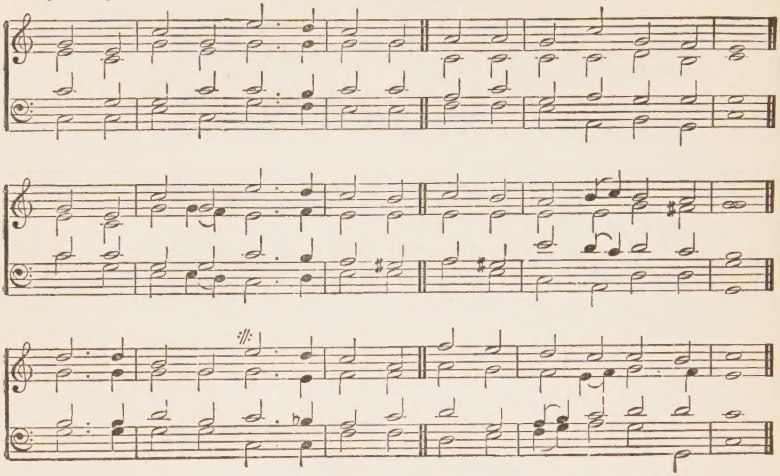
1 LORD! accept our feeble song;
Power and praise to Thee belong;
We would all Thy grace record,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!

2 Rich in glory, Thou did'st stoop,
Thence is all Thy people's hope;
Thou wast poor, that we might be
Rich in glory, Lord! with Thee.

3 When we think of love like this,
Joy and shame our hearts possess;
Joy, that Thou could'st pity thus,
Shame, for such returns from us.

4 Yet we hope the day to see,
When we shall from sin be free:
When, to Thee in glory brought,
We shall serve Thee as we ought.

"Regent Square" **HYMN 127.** 8.7.4.



1 LOOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious,
See the "Man of Sorrows" now,
From the fight return victorious:
Every knee to Him shall bow,
Crown Him! crown Him!
Crowns become the Victor's brow.

2 Crown the Saviour! angels crown Him!
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of heaven rings.
Crown Him! crown Him!
Crown the Saviour "King of kings!"

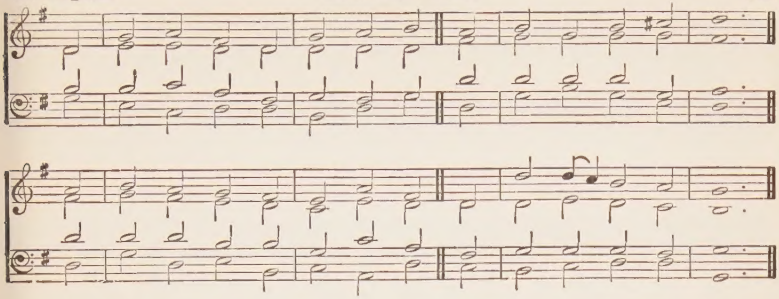
3 Sinners in derision crown'd Him!
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His name.
Crown Him! crown Him!
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

4 Hark! these bursts of acclamation!
Hark! these loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station:
Oh! what joy the sight affords!
Crown Him! crown Him!
"King of Kings, and Lord of Lords!"

"St. Magnus"

## HYMN 128.

C.M.



1 LORD JESUS! are we one with Thee?
O height, O depth of love!
Once slain for us upon the tree,
We're one with Thee above.

2 Our sins, our guilt, in love divine,
Confess'd and borne by Thee;
The gall, the curse, the wrath were Thine,
To set Thy members free.

3 Ascended now, in glory bright,
Still *one* with us Thou art;
Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height,
Thy saints and Thee can part.

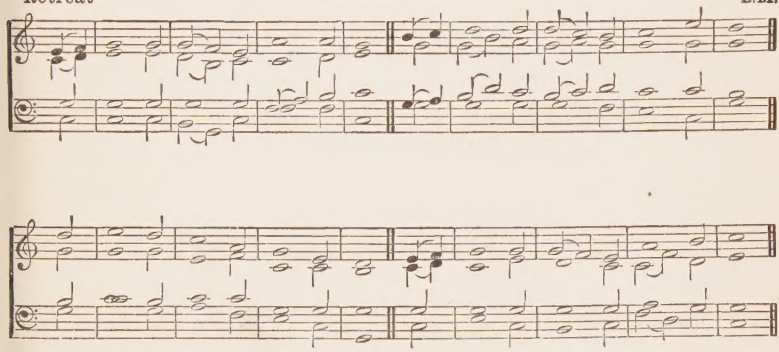
4 O teach us, Lord, to know and own
This wondrous mystery,
That Thou with us art truly *one*,
And we are *one* with Thee.

5 Soon, soon shall come that glorious day,
When, seated on Thy throne,
Thou shalt to wond'ring worlds display,
*That Thou with us art one.*

"Retreat"

## HYMN 129.

L.M.



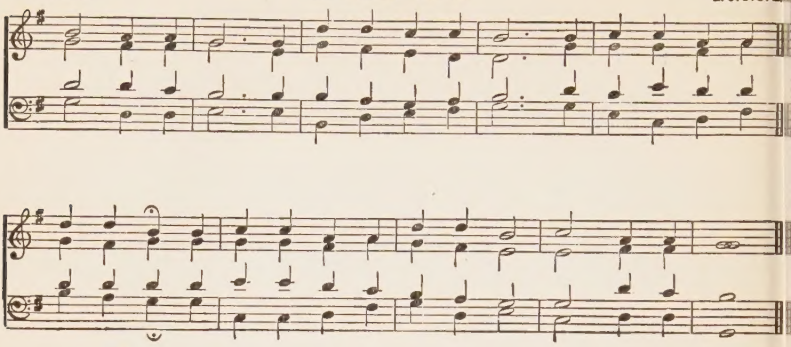
1 LORD JESUS CHRIST, we seek Thy face;
Within the vail we bow the knee;
Oh, let Thy glory fill the place,
And bless us while we wait on Thee.

2 We thank Thee for the precious blood
That purged our sins and brought us [nigh;
All cleansed and sanctified to God,
Thy holy Name to magnify.

3 Shut in with Thee far, far above
The restless world that wars below;
We seek to learn and prove Thy love,
Thy wisdom and Thy grace to know.

4 The brow that once with thorns was bound,
Thy hands, Thy side, we fain would see;
Draw near, Lord Jesus, glory-crowned,
And bless us while we wait on Thee.

"Patience" **HYMN 130.** 4.6.8.8.4.



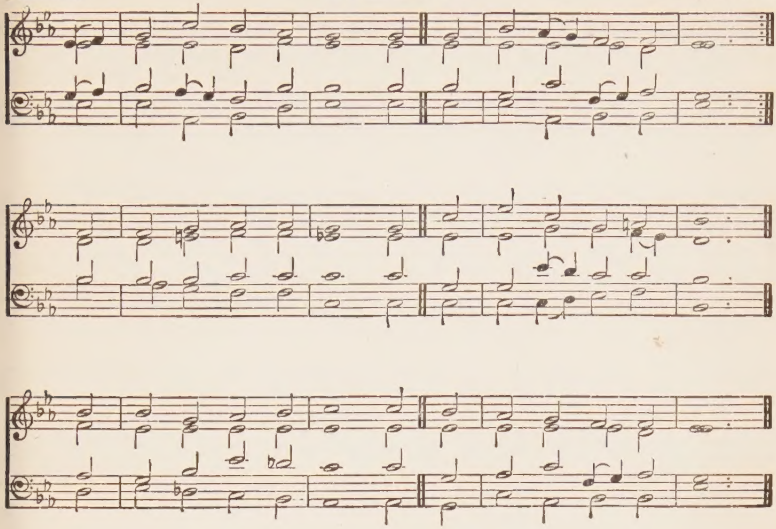
1 LORD JESUS, come!
Nor let us longer roam
Afar from Thee, and that bright place
Where we shall see Thee face to face.
Lord Jesus, come!

2 Lord Jesus, come!
Thine absence here we mourn;
No joy we know apart from Thee,
No sorrow in Thy presence see.
Come, Saviour, come!

3 Lord Jesus, come!
And claim us as Thine own;
Our weary feet would wander o'er
This dark and sinful world no more,
Come, Saviour, come!

4 Lord Jesus, come!
And take Thy people home;
That all Thy flock, so scattered here,
With Thee in glory may appear,
Lord Jesus, come!

"Munich" **HYMN 131.** 7.6.7.6. D.



1 LORD JESUS! Friend unfailing!
How dear Thou art to me!
Are cares or fears assailing?
I find my strength in Thee!
Why should my feet grow weary
Of this my pilgrim way?
Rough though the path and dreary
It ends in perfect day!

2 Nought, nought I court as pleasure,
Compared, O Christ, with Thee!
Thy sorrow without measure
Earn'd peace and joy for me!
I love to own, Lord Jesus,
Thy claims o'er me divine,
Bought with Thy blood most precious,
Whose can I be but Thine?

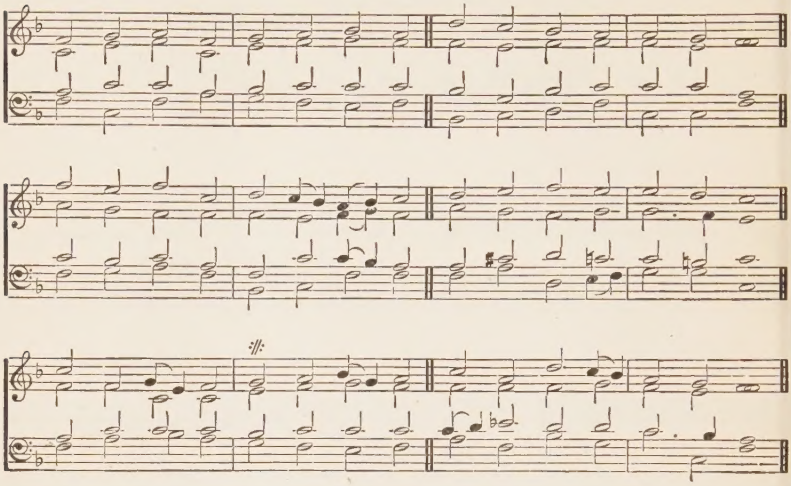
3 What fills my heart with gladness?
'Tis Thy abounding grace!
Where can I look in sadness,
But, Saviour, on Thy face?
My all is Thy providing—
Thy love can ne'er grow cold;
In Thee, my Refuge, hiding—
No good wilt Thou withhold.

4 Why should I droop in sorrow?
Thou'rt ever by my side!
Why, trembling, dread the morrow?
What ill can e'er betide?
If I my cross have taken,
'Tis but to follow Thee;
If scorn'd, despised, forsaken,
Nought severs Thee from me!

5 O worldly pomp and glory!
Your charms are spread in vain!
I've heard a sweeter story!
I've found a truer gain!
Where Christ a place prepareth,
There is my loved abode!
There shall I gaze on Jesus!
There shall I dwell with God!

6 For every tribulation,
For every sore distress,
In Christ I've full salvation,
Sure help and quiet rest.
No fear of foes prevailing!
I triumph, Lord, in Thee!
Lord Jesus! Friend unfailing!
How dear Thou art to me!

"Dismission" **HYMN 132.** 8.7.4.

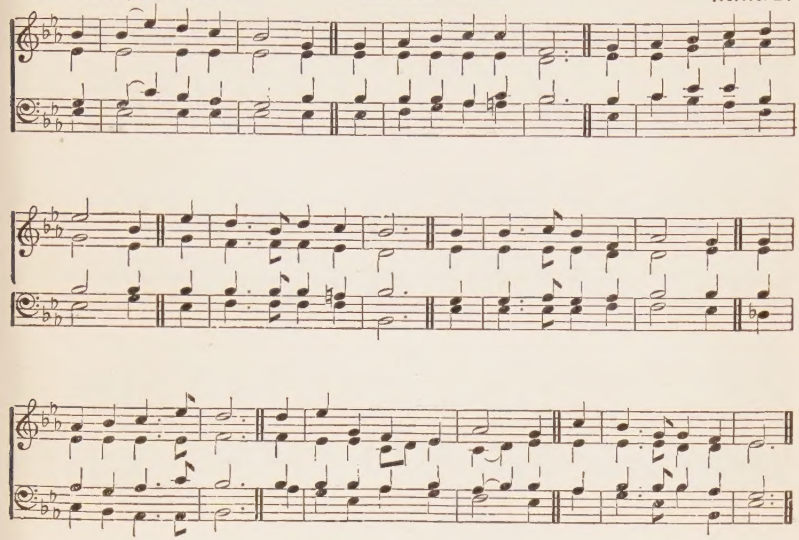


1 LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace.
Oh! refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For Thy Gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound!
Ever faithful
To the truth may we be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Upward borne by Thee to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
We shall ever
Reign with Thee in endless day.

"Lord Jesus, my Saviour" **HYMN 133.** 7.6.7.6. D.



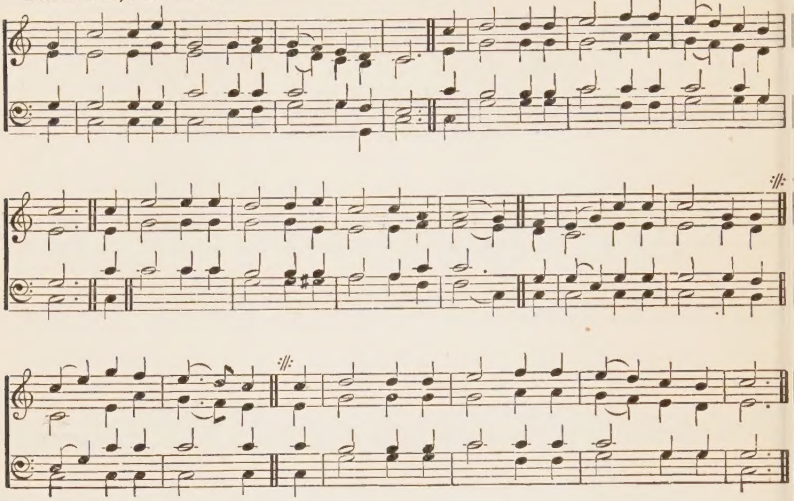
1 LORD JESUS, my Saviour!
How vast Thy love to me,
I'll bathe in its full ocean
To all eternity;
And wending on to glory
This all my song shall be,
I am a feeble sinner,
But Jesus died for me.

2 Oh, Calvary! oh Calvary!
The thorn-crown and the spear,
'Tis here Thy love, Lord Jesus,
Thy flowing wounds appear;
Oh depths of grace and mercy!
To those dear wounds I flee—
I am a feeble sinner,
But Jesus died for me.

3 Adore Him! Adore Him!
The glorious work is done:
The Father will not punish me,
'Twas laid upon His Son:
'Tis finished, cried His suffering soul,
And I my title see—
I am a feeble sinner,
But Jesus died for me.

4 In glory, in glory,
For ever with the Lord—
I'll tune my harp, and with the saints
I'll sing with sweet accord;
And as I strike the golden strings,
This all my song shall be,
I was a feeble sinner,
But Jesus died for me.

"Lord Jesus, I Love Thee" **HYMN 134.** 11's.



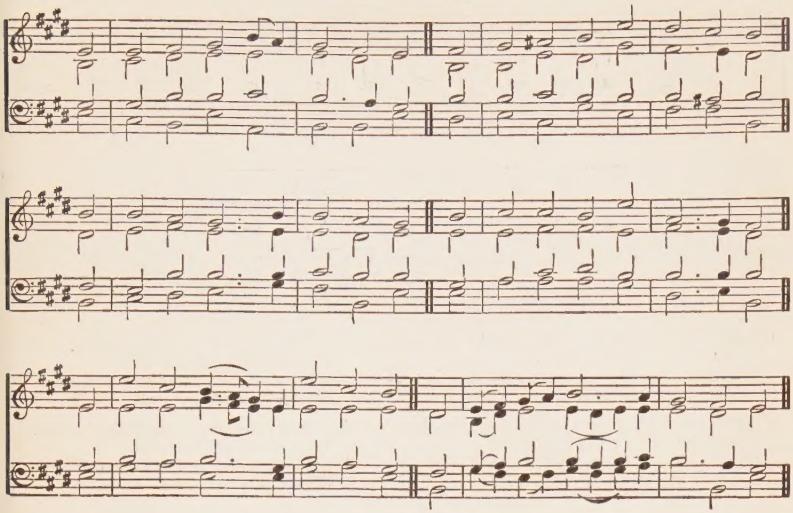
1 LORD JESUS, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine,
My Rock and my Fortress, my Surety divine ;
My gracious Redeemer, my song shall be now,
'Tis Thou who art worthy, Lord Jesus, 'tis Thou.

2 I love Thee because Thou hast first loved me,
And purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree ;
I love Thee for wearing the thorns on Thy brow,
'Tis Thou who art worthy, Lord Jesus, 'tis Thou.

3 I would love Thee in life, I would love Thee in death,
And would praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath,
And sing, should the death-dew lie cold on my brow,
'Tis Thou who art worthy, Lord Jesus, 'tis Thou.

4 And when the bright morn of Thy glory shall come,
And the children ascend to the Father's glad home,
I'll shout, with Thy likeness impressed on my brow,
'Tis Thou who art worthy, Lord Jesus, 'tis Thou.

"Eaton" **HYMN 135.** 8.8.8.8.8.8.

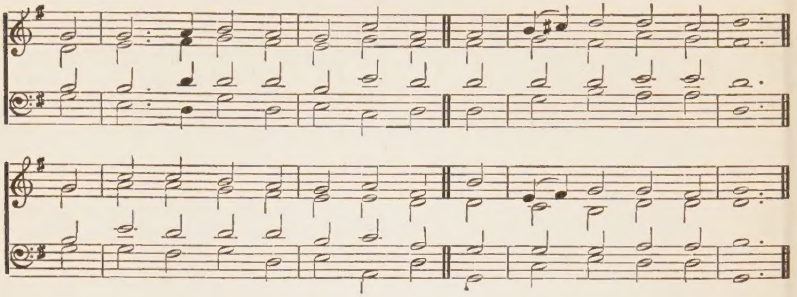


1 LORD JESUS, in Thy name alone,
We soon shall meet around the Throne,
With this sole claim, on this sole ground,
Thy table here we now surround;
What can we mention to our God,
Except Thine own most precious blood?

2 O Jesus, Lord! there is, indeed,
Enough in Thee to meet our need:
Enough in Thee to make us glad,
Why should Thy ransomed ones be sad?
This hope have we before our God,
Salvation through Thy precious blood.

3 What joy it is to walk with Thee!
But, oh, what joy Thy face to see!
And when our bliss is all complete,
We still shall worship at Thy feet;
And mention nothing to our God,
But that same ever precious blood.

"Farrant" **HYMN 136.** C.M.



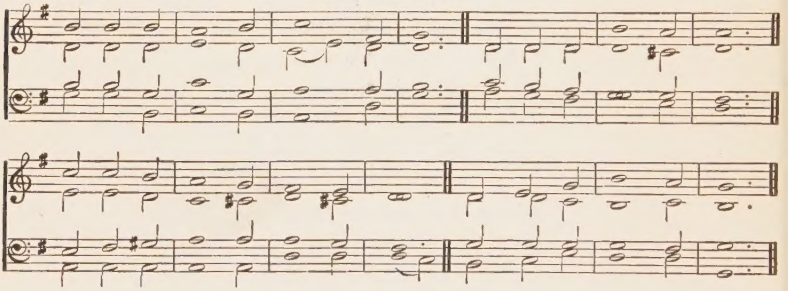
1 LORD JESUS, let Thy favour rest
Upon this bond of love;
May it be bound in heaven, and blest
With blessing from above.

2 Thy ways, Thou Heavenly Bridegroom, be
The pattern for this pair;
Their constant springs be found in Thee,
Their life Thy love declare.

3 As fellow-heirs of life in Thee,
May they together dwell;
Their mutual faith and love still be
A sweet refreshing well.

4 And when the day of light shall shine,
Their work approved be;
Thou then with joy wilt own as Thine,
Whate'er was done to Thee.

"St. Agnes, Durham" **HYMN 137.** C.M.



1 LORD JESUS CHRIST, the thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

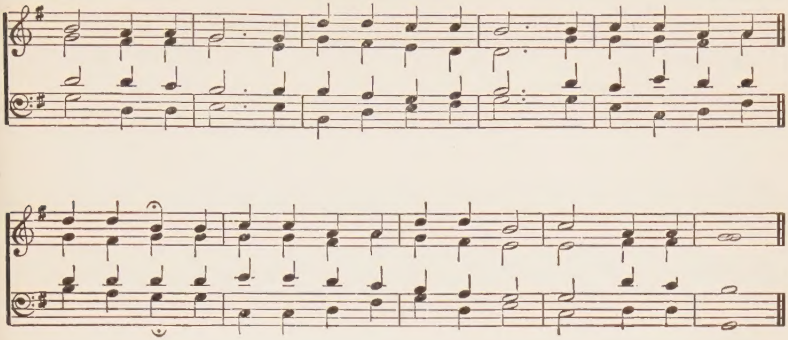
2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest Name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3 O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah, this
No tongue no pen can show;
The love of Jesus—what it is
None but His loved ones know.

5 Saviour, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our crown shalt be;
Be Thou, O Lord, our glory now,
And through eternity.

"Patience" **HYMN 138.** 4.6.8.8.4.



1 LORD JESUS, Thine;
No more this heart of mine
Shall seek its joy apart from Thee;
The world is crucified to me,
And I am Thine.

2 Thine, Thine alone,
My joy, my hope, my crown;
Now earthly things may fade and die,
They charm my soul no more, for I
Am Thine alone.

3 Thine, ever Thine,
For ever to recline
On love eternal, fixed and sure.
Yes I am Thine for evermore,
Lord Jesus, Thine.

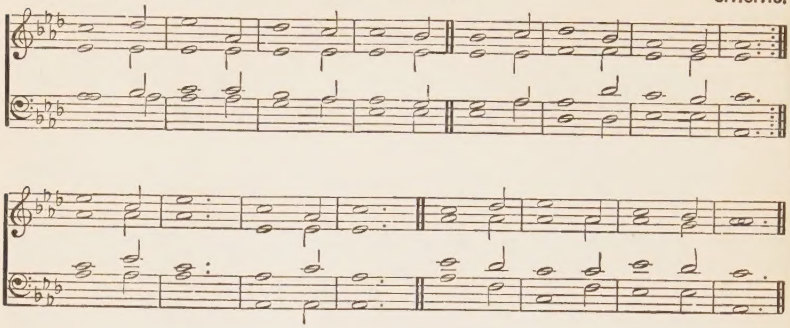
4 Then let me live,
Continual praise to give
To Thy dear name, my precious Lord,
Henceforth alone, beloved, adored,
To Thee I'd live.

5 Till Thou shalt come
And bear me to Thy home,
For ever freed from earthly care,
Eternally Thy love to share,
Lord Jesus, come.

"Even Me"

## HYMN 139.

8.7.8.7.3.



1 LORD! to Thee my heart ascending,
For Thy mercy full and free,
Thankful sings for grace transcending,
Grace vouchsafed to sinful me—
Even me.

2 Holy Father! who with yearning
Of eternal love didst see
Hatred in my bosom burning,
Thou didst give Thy Son for me—
Even me.

3 Precious Saviour! great Redeemer!
Praise eternal praise to Thee!
Though so long a wand'ring sinner,
Thou hast kindly welcomed me—
Even me.

4 But I'm lost in joyful wond'ring,
And I say, "Oh, can it be,
That there will be no more sund'ring
'Twixt my blessed Lord and me?—
Even me.

5 "Can it be that I, an alien,
Now a child shall ever be?
Can it be that, all forgiven,
Glory is prepar'd for me—
Even me.

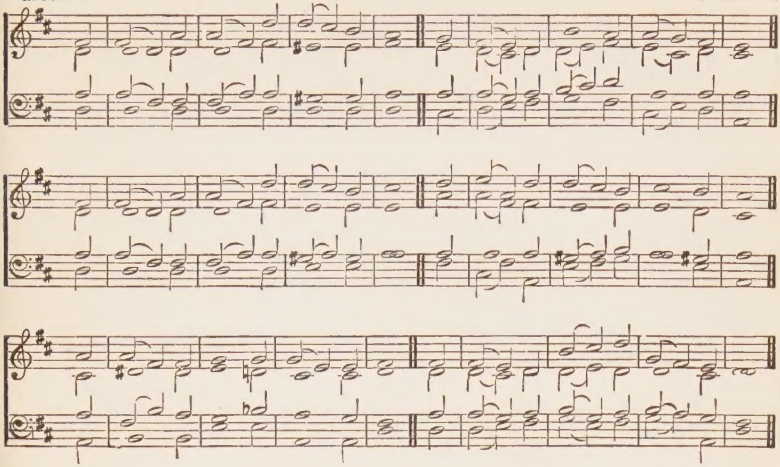
6 "Yes! for Jesus liveth ever,
And His blood hath made me free;
From His love no foe can sever
For He gave Himself for me—
Even me.

7 "Lord! I thank Thee for Salvation—
Grace so mighty and so free;
Take my all in consecration,
Glorify Thyself in me—
Even me."

"Giessen"

## HYMN 140.

8.8.8.8.8.8.



1 LORD JESUS Thou who only art
The endless source of purest joy,
Oh! come and fill this longing heart—
May nought but Thou my thoughts employ.
Teach me on Thee to fix my eye,
For none but Thou can satisfy.

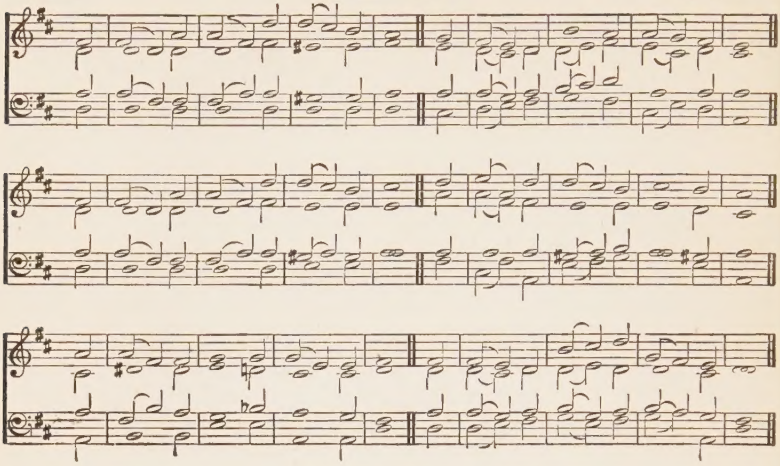
2 The joys of earth can never fill
The heart that's tasted of Thy love;
No portion would I seek until
I reign with Thee, my Lord, above.
When I shall gaze upon Thy face
And know more fully all Thy grace.

3 When from Thy radiant throne on high
Thou didst my fall and ruin see:
Thou cam'st on earth for me to die
That I might share that throne with Thee.
Loved with an everlasting love,
My hopes, my joys are all above.

4 Oh, what is all that earth can give—
I'm called to share in God's own joy;
Dead to the world, in Thee I live,
In Thee I've bliss without alloy:
Well may I earthly joys resign,
"All things" are mine: and I am Thine.

5 Till Thou shalt come to take me home,
Be this my one ambition, Lord—
Self—sin—the world to overcome,
Fast clinging to Thy faithful word.
More of Thyself each day to know,
And more into Thine image grow.

"Giessen" **HYMN 141.** 8.8.8.8.8.8.

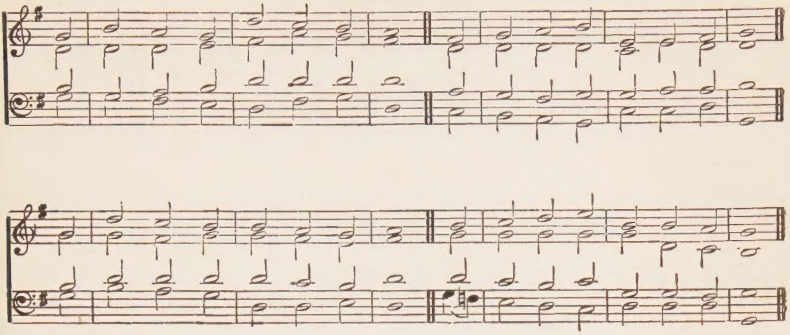


1 LORD JESUS, Thy great love to me,
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
Oh! bend my wayward heart to Thee,
And reign without a rival there;
Thine, wholly Thine, alone I'd live;
Myself to Thee entirely give.

2 O Lord, how gracious is Thy way,
All fear before Thy presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow, pass away
Where'er Thy healing beams arise;
Lord Jesus, nothing may I see,
Nothing desire apart from Thee.

3 In suff'ring be Thy love my peace,
In weakness be Thine arm my strength;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
And Thou from heav'n shall come at length,
Lord Jesus, then this heart shall be
For ever satisfied with Thee.

"David" **HYMN 142.** 8.8.8.8.



1 LORD JESUS! to tell of Thy love,
Our souls shall for ever delight:
And join with the blessed above
In praises by day and by night.

2 Wherever we follow Thee, Lord,
Admiring, adoring, we see
That love which was stronger than death,
Flow out without limit and free.

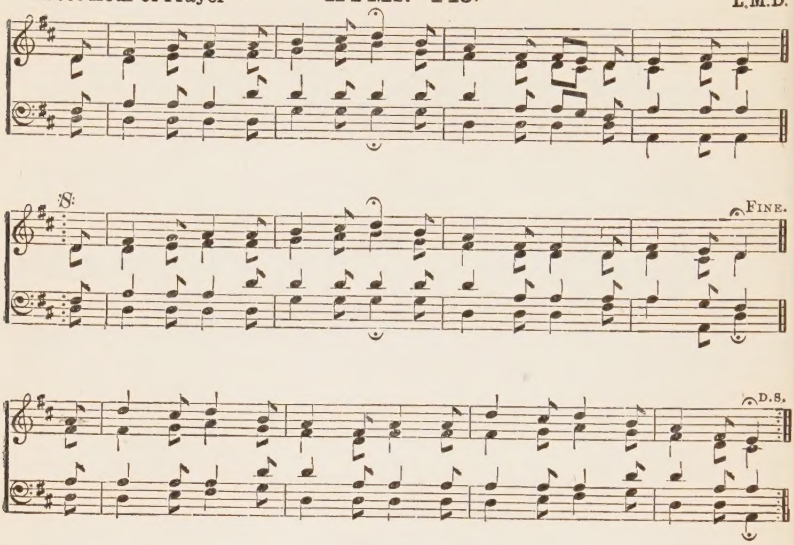
3 Descending from glory on high,
With men Thy delight was to dwell:
Contented our Surety to die,
By dying to save us from hell.

4 Enduring the grief and the shame,
And bearing our sin on the cross;
Oh! who would not boast of Thy love?
And count the world's glory but dross.

"Sweet Hour of Prayer"

## HYMN 143.

L.M.D.




1 LORD, we are Thine; our God Thou art,
Fashioned and made we are by Thee—
These curious frames!—in every part,
Thy wisdom, power, and love we see.
Each breath we draw, each pulse that beats,
Each organ formed by skill divine,
Each precious sense aloud repeats—
Great God, that we are only Thine.

2 Lord, we are Thine; in Thee we live,
Supported by Thy tender care,
Thou dost each hourly mercy give; [air,
Thine earth we tread, we breathe Thine
Raiment and food Thou dost supply;
Thy sun's bright rays around us shine;
Guarded by Thine all-seeing eye—
We own that we are only Thine.

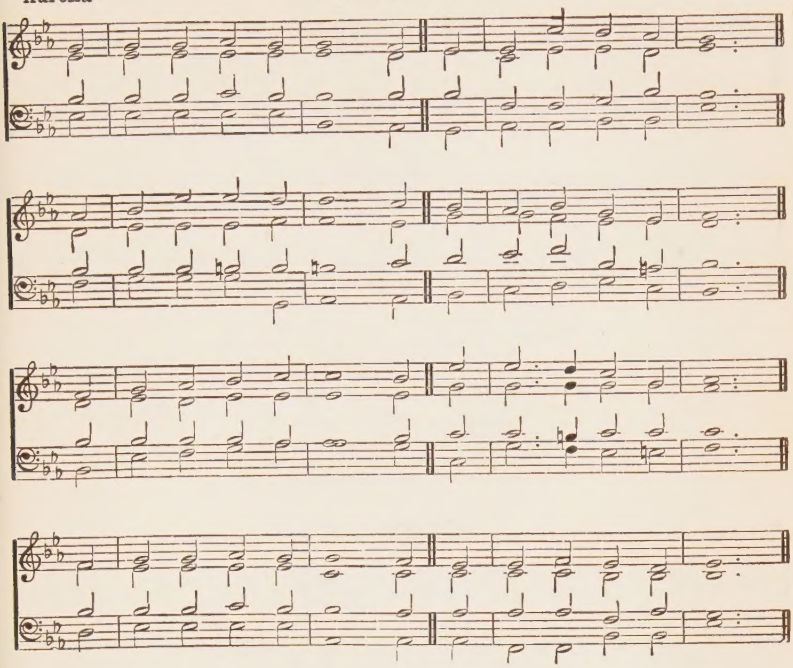
3 Lord, we are Thine; bought by Thy blood,
Once the poor guilty slaves of sin,
Thou didst redeem us to our God,
And mad'st Thy Spirit dwell within;
Thou hast our sinful wanderings borne,
With love and patience all divine;
As brands, then, from the burning torn,
We own that we are wholly Thine.

4 Lord, we are Thine: Thy claims we own;
Ourselves to Thee we humbly give;
Reign Thou within our hearts alone
And make us to Thy glory live;
Here let us each Thy mind display,
In all Thy brilliant virtues shine;
And haste that long expected day, [Thine.
When Thou shalt own that we are

"Aurelia"

## HYMN 144.

7.6.7.6. D.



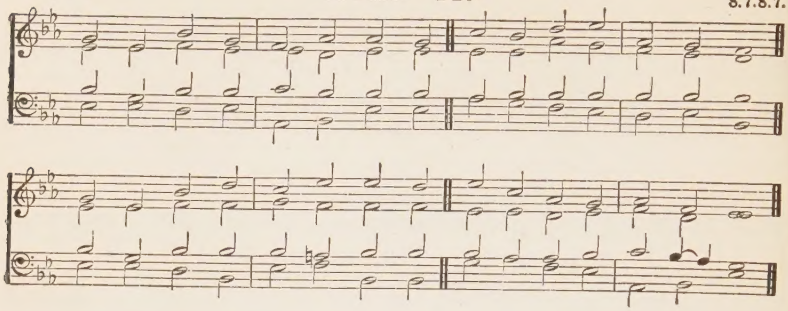
1 LORD JESUS, we believing,
In Thee have peace with God;
Eternal life receiving.
The purchase of Thy blood.
Our curse and condemnation
Thou bearest in our stead;
Secure is our salvation
In Thee, our risen Head.

2 The Holy Ghost revealing,
Thy grace hath given us rest;
Thy stripes have been our healing,
Thy love doth make us blest.
In Thee the Father sees us
Accepted and complete;
The blood, from sin which frees us,
For glory makes us meet.

"Sharon"

## HYMN 145.

8.7.8.7.



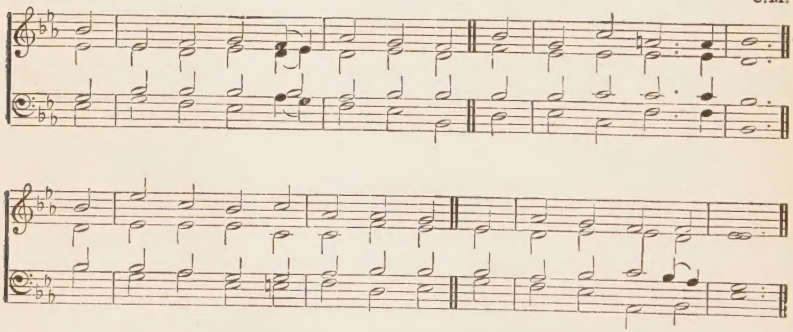
1 MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above!

2 Thus may we abide in union,
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth can ne'er afford,

"St. Bernard"

## HYMN 146.

C.M.



1 LORD Jesus, who did'st once appear,
To grace a marriage feast:
We now beseech Thy presence here,
To make this wedding blest.

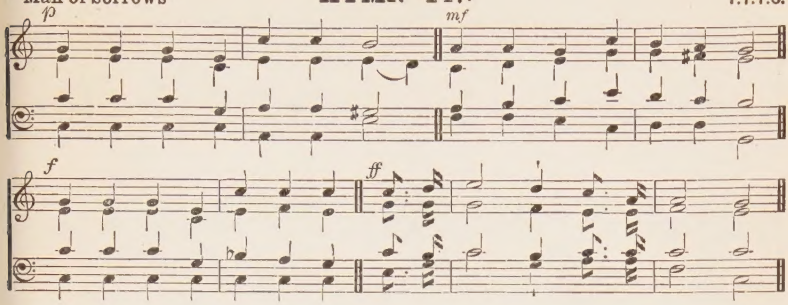
2 With grace the bride and bridegroom
Thy love their pattern be: [speed;
May heart with heart be true indeed,
As knit, O Lord, in Thee.

3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow,
Of all rich dowries best;
Their substance bless, and peace bestow,
To sweeten all the rest.

4 In purest love their souls unite,
That they with Christ-like care,
May make each other's burden light,
By taking mutual share.

5 And looking to their heavenly home,
Oh, may they dwell each day,
As heirs of life, till Thou shalt come,
To take Thy Bride away.

"Man of Sorrows" **HYMN 147.** 7.7.7.8.




1 "MAN of sorrows!" what a name
For the Son of God, who came,
Ruined sinners to reclaim!
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

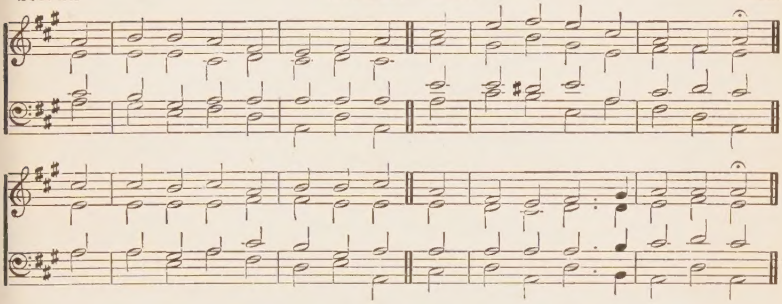
2 Bearing shame and scoffing rude,
In my place condemned He stood;
Sealed my pardon with His blood:
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

3 Guilty, vile, and helpless, we;
Spotless Lamb of God was He:
"Full atonement,"—can it be?
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

4 "Lifted up" was He to die,
"It is finished," was His cry:
Now in heaven exalted high:
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

5 When He comes, our glorious King,
All His ransomed home to bring,
Then anew this song we'll sing:
"Hallelujah! what a Saviour!"

"Soldau" **HYMN 148.** L.M.



1 LORD, we would ne'er forget Thy love,
Who hast redeemed us by Thy blood;
And now, as our High Priest above,
Dost intercede for us with God.

2 Lord, we would not forget the pain,
The bloody sweat, the shameful tree,
The wrath Thy soul did once sustain,
From sin and death to set us free.

3 We would remember we are one
With every saint that loves Thy Name;
United to Thee on the throne—
Our life, our hope, our Lord the same.

4 Here, in the broken bread and wine,
We hear Thee say, "Remember Me!
I gave My life to ransom Thine,
I bore the wrath to set Thee free."

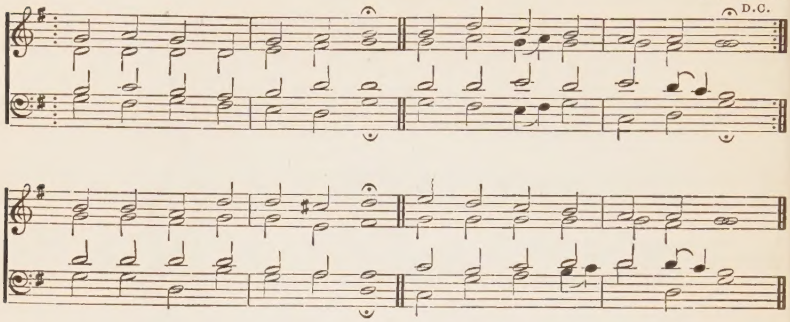
5 Lord, we are Thine—we praise Thy love—
One with Thy saints, all one in Thee;
We would, until we meet above,
In all our ways remember Thee.

"Huss"

## HYMN 149.

7.7.7.7.7.7.

D.C.



1 MEETING in the Saviour's Name,
"Breaking bread" by His command,
To the world we thus proclaim
On what ground we hope to stand;
When the Lord shall come with clouds,
Joined by heaven's exulting crowds.

2 From the cross our hope we draw,
'Tis the sinner's sure resource;
Jesus magnified the law;
Jesus bore its awful curse:
What a joyful truth is this!
O how full of hope it is!

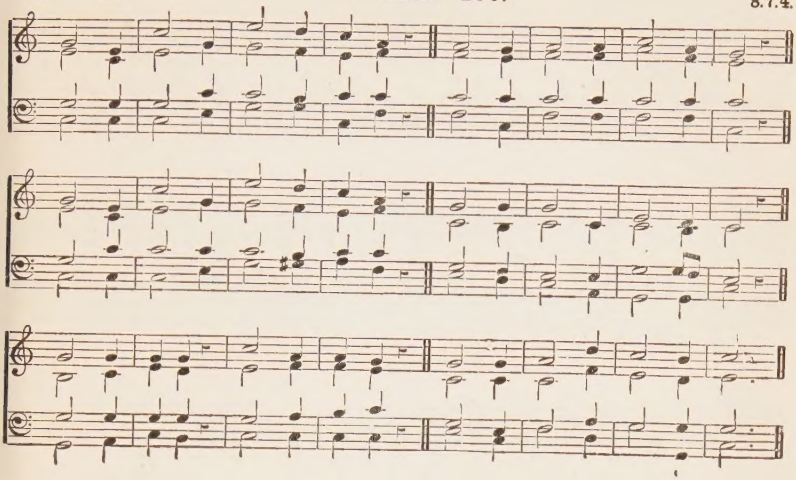
3 Jesus died, and then arose;
Yes, He rose; He lives to reign!
He will vanquish all His foes,
When to earth He comes again;
His the triumph and the crown,
His the glory and renown.

4 Sing we, then, of Him who died,
Sing of Him who rose again;
By His blood we're justified,
And with Him we hope to reign:
Yes, we look to see our Lord,
And to share His bright reward.

"Splendours"

## HYMN 150.

8.7.4.



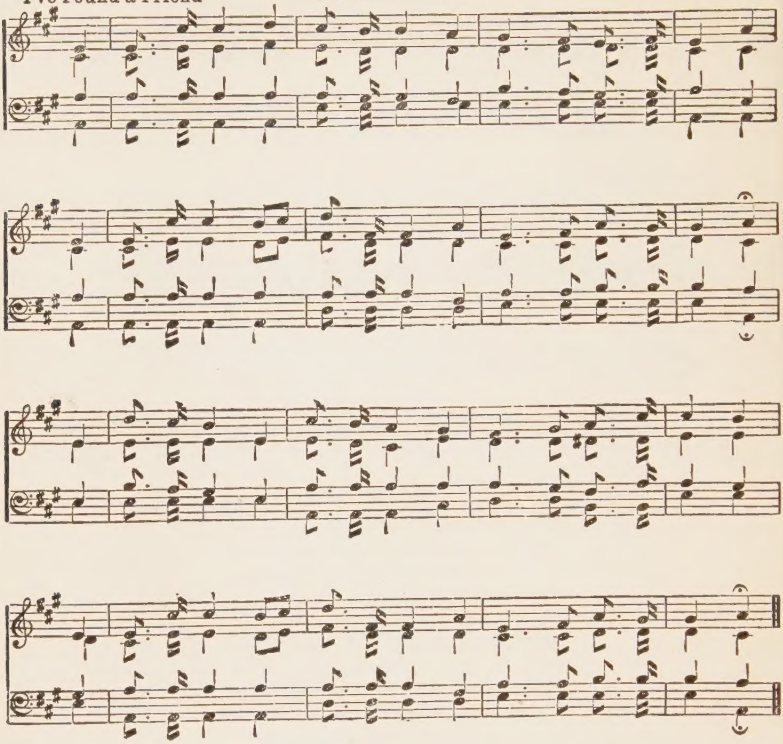
1 'MID the splendours of the glory
Which we hope ere long to share;
Christ our Head, and we, His members,
Shall appear divinely fair
Oh how glorious!
When we meet Him in the air!

2 From the dateless, timeless periods,
He has loved us without cause;
And for all His blood-bought myriads,
His is love that knows no pause.
Matchless Lover!
Changeless as the eternal laws!

3 Oh! what gifts shall yet be granted,
Palms, and crowns, and robes of white,
When the hope for which we panted
Bursts upon our gladden'd sight,
And our Saviour
Makes us glorious through His might.

4 Bright the prospect soon that greets us
Of that long'd-for nuptial day,
When our heavenly Bridegroom meets us
On His kingly conquering way;
In the glory,
Bride and Bridegroom reign for aye.

"I've Found a Friend" **HYMN 151.** 8.7.8.7. D.



1 My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim-stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly—
These hours of toil and danger.
For, oh, we stand on Jordan's strand
Our friends are passing over,
And just before, the shining shore,
We may almost discover.

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear
Our distant home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.

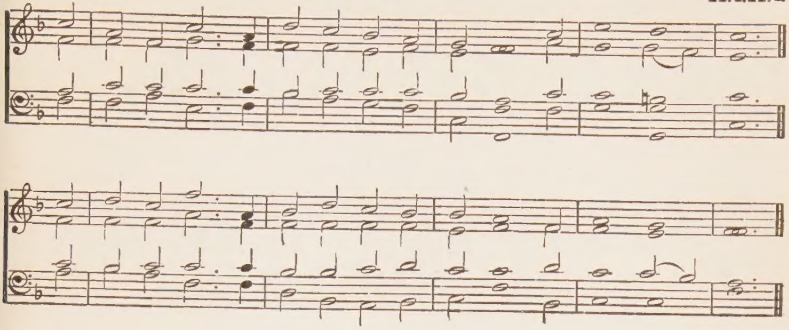
3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest nought can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each cord on earth to sever:
Our Lord says, "Come," and there's our home
For ever, oh! for ever!

"Palm"

## HYMN 152.

11.4.11.4.



1 My chains are snapt, the bonds of sin are broken,
And I am free;
Oh! let the triumphs of His grace be spoken,
Who died for me.

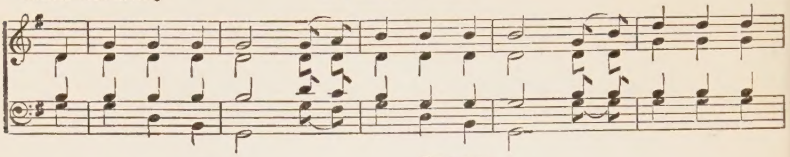
2 O death! O grave! I do not dread your power,
The ransom's paid;
On Jesus, in that dark and dreadful hour,
My guilt was laid.

3 Yes, Jesus bore it—bore, in love unbounded,
What none can know;
He passed through death, and gloriously confounded
Our every foe.

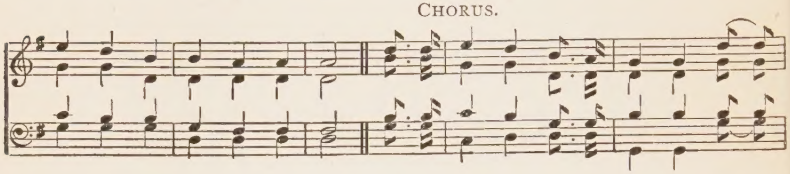
4 And now He's risen, proclaim the joyful story,
The Lord's on high!
And we in Him are raised to endless glory,
And ne'er can die!

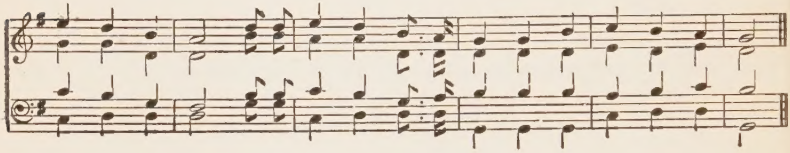
5 We wait to see the Morning Star appearing,
In glory bright:
This blessed hope illumes, with beams most cheering,
The hours of night.

"Thine the Glory" **HYMN 153.** P.M.



CHORUS.





1 My God, I am Thine;
What a comfort divine!
What a blessing to know
That Jesus is mine!

Hallelujah! Thine the glory. Hallelujah! Amen.
Hallelujah! Thine the glory. Revive us again.

2 In the heavenly Lamb
Thrice happy I am;
And my heart doth rejoice
At the sound of His name.

3 My Saviour to know,
And feel His love flow,
'Tis LIFE everlasting—
'Tis heaven below.

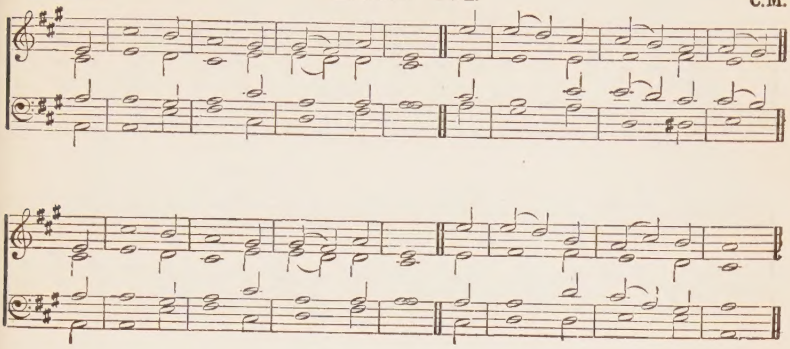
4 Yet onward I haste
To the heavenly feast;
That—that is the fulness,
But this is the taste!

5 And this I shall prove,
Till with joy I remove
To the heaven of heavens,
In Jesus' own love.

"Belmont"

## HYMN 154.

C.M.



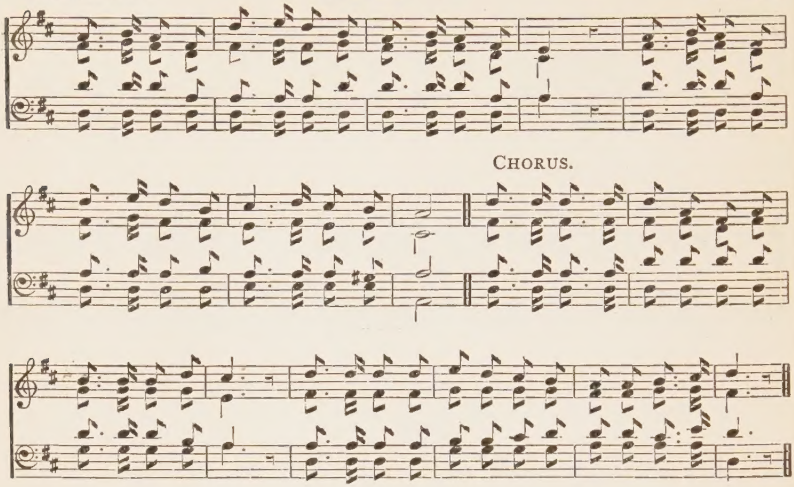
1 My God! what cords of love are Thine,
How gentle, yet how strong!
Thy truth and grace their power combine,
To draw our souls along.

2 The guilt of twice ten thousand sins
One moment takes away;
And when the fight of faith begins,
Our strength is as our day.

3 Comfort, through all this vale of tears,
In blest profusion flows;
And glory of unnumbered years
Eternity bestows.

4 Drawn by such cords we'll onward move,
Till round the throne we meet,
And, captives in the chains of love,
Embrace our Saviour's feet.

"Hold the Fort" **HYMN 155.** 8.5.8.5. D.




1 'MIDST the darkness, storm, and sorrow,
One bright gleam I see;
Well I know the blessed morrow
Christ will come for me.
'Midst the light, and peace, and glory
Of the Father's home;
Christ for me is watching, waiting—
Waiting till I come.

2 Long the blessed Guide has led me
By the desert road;
Now I see the golden towers—
City of my God.
There, amidst the love and glory,
He is waiting yet;
On His hands a name is graven
He can ne'er forget.

3 There, amidst the songs of heaven,
Sweeter to His ear,
Is the footfall through the desert
Ever drawing near.
There, made ready are the mansions
Glorious, bright, and fair;
But the Bride the Father gave Him
Still is wanting there.

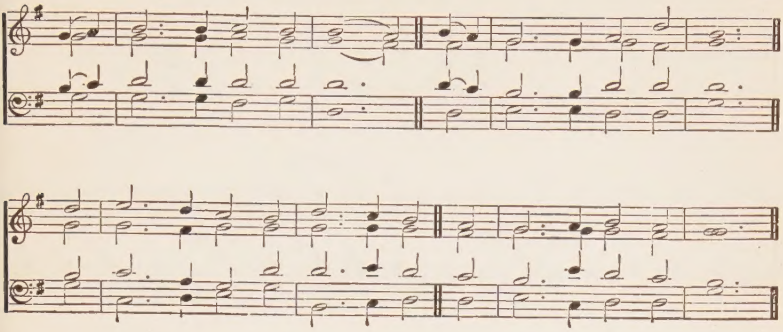
4 Who is this, who comes to meet me,
On the desert way?
As the Morning Star foretelling
God's unclouded day.
He it is who came to win me,
On the cross of shame;
In His glory well I know Him,
Evermore the same.

5 Oh! the blessed joy of meeting,
All the desert past!
Oh! the wondrous words of greeting,
He shall speak at last!
He and I together entering
Those bright courts above;
He and I together sharing
All the Father's love.

6 Where no shade nor stain can enter,
Nor the gold be dim;
In that holiness unsullied
I shall walk with Him.
Meet companion, then, for Jesus;
From Him, for Him, made:
Glory of God's grace for ever,
There in me displayed.

7 He, who in the hour of sorrow,
Bore the curse alone;
I, who through the lonely desert,
Trod where He had gone.
He and I, in that bright glory,
One deep joy shall share;
Mine, to be for ever with Him;
His, that I am there.

"Zurich" **HYMN 156.** S.M.



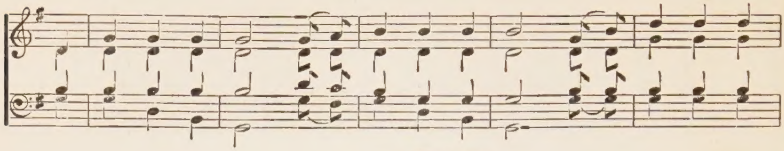
1 My Shepherd is the Lamb,
The living Lord who died;
With all things good I ever am
By Him in love supplied.

2 He richly feeds my soul
With blessings from above,
And leads me where the rivers roll
Of everlasting love,

3 His love so full, so free,
Anoints my head with oil,
Goodness and mercy follow me,
Fruit of His grief and toil.

4 When faith and hope shall cease,
And love abides alone,
I then shall see Him face to face,
And know as I am known.

"Thine the Glory" **HYMN 157.** P.M.



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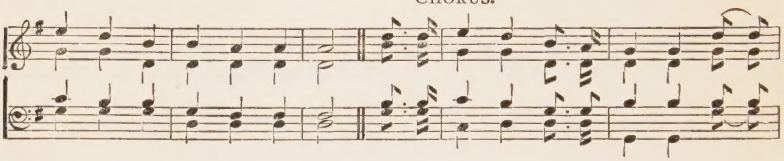
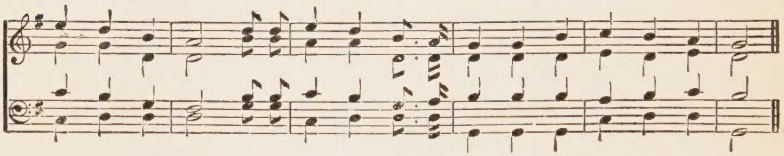




1 My God, I have found
The thrice blessed ground,
Where life, and where joy,
And true comfort abound.

Hallelujah! Thine the glory! Hallelujah! Amen!
Hallelujah: Thine the glory! Revive me again!

2 'Tis found in the blood
Of Him who once stood
My refuge and safety,
My surety with God.

3 He bore on the tree
The sentence for me,
And now both the surety
And sinner are free.

4 Accepted I am
In the once-offered Lamb;
It was God, who Himself
Had devised the plan.

5 And though here below,
'Mid sorrow and woe,
My place is in Heaven
With Jesus, I know.

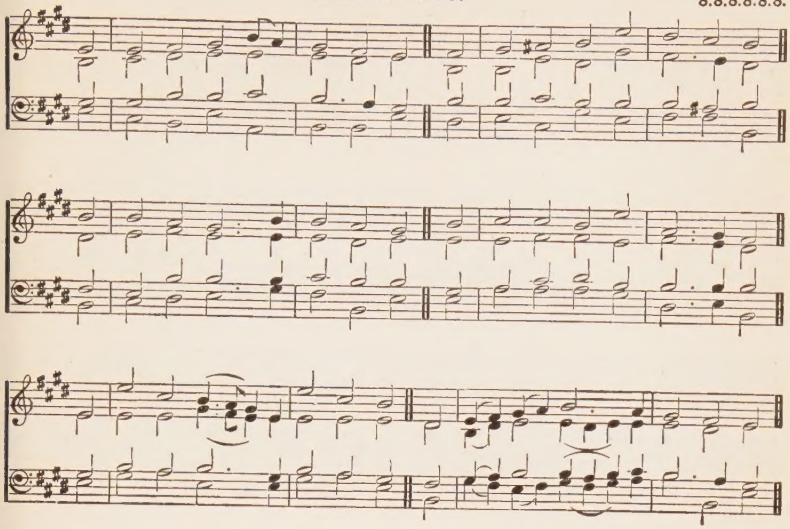
6 And this I shall find,
For such is His mind,
"He'll not be in glory
And leave me behind."

Hallelujah! Thine the glory! Hallelujah! Amen!
Hallelujah! soon the glory! Come, Saviour, again!

"Eaton"

## HYMN 158.

8.8.8.8.8.8.

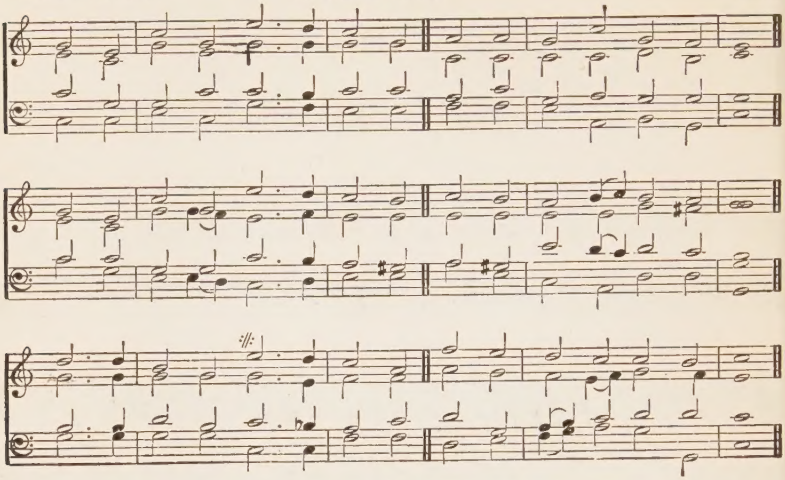


1 My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name:
On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

2 When darkness seems to veil His face,
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil;
On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

3 His oath, His covenant, and blood,
Support me in the 'whelming flood:
When all around my soul gives way.
He then is all my hope and stay:
On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand:
All other ground is sinking sand.

"Regent Square" **HYMN 159** 8.7.4.



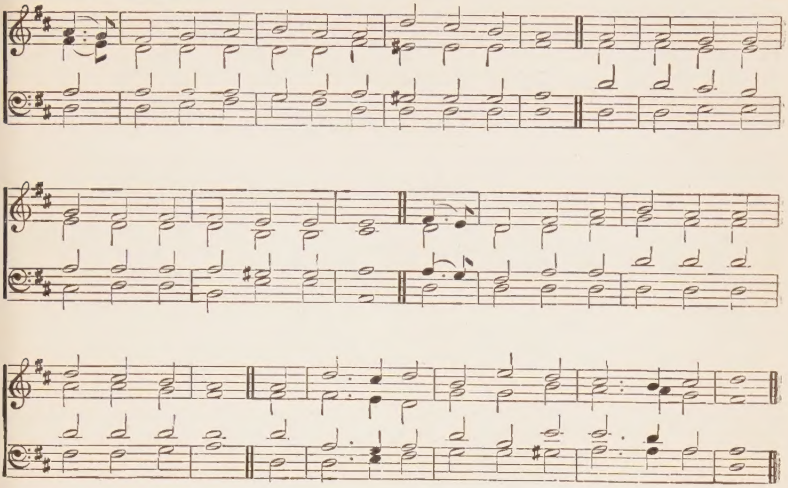
1 My Redeemer! Oh, what beauties
In that lovely name appear;
None but Jesus, in His glories,
Shall the honoured title wear.
My Redeemer!
Thou hast my salvation wrought.

2 Sunk in ruin, sin, and mis'ry,
Bound by Satan's captive chain,
Guided by his artful treachery,
Hurrying on to endless pain,
My Redeemer!
Plucked me as a brand from hell.

3 Mine by covenant, mine for ever,
Mine by oath, and mine by blood,
Mine--nor time the bond shall sever;
Mine as an unchanging God.
My Redeemer!
Oh, how sweet to call Thee mine!

4 When in Heav'n I see Thy glory,
When before Thy throne I bow,
Perfected I shall be like Thee,
Fully Thy redemption know.
My Redeemer!
Then shalt hear me shout His praise.

"My Rest is in Heaven" **HYMN 160.** 11's.



1 My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here,
Then why should I murmur when trials are near?
Be hushed, my sad spirit; the worst that can come
But shortens the journey and hastens me home.

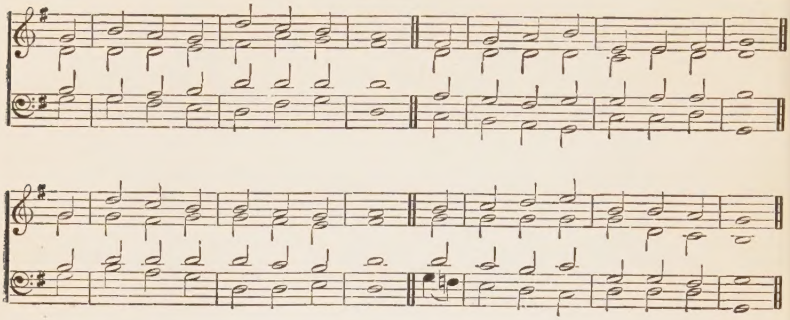
2 It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,
And building my hopes in a region like this;
I look for a city which hands have not piled,
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.

3 The winds of affliction around me may blow,
And dash my lone bark as I'm sailing below;
I smile at the storm as I lean on His breast,
And soon I shall land in the haven of rest.

4 Let trial and danger my progress oppose,
They only make heaven more sweet at the close;
Come joy or come sorrow, whate'er may befal,
A home with my God will make up for all.

5 With Christ in my heart, and His Word in my hand,
I travel in haste, through an enemy's land;
The road may be rough, but it cannot be long,
So I journey on, singing the conqueror's song.

"David" **HYMN 161.** 8.8.8.8.



1 My Saviour, whom absent, I love,
Whom, not having seen, I adore;
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power.

2 Dissolve Thou the bonds that detain,
My soul from her portion in Thee;
Ah! strike off the adamant chain,
And make me eternally free!

3 When that happy era begins,
When array'd in Thy glories, I shine;
Nor grieve any more by my sins,
The bosom on which I recline.

4 O, then shall the veil be remov'd,
And round me Thy brightness be pour'd;
I shall meet Him whom absent I loved,
I shall see, whom unseen I adored.

5 And then, never more shall the fears,
The trials, temptations, and foes,
Which darken the valley of tears,
Intrude on my blissful repose.

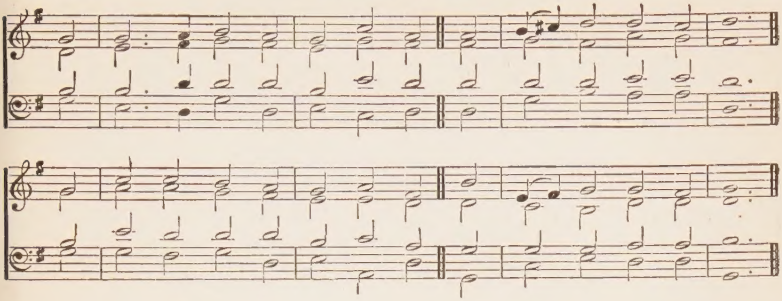
6 Or, if yet remembered above,
Remembrance no sadness shall raise;
They will be but new signs of Thy love,
New themes for my wonder and praise.

7 Thus, the stroke which from sin and from pain;
Shall set me eternally free,
Will but strengthen and rivet the chain,
Which binds me, my Saviour, to Thee.

"Farrant"

## HYMN 162.

C.M.



1 "No condemnation"—O my soul,
'Tis God that speaks the word;
Perfect in comeliness art thou
In Christ, thy glorious Lord.

2 In heaven His blood for ever speaks
In God the Father's ear:
His saints as jewels, on His heart,
Jesus doth ever bear.

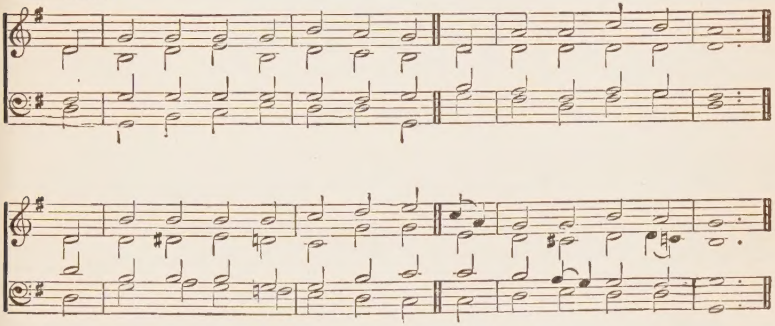
3 "No condemnation"—precious word!
Consider it, my soul;
Thy sins were all on Jesus laid,
His stripes have made thee whole.

4 Teach us, O God, to fix our eyes
On Christ the spotless Lamb,
So shall we love Thy gracious will,
And glorify Thy name.

"Emmanuel"

## HYMN 163.

C.M.



1 My tongue shall spread the Saviour's fame,
Whose grace I daily prove;
For since my soul has known His name,
His banner has been—Love.

2 When walking in the paths of sin,
I far from Him would rove,
By sweet constraint He drew me in,
And waved His banner—Love.

3 He spread the banquet, made me eat,
Bid all my fears remove;
Yea, o'er my guilty rebel head
He placed His banner—Love.

4 When, weary of His rich repast,
I've sought, alas, to rove,
He has recalled His faithless guest,
And showed His banner—Love.

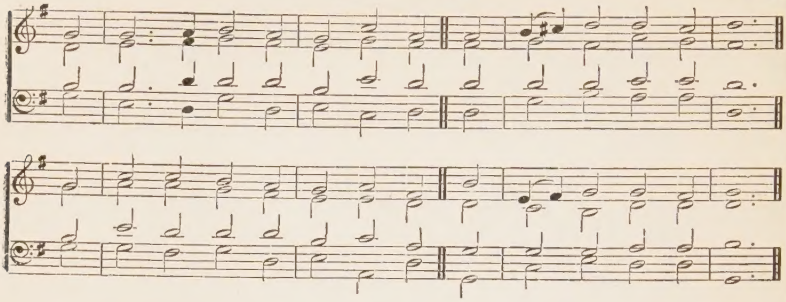
5 In every conflict I sustain,
My enemies shall prove
Through Him the vict'ry I obtain,
Beneath His banner—Love.

6 And when He calls me home ere long,
To feast with Him above,
Through all eternity my song
Shall be—His changeless Love.

"Farrant"

## HYMN 164.

C.M.



1 My soul, amid this stormy world,
Is like some flutter'd dove,
And fain would be as swift of wing,
To flee to Him I love.

2 The cords that bound my heart to earth
Are loosed by Jesus' hand,
Before His cross I now am left,
A stranger in the land.

3 That visage marr'd, those sorrows deep,
The thorns, the scourge, the gall—
These were the golden chains of love,
His captive to enthral.

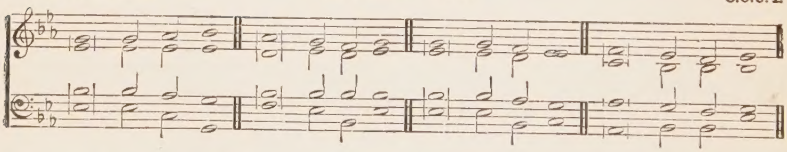
4 Fain would I, Saviour, know Thy love,
Which yet no measure knows—
Would search the depths of all Thy wounds,
The secret of Thy woes.

5 Fain would I strike the golden harp,
And wear the promised crown;
And at Thy feet, while bending low,
Would sing what grace has done.

"Troyte's Chant"

## HYMN 165.

8.8.8.4.



1 My God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home in life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done."

2 If dark my path, and hard my lot,
May I be still and murmur not,
But breathe the prayer divinely taught,
"Thy will be done."

3 If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine,
I only yield Thee what is Thine:
"Thy will be done."

4 Should pining sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My Father! help me still to say,
"Thy will be done."

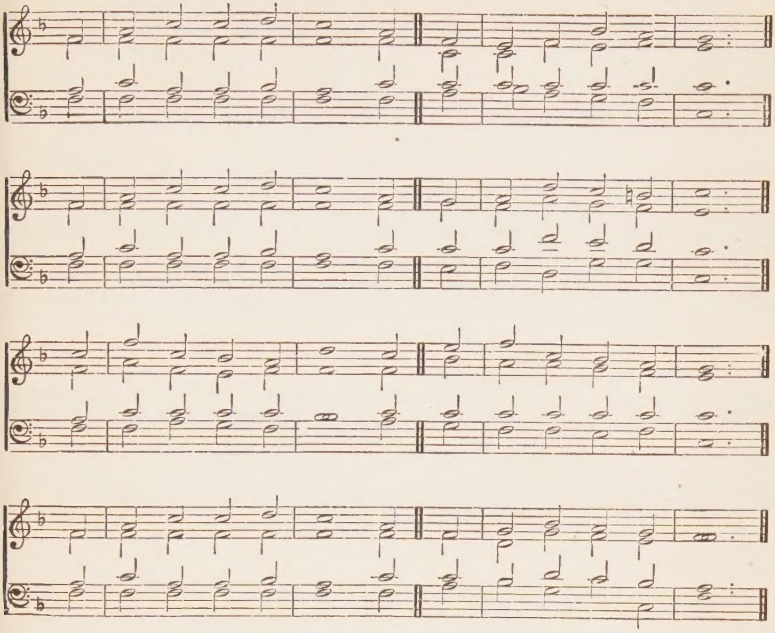
5 Control my will from day to day;
Blend it with Thine; and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done."

6 And, when on earth I breathe no more,
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing on heaven's blissful shore,
"Thy will be done."

"Heber"

## HYMN 166.

7.6.7.6. D.



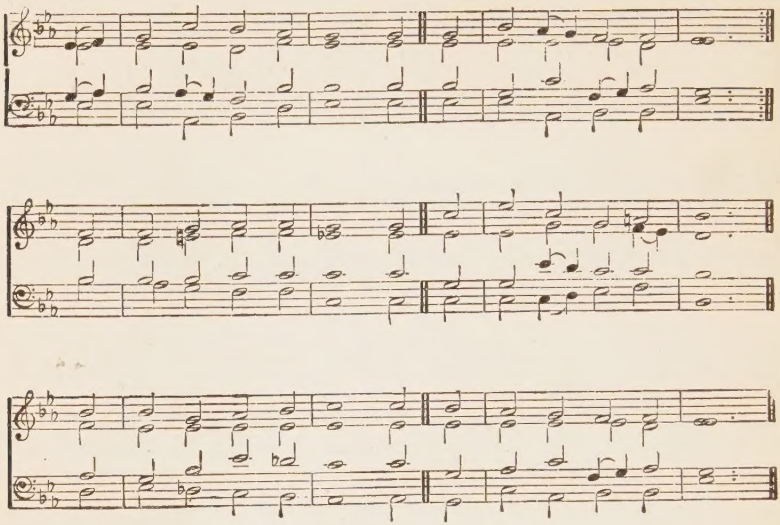
1 My sins were laid on Jesus,—
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bore them all and freed me
From the accursed load.
My guilt was borne by Jesus;
He cleansed the crimson stains
In His own blood most precious,
And not a spot remains.

2 I tell my wants to Jesus,—
All fulness dwells in Him;
He healeth my diseases;
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,—
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,—
He all my sorrow shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,—
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces:
I on His breast recline.
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ the Lord!
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name is spread abroad.

4 I long to be like Jesus,—
Meek, lowly, loving, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child.
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
The everlasting song.

"Munich" **HYMN 167.** 7.6.7.6. D.



1 No bone of Thee was broken,
Thou spotless paschal Lamb!
Of life and peace a token
To us who know Thy name;
The Head, for all the members,
The curse—the vengeance bore,
And God, our God, remembers
His people's sins no more.

We, Thy redeem'd, are reaping
What Thou didst sow in tears:
This feast which we are keeping
Thy name to us endears;
It tells of Justice hiding
The face of God from Thee;
Proud men around deriding
Thy sorrows on the tree.

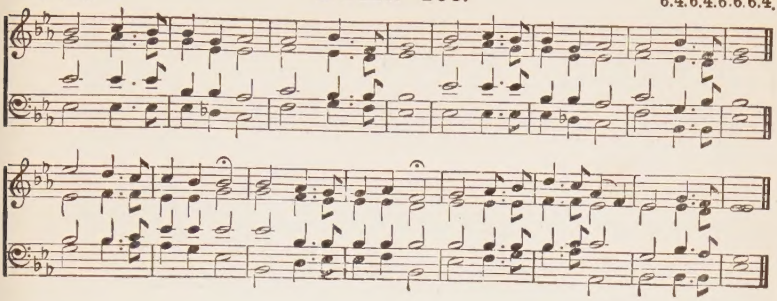
3 Thy death of shame and sorrow
Was like unto Thy birth,
Which would no glory borrow,
No majesty from earth:
Thy pilgrims, we are hasting
To our eternal home,
Its joy already tasting,
Of vict'ry o'er the tomb.

4 Thy life and death reviewing,
We tread the narrow way;
Our homeward path pursuing,
We watch the dawn of day:
We eat and drink with gladness
The symbol bread and wine,
And sing with sweetest sadness
Our song of love divine.

"Worship"

## HYMN 168.

6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4.



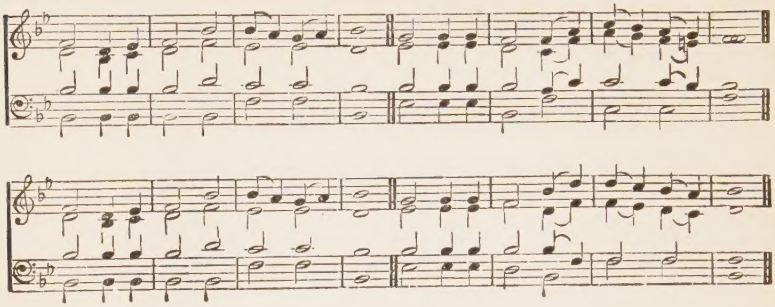
1 NOW I have found a friend—Jesus is mine;
His love shall never end—Jesus is mine;
Though earthly joys decrease,
Though human friendships cease,
Now I have lasting peace—Jesus is mine.

2 Though I grow poor and old—Jesus is mine;
He will my faith uphold—Jesus is mine;
He will my wants supply,
His precious blood is nigh,
Nought can my hope destroy—Jesus is mine.

3 Farewell, mortality—Jesus is mine;
Welcome, eternity—Jesus is mine;
He my redemption is,
Wisdom and righteousness,
Life, light, and holiness—Jesus is mine.

4 Father! Thy name I bless—Jesus is mine;
Thine was the sovereign grace, praise shall be Thine;
Spirit of holiness,
Sealing the Father's grace,
Thou madest my soul embrace—Jesus as mine.

"Ernan" **HYMN 169.** L.M.



1 NOW in a song of grateful praise,
To my dear Lord my voice I'll raise;
With all His saints I'll join to tell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

2 All worlds His glorious power confess,
His wisdom all His works express;
But oh! His love what tongue can tell?
My Jesus has done all things well.

3 How sovereign, wonderful, and free,
Has been His love to sinful me;
He pluck'd me from the jaws of hell!
My Jesus has done all things well.

4 I spurn'd His grace, I broke His laws,
And yet He undertook my cause,
To save me, though I did rebel;
My Jesus has done all things well.

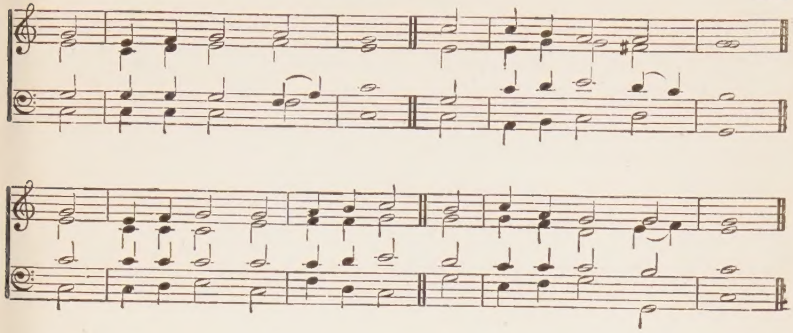
5 Though many a fiery flaming dart,
The tempter levels at my heart,
With this I all His rage repel,
My Jesus has done all things well.

6 And when to that bright world I rise,
And join the anthems in the skies,
Above the rest this note shall swell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

"Boylston"

## HYMN 170.

S.M.



1 NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away one stain.

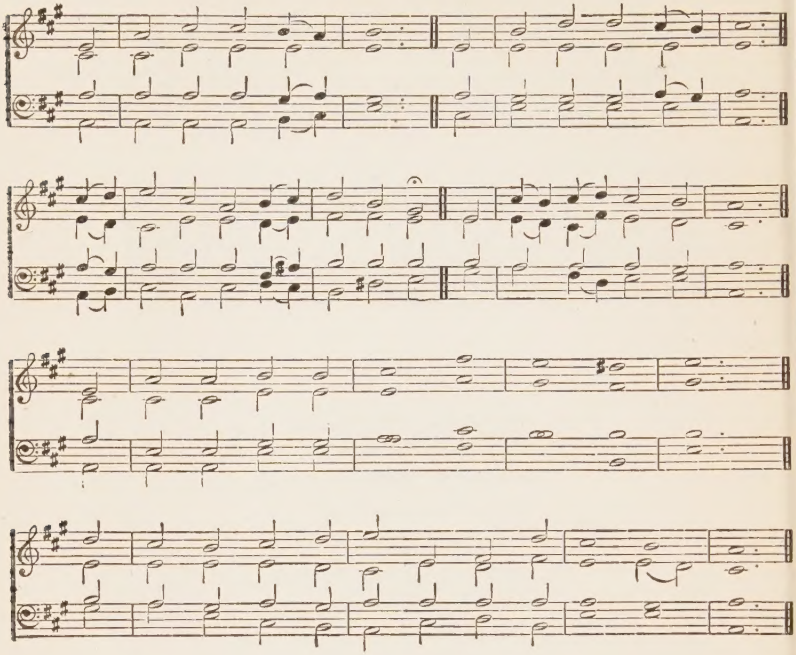
2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Took all our sins away,—
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood then they.

3 By faith we lay our hand
On that dear head of Thine,
With broken contrite hearts we stand,
And there confess our sin.

4 We now look back to see
The burden Thou didst bear,
When hanging on th' accursed tree,
And know our guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love.

"Kelso" **HYMN 171.** 6.6.8.6.10.12.



1 No blood, no altar now,
The sacrifice is o'er!
No flame, no smoke ascends on high,
The lamb is slain no more,
But richer blood has flow'd from nobler veins,
To purge the soul from guilt, and cleanse the reddest stains.

2 We thank Thee for the blood,
The blood of Christ, Thy Son:
The blood by which our peace is made,
Our victory is won:
Great victory o'er hell, and sin, and woe,
That needs no second fight, and leaves no second foe.

3 We thank Thee for the grace,
Descending from above,
That overflows our widest guilt,
The eternal Father's love.
Love of the Father's everlasting Son,
Love of the Holy Ghost, Jehovah, Three in One.

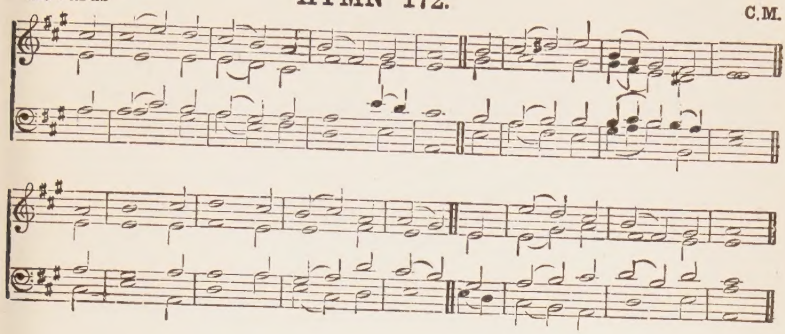
4 We thank Thee for the hope,
So glad, and sure, and clear;
It holds the drooping spirit up
Till the long dawn appear;
Fair hope! with what a sunshine does it cheer
Our roughest path on earth, our dreariest desert here.

5 We thank Thee for the crown
Of glory and of life;
'Tis no poor withering wreath of earth,
Man's prize in mortal strife;
'Tis incorruptible as is the throne,
The kingdom of our God and His Incarnate Son.

"Howards"

## HYMN 172.

C.M.



1 O BLESSED Saviour! is Thy love
So great, so full, so free?
Fain would we give our hearts, our minds,
Our lives, our all, to Thee.

2 We love Thee for the glorious worth
Which in Thyself we see;
We love Thee for the shameful cross
Endured so patiently.

3 No man of greater love can boast
Than for his friend to die;
Thou for Thine enemies wast slain:
What love with Thine can vie?

4 Though in the very form of God,
With heavenly glory crowned;
Thou didst partake of human flesh.
Beset with sorrows round.

5 Thou wouldst like sinful man be made,
In everything but sin,
That we as like Thee might become,
As we unlike have been.

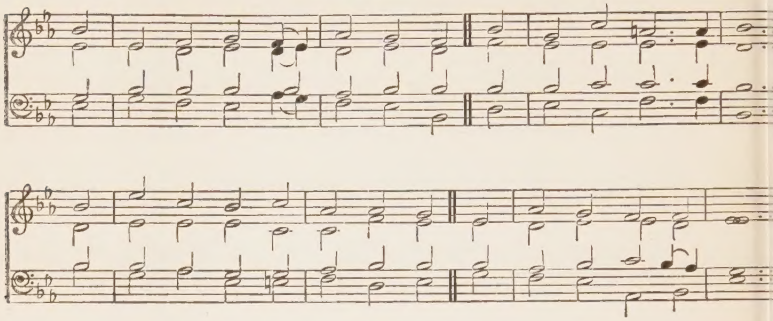
6 Like Thee in faith, in meekness, love,
In every heavenly grace,
More of Thine image daily gain
Till we behold Thy face.

7 O Lord! we treasure in our souls
The memory of Thy love;
And ever may Thy name to us
A grateful odour prove.

"St. Bernard"

## HYMN 173.

C.I



1 O BLESSED Lord, what hast Thou done?
How vast a ransom paid!
God's only well-beloved Son
Upon the altar laid!

2 The Father, in His willing love,
Could spare Thee from His side;
And Thou couldst stoop, to bear above,
At such a cost, Thy Bride.

3 While our full hearts in faith repose
Upon Thy precious blood,
Peace, in a steady current flows,
Filled from Thy mercy's flood,

4 What boundless joy will fill each heart,
Our every grief efface,
When we behold Thee as Thou art,
And all Thy love retrace.

5 Unseen we love Thee—dear Thy name!
But when our eyes behold,
With joyful wonder we'll proclaim—
The half hath not been told.

## HYMN 174.

*To the foregoing Tune.*

1 O BLESSED Saviour! who but Thou,
On earth, in heaven above,
May claim from all our willing hearts
The full response of love?

2 We love the brethren, Lord, 'tis true,
Because in them we see
Sweet traces of Thy blessed self,
For they are one with Thee.

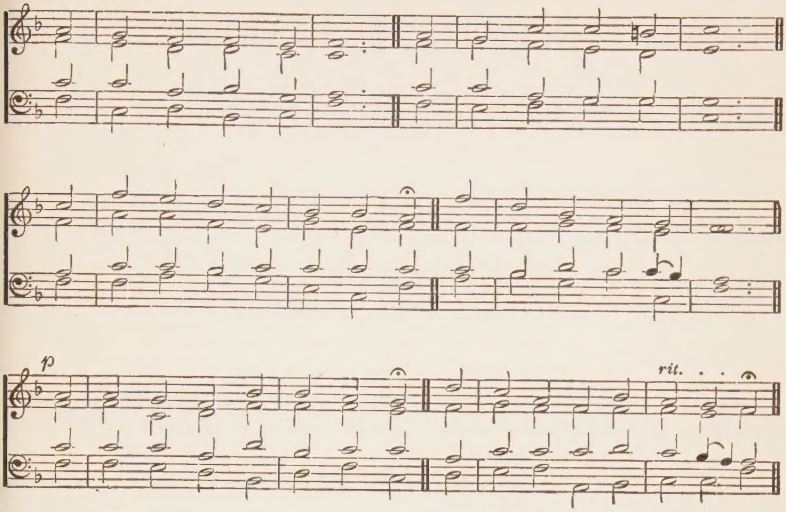
3 And one with us—but O, 'twas Thine,
Thine only, Lord, to part
With life, and all that love could give,
To win the wand'ring heart.

4 Thus, heirs of endless bliss with Thee,
We love Thee—we adore,
And ask Thee still for greater grace,
To love Thee more and more.

"Manoah"

## HYMN 175.

6.6.8.6.8.8.

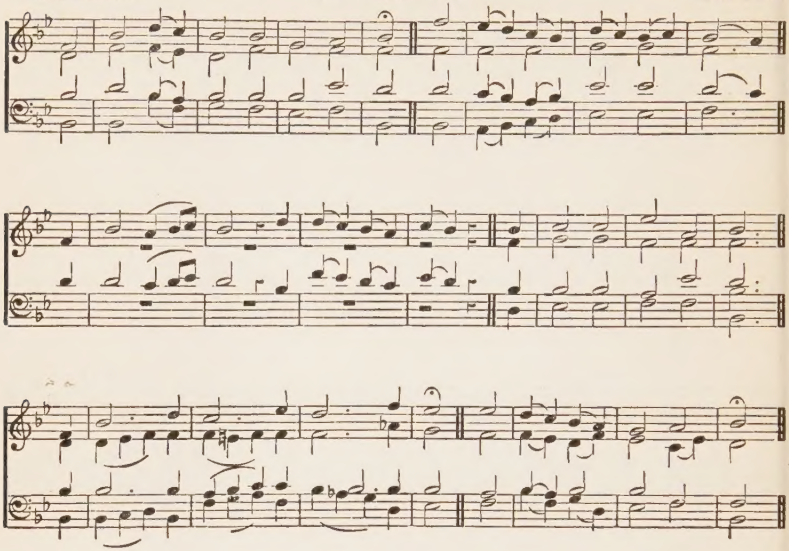



1 O CHRIST! we rest in Thee,
In Thee ourselves we hide;
Laden with guilt and misery,
Where could we rest beside?
'Tis on Thy meek and lowly breast
Our weary souls alone can rest.

2 Thou Holy One of God!
The Father rests in Thee,
And in the savour of that blood
Once shed on Calvary.
The curse is gone—through Thee we're blest;
God rests in Thee—in Thee we rest.

3 Soon the bright, glorious day—
The rest of God—shall come;
Sorrow and sin shall pass away,
And we shall reach our home:
Then, of the promised land possess'd,
Our souls shall know eternal rest.

"St. Marnock's" **HYMN 176.** 8.6.8.6.8.6.



1 O CHRIST, what burdens bow'd Thy head!
Our load was laid on Thee;
Thou stoodest in the sinner's stead—
Bar'st all my ill for me:
A victim led, Thy blood was shed:
Now there's no load for me.

2 Death and the curse were in our cup—
O Christ, 'twas full for Thee!
But Thou hast drain'd the last dark drop—
'Tis empty now for me:
That bitter cup—love drank it up;
Now blessings draught for me.

3 The tempest's awful voice was heard—
O Christ, it broke on Thee!
Thy open bosom was my ward;
It braved the storm for me.
Thy form was scarr'd—Thy visage marr'd;
Now cloudless peace for me.

4 Jehovah bade His sword awake—
O Christ, it woke 'gainst Thee!
Thy blood the flaming blade must slake;
Thy heart its sheath must be—
All for my sake my peace to make:
Now sleeps that sword for me.

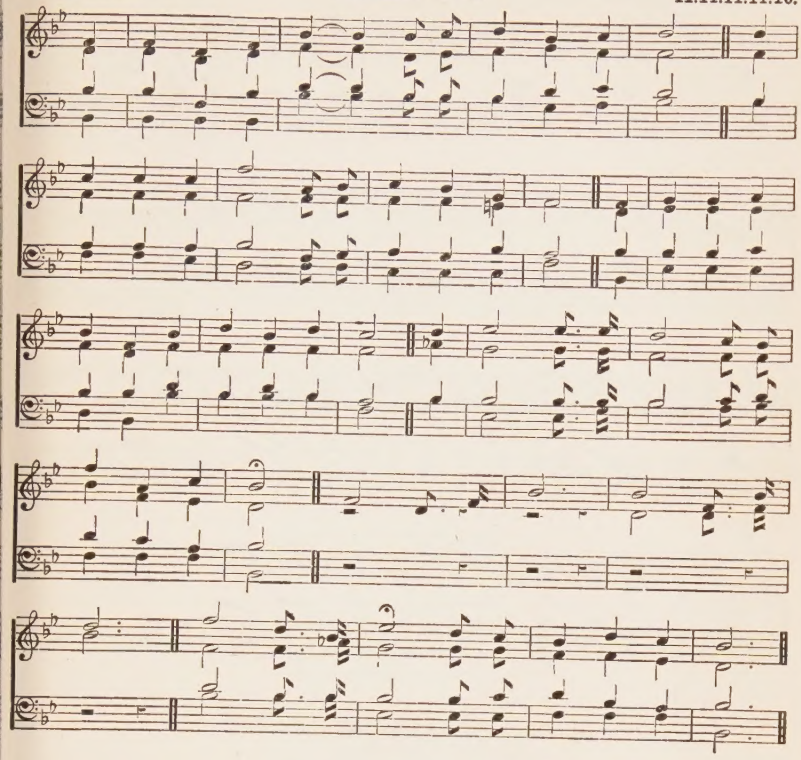
5 The Holy One did hide His face—
O Christ, 'twas hid from Thee!
Dumb darkness wrapt Thy soul a space—
The darkness due to me.
But now that face of radiant grace
Shines forth in light on me.

6 For me, Lord Jesus, Thou hast died,
And I have died in Thee;
Thou'rt risen: my bands are all untied,
And now Thou liv'st in me.
When Thou dost come to take Thy bride,
Thy glory then for me.

"Watchword"

## HYMN 177.

11.11.11.11.10.



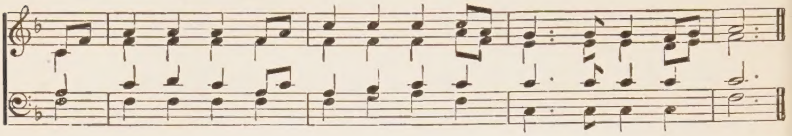
1 O CHRISTIAN awake! for the strife is at hand,
With helmet and shield, and a sword in thy hand,
To meet the bold tempter, go, fearlessly go!
And stand, like the brave, with thy face to the foe.
Stand like the brave, stand like the brave,
Stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.

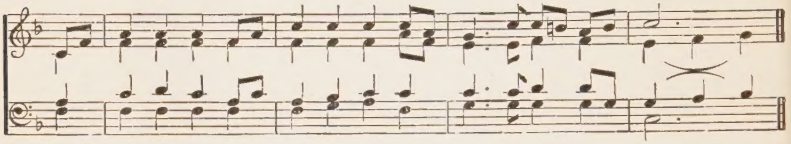
2 Whatever thy danger, take heed and beware,
But turn not thy back, for no armour is there;
The legions of darkness, if thou wouldst o'erthrow,
Then stand, like the brave, with thy face to the foe.

3 The cause of thy Master with vigour defend,
Be watchful, be zealous, and fight to the end;
Wherever He leads thee, go, valiantly go,
And stand, like the brave, with thy face to the foe.

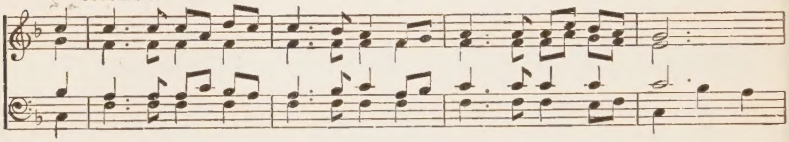
4 Press on, never doubting, thy Captain is near,
With grace to supply, and with comfort to cheer;
His love, like a stream in the desert, will flow,
Then stand, like the brave, with thy face to the foe.

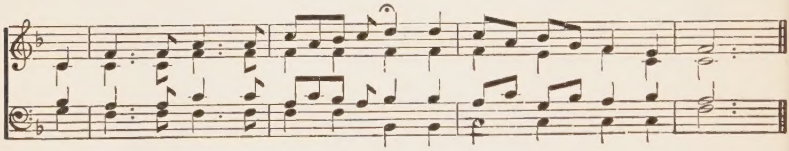
"None but Christ can Satisfy" **HYMN 178.** C.M.D.





CHORUS.





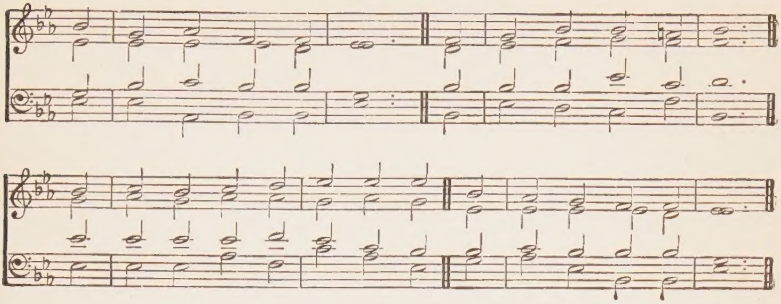
1 O CHRIST, in Thee my soul hath found,
And found in Thee alone,
The peace, the joy I sought so long,
The bliss till now unknown.
Now none but Christ can satisfy,
None other name for me: . . .
There's love, and life, and lasting joy,
Lord Jesus, found in Thee!

2 I sighed for rest and happiness,
I yearned for them, not Thee;
But while I pass'd my Saviour by,
His love laid hold on me.

3 I tried the broken cisterns, Lord,
But, ah! the waters failed!
E'en as I stooped to drink they fled,
And mocked me as I wailed.

4 The pleasures lost I sadly mourned,
But never wept for Thee,
Till grace the sightless eyes received,
Thy loveliness to see.

"Swabia" **HYMN 179.** S.M.



1 O CHRIST, thou heavenly Lamb!
Joy of the Father's heart:
Now let Thy love my soul inflame,
Fresh *power* to me impart.

2 *Power* to know the loss,
Suffered, O Lord, by Thee;
*Power* to glory in the cross
Thou didst endure for me.

3 *Power* to feel Thy love,
And all its depths to know
*Power* to fix the heart above,
And die to all below.

4 *Power* to keep the eye
For ever fixed on Thee;
*Power* to lift the warning cry,
To souls from wrath to flee.

5 *Power* lost souls to win
From Satan's mighty hold;
*Power* the wanderers to bring
Back to the heavenly fold.

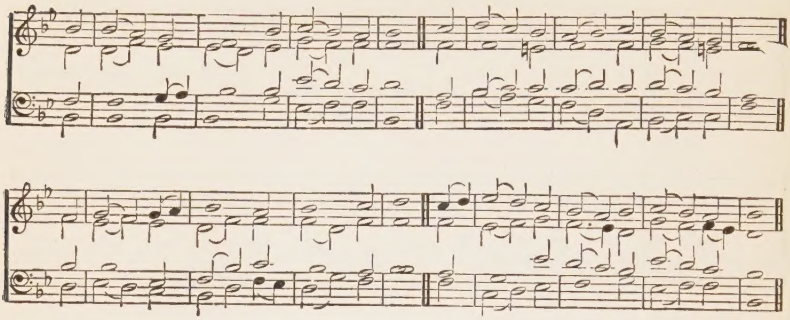
6 *Power* to watch and pray,
"Lord Jesus, quickly come!"
*Power* to hail the happy day,
Destin'd to bear me home.

7 Lord Jesus, then to me
*Power* divine impart,
To swell redemption's song to Thee,
For worthy, Lord, Thou art.

"Wareham"

## HYMN 180.

L.M.



1 O COME, Thou stricken Lamb of God,
Who shed'st for us Thine Own life-blood;
And teach us all Thy love: then pain
Were sweet, and life or death were gain.

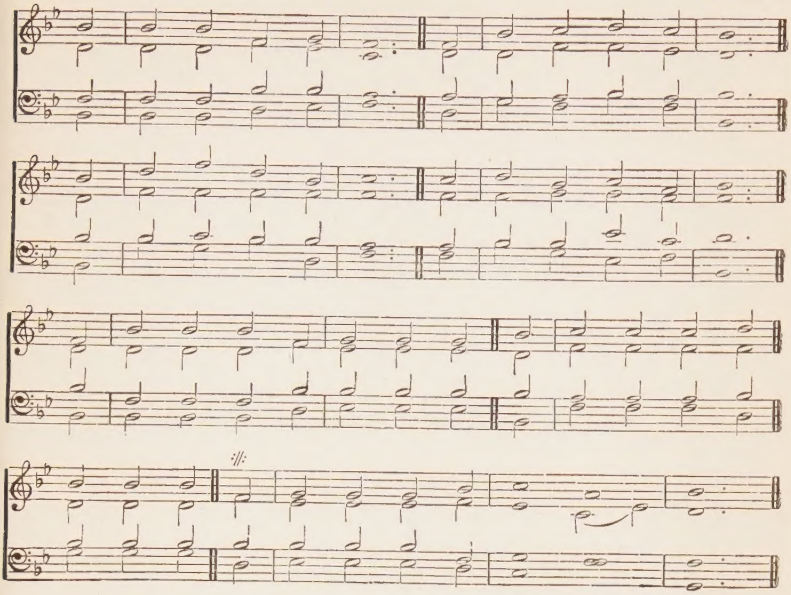
2 Take Thou our hearts, and let them be
For ever clos'd to all but Thee;
Thy willing servants, let us wear
The seal of love for ever there.

3 How blest are they who still abide,
Close shelter'd by Thy watchful side;
Who life and strength from Thee receive,
And with Thee move, and in Thee live!

4 Ah Lord! enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders Thou hast wrought;
Unloose our stamm'ring tongues to tell
Thy love—immense, unsearchable.

5 First-born of many brethren, Thou!
To whom both heaven and earth must bow!
Heirs of Thy shame and of Thy throne,
We bear the cross, and seek the crown.

"Lenox"—Key B♭. **HYMN 181.** 6.6.6.6.8.8.



1 O BLESSED God! how kind
Are all Thy ways to me,
Whose dark, benighted mind
Was enmity with Thee.
Yet now, subdued by sovereign grace,
My spirit longs for Thine embrace.

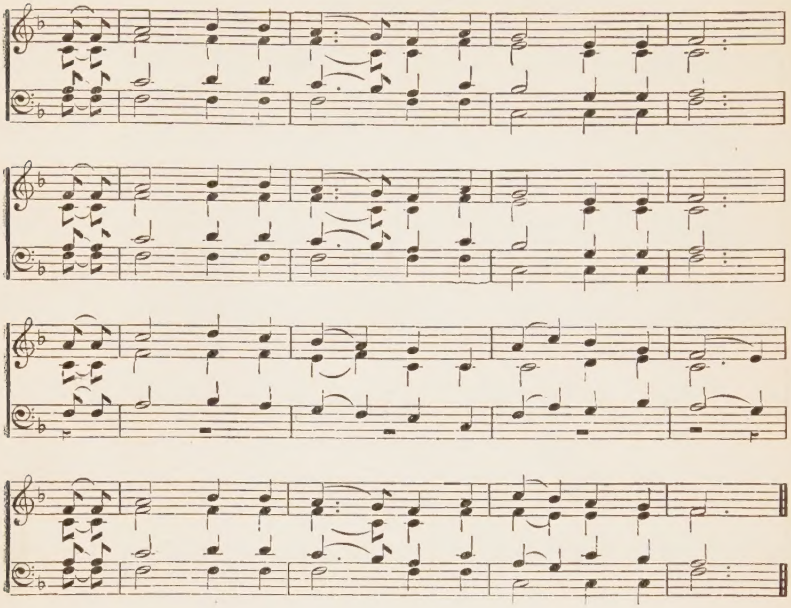
2 How precious are Thy thoughts,
That o'er my spirit roll!
They swell beyond my faults,
And captivate my soul.
How great their sum, how high they rise,
Can ne'er be known beneath the skies.

3 Preserved by Jesus, when
My feet made haste to hell;
And there should I have gone,
But Thou dost all things well.
Thy love was great, Thy mercy free,
Which from the pit delivered me.

4 Before Thy hands had made
The sun to rule the day,
Or earth's foundation laid,
Or fashion'd Adam's clay. [flowed
What thoughts of peace and mercy
In Thy great heart of love, O God!

5 A monument of grace.
A sinner saved by blood,
The streams of love I trace,
Up to the fountain, God;
And in His sovereign counsels see,
Eternal thoughts of love to me.

"Consolation" **HYMN 182.** 11's.



1 O EYES that are weary and hearts that are sore,
Look off unto Jesus and sorrow no more;
The light of His countenance shineth so bright,
That on earth, as in heaven, there need be no night.

2 "Looking off unto Jesus," my eyes cannot see
The troubles and dangers that throng around me;
They cannot be blinded with sorrowful tears,
They cannot be shadowed with unbelief-fears.

3 "Looking off unto Jesus," my spirit is blest,
In the world I have turmoil—in Him I have rest,
The sea of my life all about me may roar,
When I look unto Jesus I hear it no more.

4 "Looking off unto Jesus," I go not astray;
My eyes are on Him, and He shows me the way:
The path may seem dark, as He leads me along,
But following Jesus, I cannot go wrong.

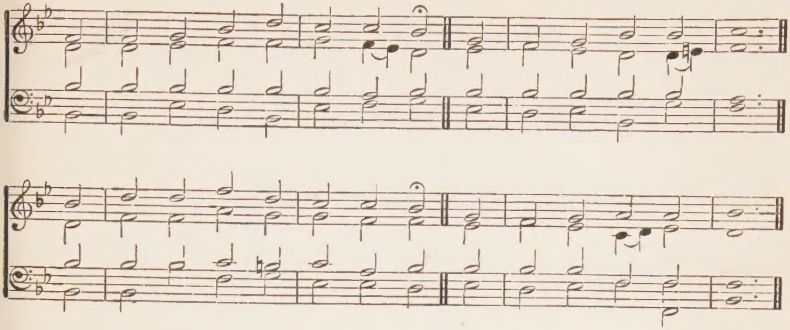
5 "Looking off unto Jesus," my heart cannot fear,
It's trembling is still, when I see Jesus near:
I know that His power my safeguard will be,
For, "Why are ye troubled?" He saith unto me.

6 Soon, soon shall I know the full beauty and grace
Of Jesus my Lord, when I stand face to face:
I shall know how His love went before me each day,
And wonder that ever my eyes turned away.

"Courtallam"

## HYMN 183.

C.M.



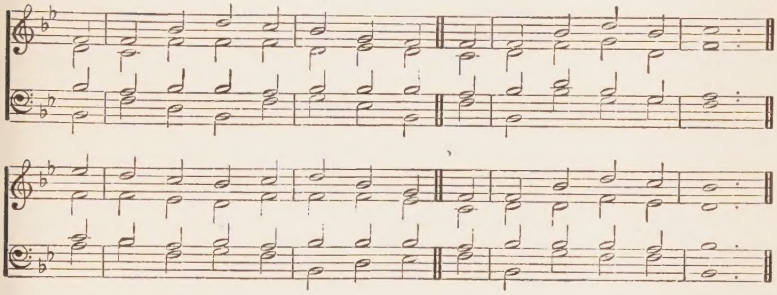
1 O GRACIOUS Lord, be with us now,
Supply Thy children's need;
On Christ, the Bread of Life, may we
In sweet communion feed.

2 With water from the smitten Rock,
Our thirsty spirits cheer;
And make us all rejoice to feel
Thy blessed presence here.

"Evan"

## HYMN 184.

C.M.



1 OF Thee, Lord, we would never tire;
This new and living food
Can satisfy our hearts' desire,
For life is in Thy blood.

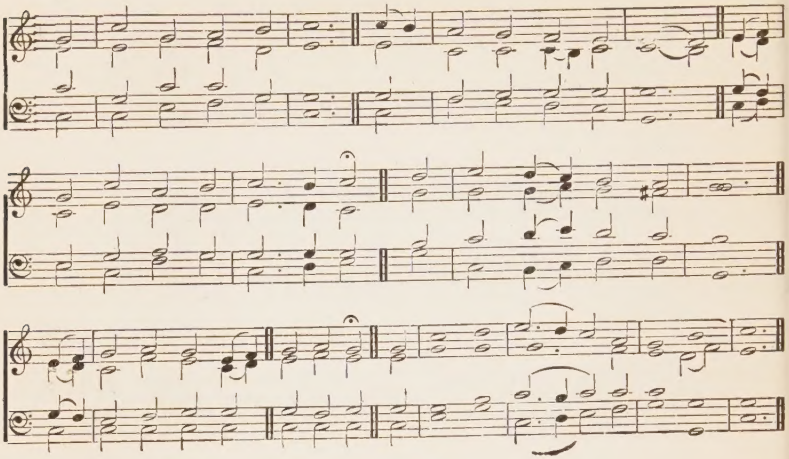
2 If, through the night a happy song
Our wearied spirits raise,
What greater joys shall cause ere long
Eternal bursts of praise!

3 To look within and see no stain;
Abroad no guilt to trace;
To shed no tears, to feel no pain,
To see Thee face to face.

4 To find each hope of glory gained,
Fulfilled each precious word,
And fully all to have attained
The image of our Lord!

5 For this we're pressing onward still,
And, in this hope, would be
More subject to the Father's will,
Lord Jesus, more like Thee.

"Pisgah" **HYMN 185.** 6.6.8.6.8.8.



1 O GOD of matchless grace,
We sing unto Thy name!
We stand accepted in the place
That none but Christ could claim.
Our willing hearts have heard Thy voice,
And in Thy mercy we rejoice.

2 'Tis meet that Thy delight
Should centre in Thy Son;
That Thou should'st place us in Thy sight,
In Him Thy Holy One!
Thy perfect love hast cast out fear,
Thy favour shines upon us here!

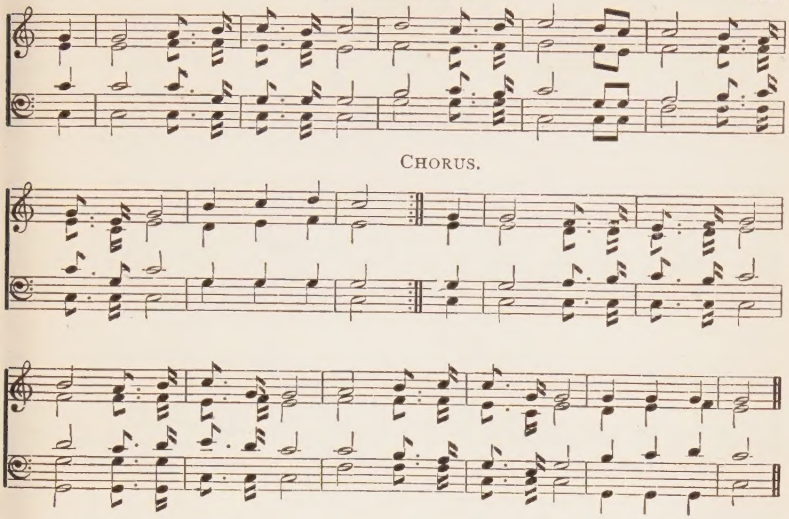
3 Eternal is our rest,
O Christ of God, in Thee!
Now of Thy peace, Thy joy possessed,
We wait Thy face to see.
Now to the Father's heart received,
We know in whom we have believed.

4 A sacrifice to God,
In life or death are we;
Then keep us ever, blessed Lord!
Thus set apart to Thee.
Bought with a price, we're not our own,
We died, we live to God alone!

"Mighty Love"

## HYMN 186.

P.M.

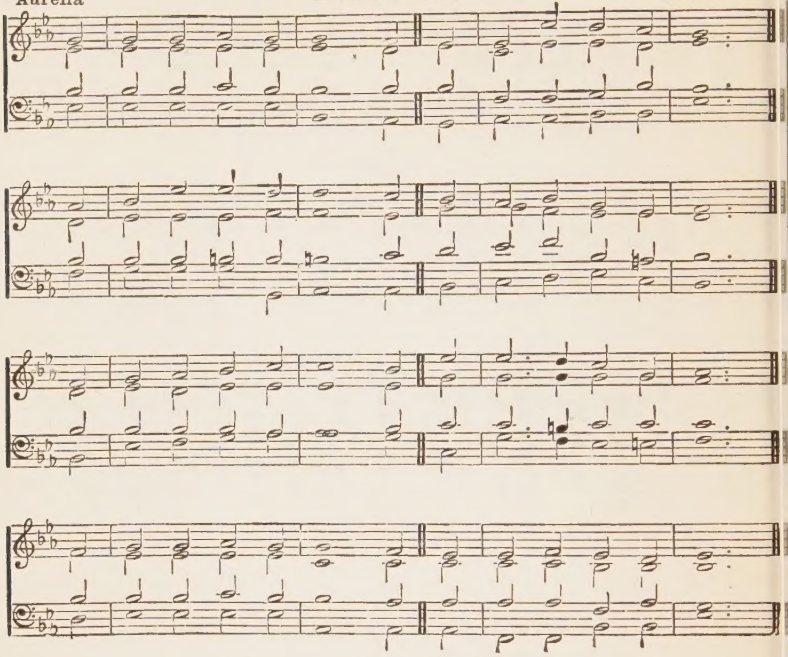



1 O JOY of the justified, joy of the free,
I'm washed in that crimson tide opened for me;
In Christ, my Redeemer, rejoicing I stand,
And point to the print of the nail in His hand.
O sing of His mighty love, mighty to save!

2 O Jesus the crucified, Jesus is mine;
Though once a lost sinner, yet now I am Thine;
In conscious salvation I sing of His grace,
Who lifts now upon me the smile of His face.
O sing of His mighty love, mighty to save!

3 Lord Jesus, my Saviour, I'll still sing of Thee,
Yes, sing of Thy precious blood poured out for me;
And when in the mansions of glory above,
I'll praise and adore Thine unchangeable love.
O sing of His mighty love, mighty to save!

"Aurelia" **HYMN 187.** 7.6.7.6. D.



1 O HEAD! once filled with bruises,
Oppressed with pain and scorn:
O'erwhelmed with sore abuses,
Mock'd with a crown of thorn!
O Head! to death once wounded,
In shame upon the tree,
In glory now surrounded
With brightest Majesty!

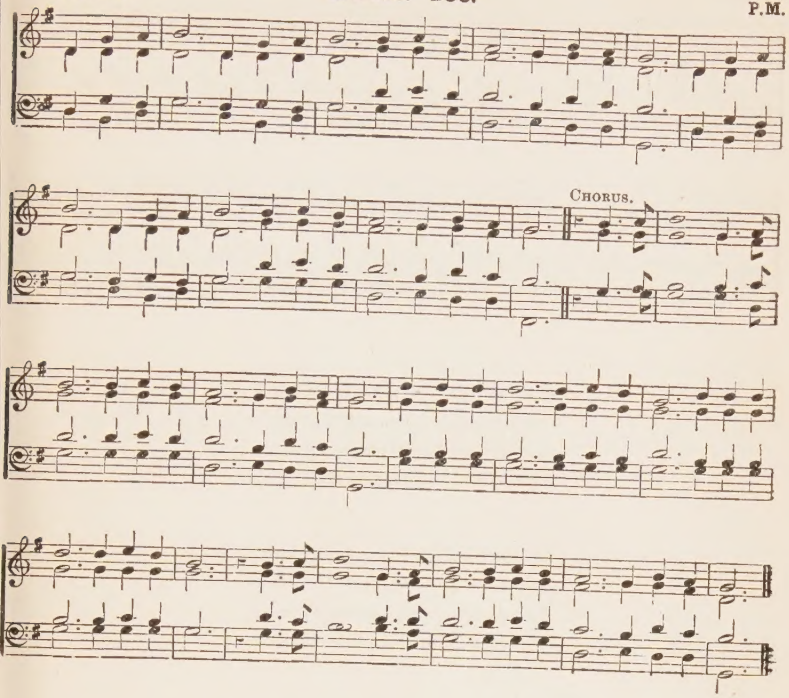
2 Thou Lord of all transcendent;
Thou life-creating Sun,
To worlds on Thee dependent—
Yet bruised and spit upon!
O Lord! what Thee tormented
Was our sin's heavy load;
We had the debt augmented,
Which Thou didst pay in blood.

3 We give Thee thanks unfeigned,
Lord Jesus, Friend in need,
For what Thy soul sustained,
When Thou for us didst bleed;
Grant us to lean unshaken
Upon Thy faithfulness,
Until to glory taken,
We see Thee face to face.

"Happy Day"

## HYMN 188.

P.M.




1 O HAPPY day, that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God,
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

Happy day! happy day!
When Jesus wash'd my sins away.

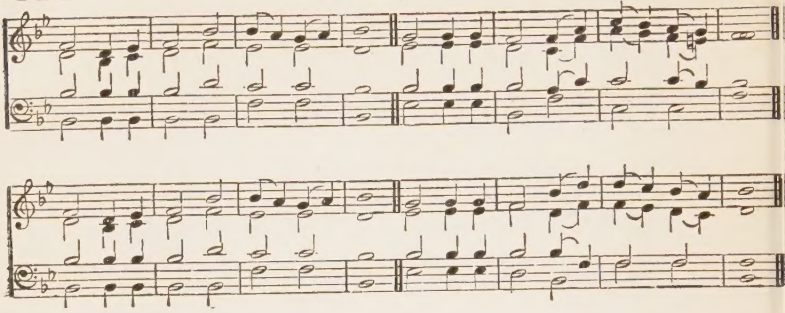
2 'Tis done—the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I follow'd on,
Charm'd to confess the voice Divine.

3 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fix'd on this blissful centre rest;
Nor ever from Thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possess'd.

"Ernan"

## HYMN 189.

L.M.



1 O HAPPY day! when first we felt
Our souls with deep contrition melt,
And saw our sins of crimson guilt,
All cleansed by blood on Calvary spilt.

2 O happy day! when first Thy love
Began our grateful hearts to move;
And gazing on Thy wondrous cross,
We saw all else as worthless dross.

3 O happy day! when we no more
Shall grieve Thee whom our souls adore;
When sorrows, conflicts, fears shall cease,
And all our trials end in peace.

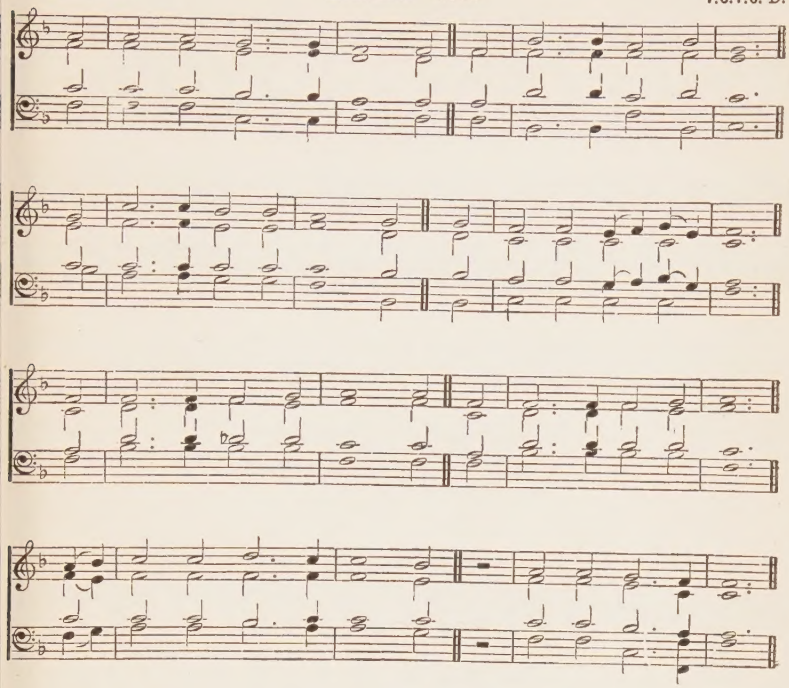
4 O happy day! when we shall see
And fix our longing eyes on Thee,
On Thee, our Light, our Life, our Love,
Our ALL below, our heaven above.

5 O happy day of cloudless light!
Eternal day without a night;
Lord, when shall we its dawning see,
And spend it all in praising Thee?

"Rutherford"

## HYMN 190.

7.6.7.6. D.



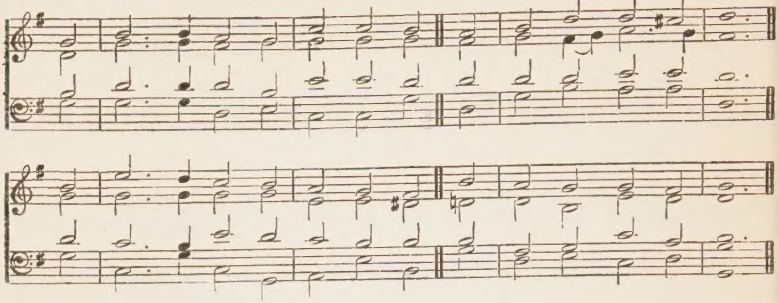
1 OH! CHRIST, He is the fountain,
The deep sweet well of love;
The streams on earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above.
There, to an ocean's fulness
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth,
In Immanuel's land.

2 With mercy and with judgment
My web of time He wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lustred with His love.
I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth,
In Immanuel's land.

3 Oh! I am my Beloved's,
And my Beloved's mine,
He brings a poor vile sinner
Into His "house of wine."
I stand upon His merit;
I know no other stand,
Not e'en where glory dwelleth,
In Immanuel's land.

4 The bride eyes not her garment,
But her dear bridegroom's face;
I will not gaze at glory,
But on the King of grace.
Not at the crown He giveth,
But on His pierced hand;
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Immanuel's land.

"Old Winchester" **HYMN 191.** C.M.

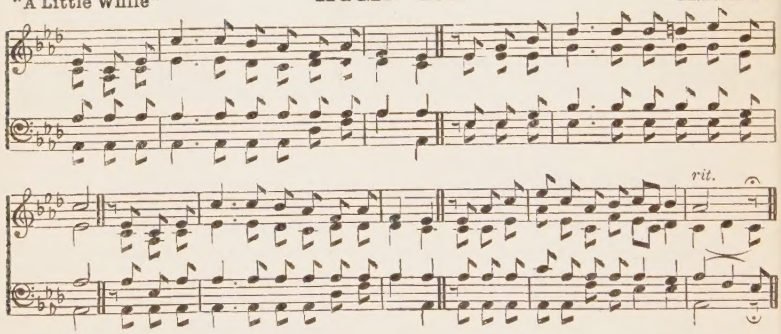


1 OH! FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace.

2 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease,
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

3 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoners free,
His blood can make the foulest clean.
His blood availed for me.

"A Little While" **HYMN 192.** 11.10.11.10.



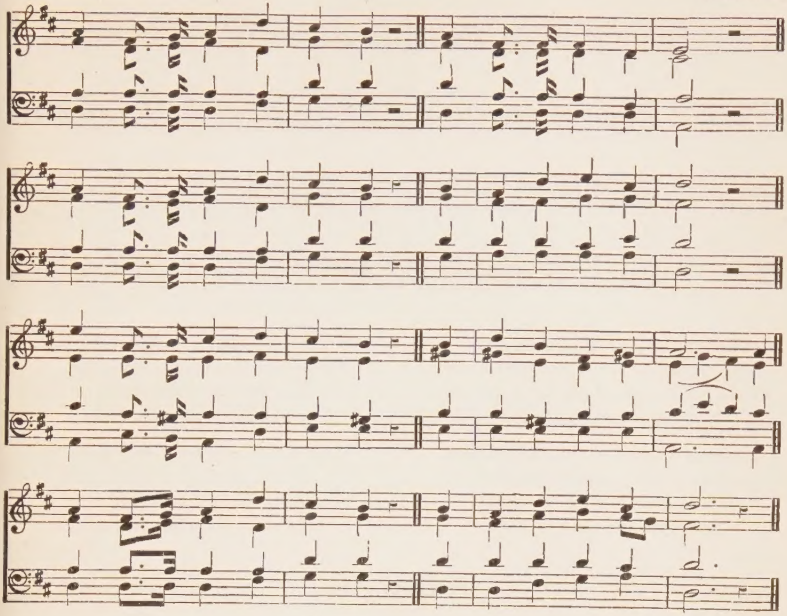

1 OH! FOR the peace that floweth as a river,
Making life's desert places bloom and smile! ["for ever,"
Oh! for the faith to grasp heaven's bright
Amid the shadows of earth's "little while."

2 "A little while" for patient vigil keeping,
To face the storm and wrestle with the strong; [weeping,
"A little while" to sow the seed with
Then bind the sheaves and sing the harvest song.

3 "A little while" the earthen pitcher taking
To wayside brooks, from far-off fountains fed; [slaking
Then the parched lip its thirst for ever
Beside the fulness of the Fountain-head.

4 "A little while" to keep the oil from failing,
"A little while" faith's flickering lamp to trim; [steps hailing
And then the Bridegroom's coming foot-
We'll haste to meet Him with the bridal hymn.

"Robes of Whiteness" **HYMN 193.** 7.6.7.6. D.



1 OH! for the robes of whiteness;
Oh! for the tearless eyes;
Oh! for the glorious brightness
Of the unclouded skies.
Oh! for the "no more weeping"
Within the land of love—
The endless joy of keeping
The bridal feast above.

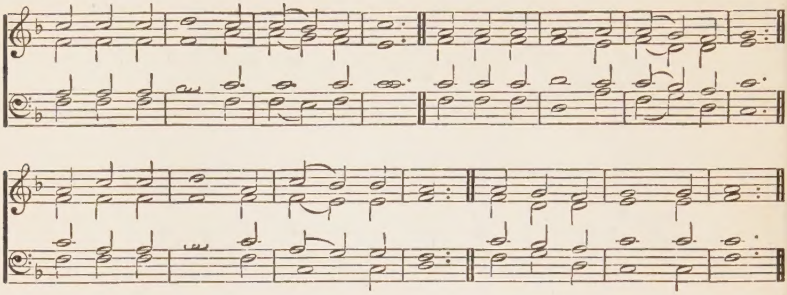
2 Oh! for the bliss of flying,
My risen Lord to meet;
Oh! for the rest of lying
For ever at His feet.
Oh! for the hour of seeing
My Saviour face to face—
The hope of ever being
In that sweet meeting-place.

3 O Christ! Thou King of glory
I soon shall dwell with Thee!
I soon shall sing the story
Of Thy great love to me!
Meanwhile my soul would enter,
E'en now before Thy throne,
That all my love might centre
On Thee, and Thee alone!

"Palestrina"

## HYMN 194.

8.8.8.6.



1 O HOLY Saviour! Friend unseen!
Since on Thine arm Thou bidst us lean,
Help us throughout life's changing scene,
By faith to cling to Thee!

2 Far from our home, fatigued, opprest,
In Thee we've found our place of rest:
As strangers still, yet not unblest,
While we can cling to Thee.

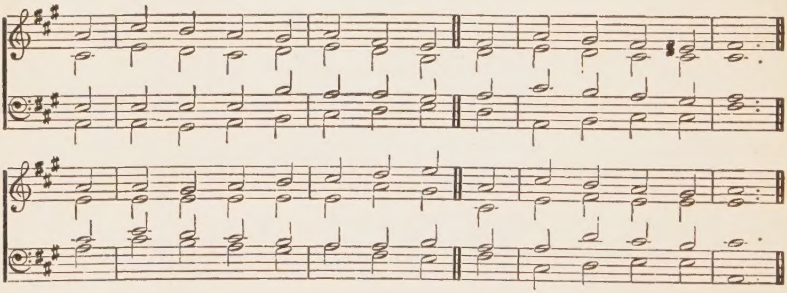
3 Without a murmur we dismiss
Our former dreams of earthly bliss,
Our joy, our consolation this—
Each hour to cling to Thee.

4 Though faith and hope may oft be tried,
We ask not, need not aught beside,
So safe, so calm, so satisfied,
The souls that cling to Thee.

"Eden"

## HYMN 195.

C.M.



1 OH! TEACH us more of Thy blest ways,
Thou holy Lamb of God!
And fix and root us in Thy grace,
As those redeem'd by blood.

2 O tell us often of Thy love.
Of all Thy grief and pain:
And let our hearts with joy confess
That thence comes all our gain.

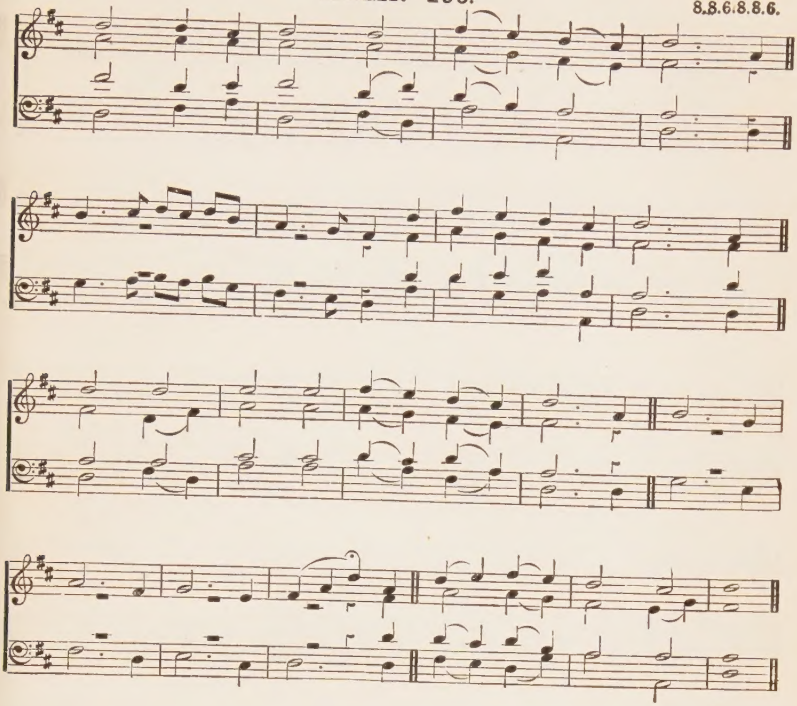
3 For this, O may we freely count
Whate'er we have but loss;
The dearest object of our love,
Compared with Thee, but dross.

4 Engrave this deeply on our hearts
Conform our ways to Thine,
That so we may, in some degree,
Reflect the light Divine.

"Piety"

## HYMN 196.

8.8.6.8.8.6.



1 O LAMB of God! 'tis joy to know
That path is o'er of shame and woe,
For us so meekly trod:
All finished is Thy work of toil;
Thou reapest now the fruit and spoil,
Exalted by our God.

2 Thy holy head once bound with thorns,
The crown of glory now adorns;
Thy seat, the Father's throne;
Ten thousand thousands sing Thy praise,
Their harps the eternal anthem raise—
Worthy the Lamb alone!

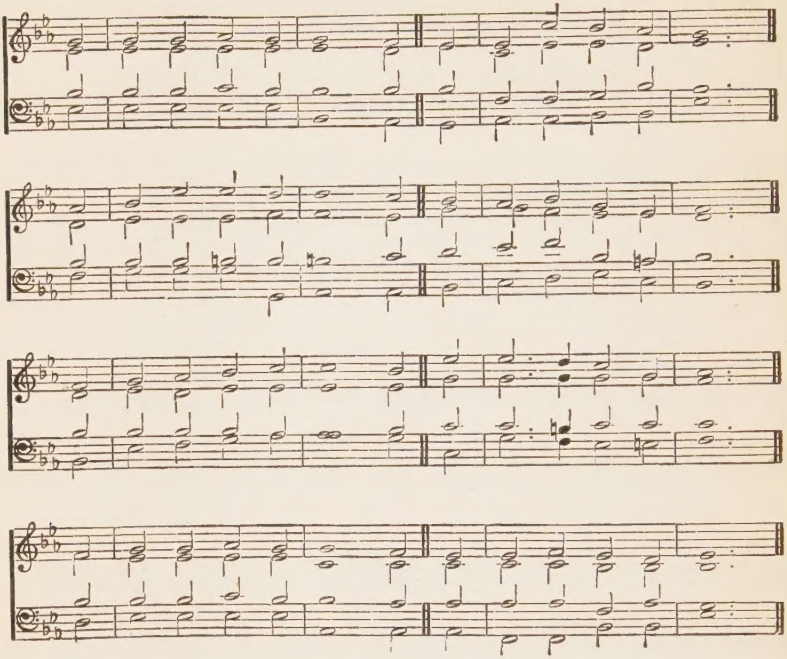
3 And, Lord, for us Thou sittest there;
Thy members here Thy fulness share,
For us Thou dost receive;
Thy wisdom, riches, honours, powers,
Thy boundless love hath made all ours,
Who in Thy love believe.

4 We triumph in Thy triumphs, Lord;
Thy joys our deepest joys afford,
And make our faces shine;
While sorrowing, suffering, toiling here,
How does the thought our spirits cheer—
The throne of glory's Thine.

"Aurelia"

## HYMN 197.

7.6.7.6. D.



1 O LAMB of God, still keep me
Near to Thy wounded side;
'Tis only there in safety
And peace I can abide.
What foes and snares surround me!
What lusts and fears within!
The grace that sought and found me,
Alone can keep me clean.

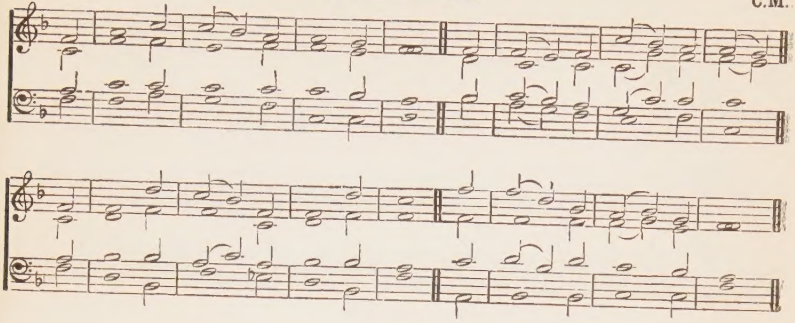
2 'Tis only in Thee hiding,
I know my life secure;
Only in Thee abiding,
I stedfast shall endure:
Thine arm the vict'ry gaineth
O'er every hurtful foe;
Thy love my heart sustaineth
In all its cares and woe.

3 Soon shall mine eyes behold Thee,
With rapture face to face;
The half hath not been told me
Of all Thy power and grace;
Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
The wonders of Thy love,
Shall be the endless story
Of all Thy saints above.

"Salzburg"

## HYMN 198.

C.M.



1 O LORD, who art Thy people's light,
When shall Thy face be seen?
When wilt Thou meet our longing sight,
Without a cloud between?

2 We know, Lord Jesus, that Thy heart
Still for Thy saints doth care;
But we would see Thee as Thou art,
And Thy full image bear.

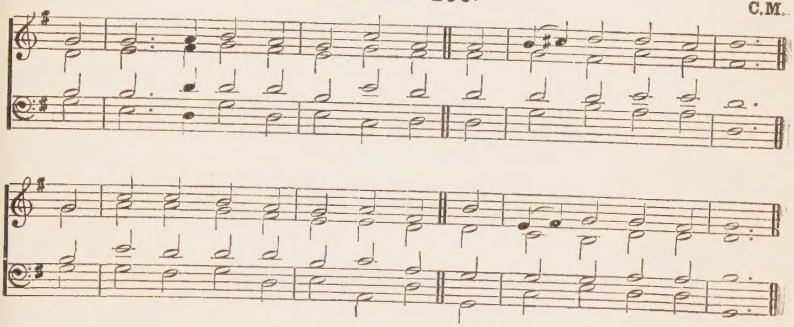
3 Thy love sustains us on our way,
While pilgrims here below;
And grace to help us day by day,
Thou dost, O Lord, bestow.

4 But O, the more we learn of Thee,
And Thy rich mercy prove,
The more we long Thyself to see,
And fully know Thy love.

"Farrant"

## HYMN 199.

C.M.



1 O LORD! 'tis joy to look above,
And see Thee on the throne,
To search the heights and depths of love,
Which Thou to us hast shown.

2 To look beyond the dark long night,
And hail the coming day,
When Thou, to all the saints in light,
Thy glories wilt display.

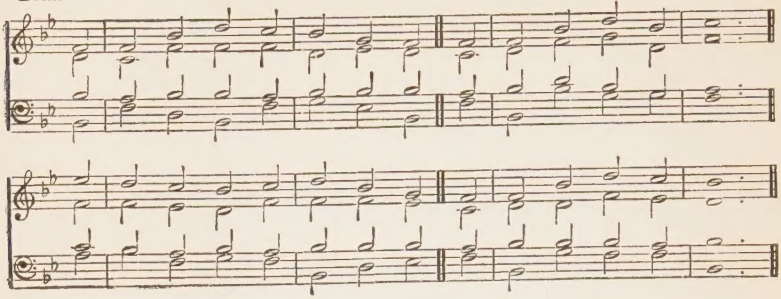
3 And oh! 'tis joy the path to trace,
By Thee so meekly trod;
Learning of Thee to walk in grace,
And fellowship with God.

4 Joy to confess Thy blessed name,
The virtues of Thy blood,
And to the wearied heart proclaim,
Behold the Lamb of God!

"Evan"

## HYMN 200.

C.M



1 O LORD, I would delight in Thee,
And on Thy care depend;
To Thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only Friend.

2 When all created streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in Thy name.

3 Oh! that I had a stronger faith,
To look within the vail;
To credit what my Saviour saith,
Whose words can never fail.

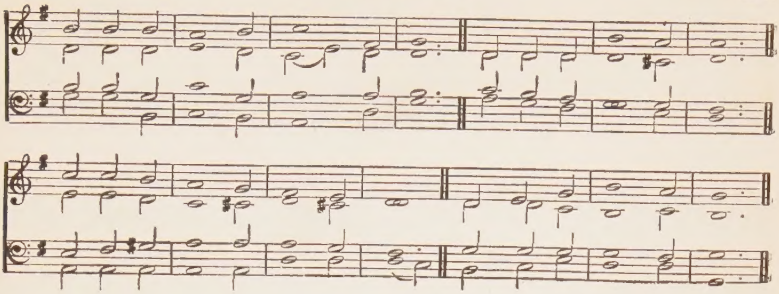
4 Thou that hast made my heaven secure,
Wilt here all good provide;
While Christ is rich, can I be poor,
Christ, who for me has died?

5 O Lord, I cast my care on Thee:
I triumph and adore;
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and praise Thee more.

"St. Agnes, Durham"

## HYMN 201.

C.M.



1 O LORD, how much Thy name unfolds
To every open'd ear;
The pardon'd sinner's memory holds
None other half so dear.

2 Jesus! it speaks a life of love,
And sorrows meekly borne;
It tells of sympathy above,
Whatever griefs we mourn.

3 It tells us of Thy sinless walk
In fellowship with God:
And to our ears, no tale so sweet
As Thine atoning blood.

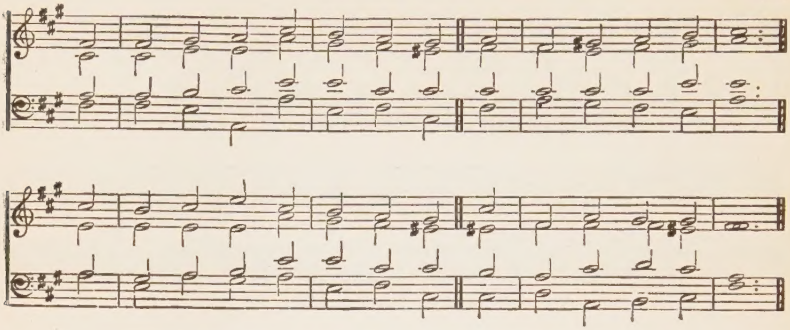
4 This name encircles every grace,
That God, as man, could show;
There only can the Spirit trace
A perfect life below.

5 The mention of Thy name shall bow
Our hearts to worship Thee;
The chiefest of ten thousand Thou!
The chief of sinners we!

"St. Kilda"

## HYMN 202.

C.M.



1 O LORD, when we the path retrace
Which Thou on earth hast trod,
To man Thy wondrous love and grace,
Thy faithfulness to God.

2 Thy love to man so sorely tried,
Proved stronger than the grave;
The very spear that pierced Thy side
Drew forth the blood to save.

3 Faithful amidst unfaithfulness,
Midst darkness only light,
Thou didst Thy Father's name confess,
And in His will delight.

4 Unmoved by Satan's subtile wiles,
By suffering, shame, and loss;
Thy path uncheered by earthly smiles,
Led only to the cross.

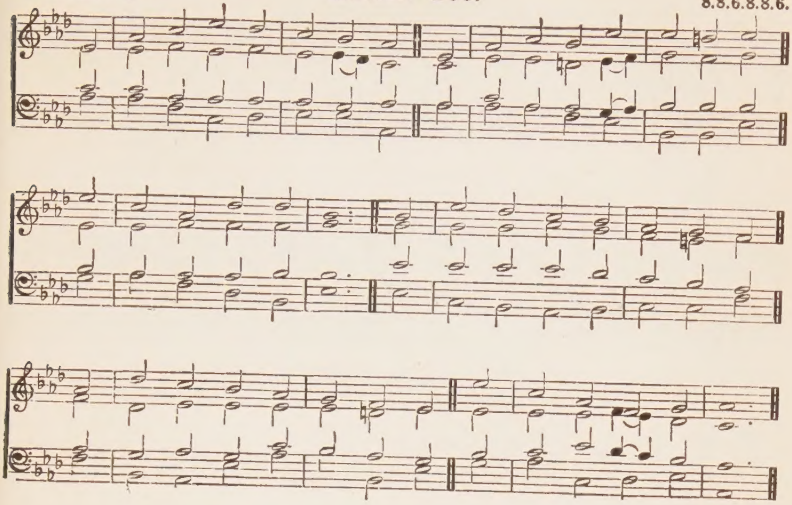
5 O Lord, with sorrow and with shame,
We meekly would confess,
How little we, who bear Thy Name,
Thy mind, Thy ways express.

6 Give us Thy meek, Thy lowly mind:
We would obedient be;
And all our rest and pleasure find,
In fellowship with Thee.

"Marienberg"

## HYMN 203.

8.8.6.8.8.6.



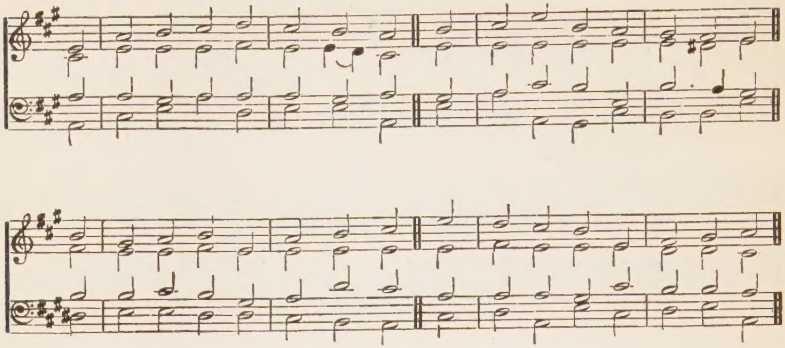
1 O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my longing heart
All taken up by Thee!
Oh, may I pant and thirst to prove
The greatness of redeeming love—
The love of Christ to me!

2 God only knows the love of God!
Oh, that it more were shed abroad
In this poor longing heart!
For love I sigh—for love I pine:
This only portion, Lord, be mine—
Be mine this better part.

3 Oh, that I may for ever sit,
Like Mary, at the Master's feet!
Be this, my happy choice:
My only care, my only bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this—
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

4 Oh, that I may, like favour'd John,
Recline my wearied head upon
My Saviour's loving breast!
From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in Thee
My everlasting rest.

"Norfolk" **HYMN 204.** L.M.



1 O LORD, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek Thee Thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

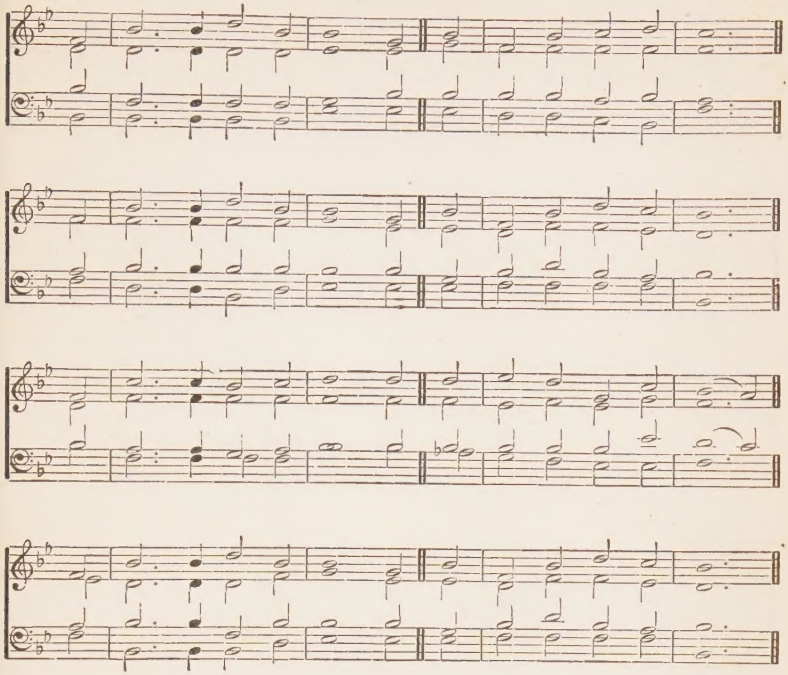
2 Great Shepherd of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew:
And to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving name.

3 Now may we prove the power of prayer,
To strengthen faith and banish care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

"Morning Light"

## HYMN 205.

7.6.7.6. D.



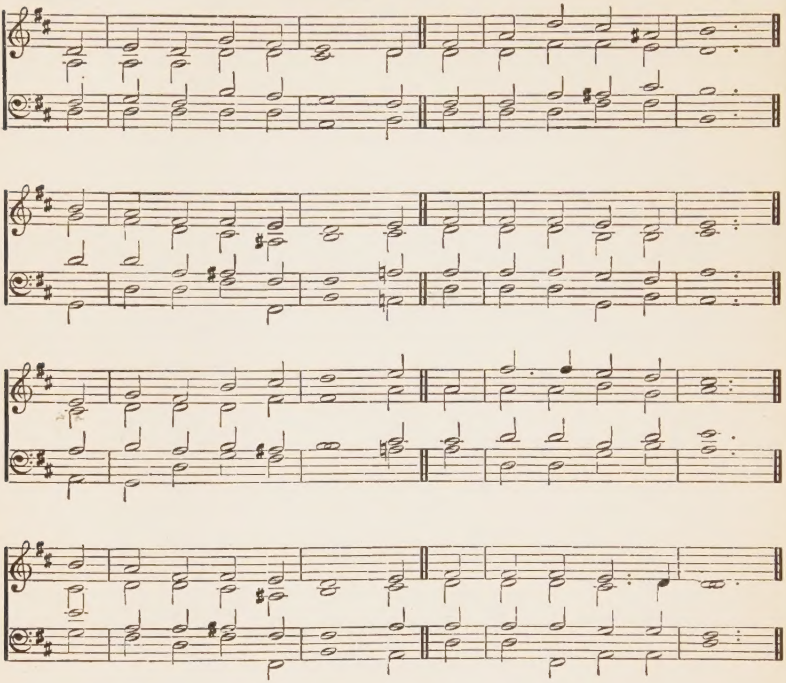
1 O LORD, who now art seated
Above the heav'ns on high,
The gracious work completed,
For which Thou cam'st to die.
To Thee our hearts are lifted,
While pilgrims wand'ring here,
For Thou art truly gifted
Our every weight to bear.

2 We know that Thou hast bought us,
And cleansed us by Thy blood;
We know Thy grace has brought us,
As kings and priests to God:
We know that soon the morning,
Long look'd for, hast'neth near,
When we, at Thy returning,
In glory shall appear.

3 O Lord, Thy love's unbounded!
So full, so vast, so free!
Our thoughts are all confounded
Whene'er we think on Thee.
For us Thou cam'st from heaven,
For us to bleed and die:
That, purchased and forgiven,
We might ascend on high.

4 O let this love constrain us
To give our hearts to Thee;
Let nothing henceforth pain us
But that which paineth Thee:
Our joy, our one endeavour,
Through suff'ring, conflict, shame—
To serve Thee, gracious Saviour,
And magnify Thy name.

"Ewing" **HYMN 206.** 7.6.7.6. D.



1 O LORD, Thy love's unbounded—
So sweet, so full, so free—
My soul is all transported,
Whene'er I think on Thee!
Yet, Lord, alas! what weakness
Within myself I find;
No infant's changing pleasure
Is like my wandering mind.

2 And yet Thy love's unchanging,
And doth recall my heart
To joy in all its brightness,
The peace its beams impart.
Yet, sure, if in Thy presence,
My soul still constant were,
Mine eye would, more familiar,
Its brighter glories bear.

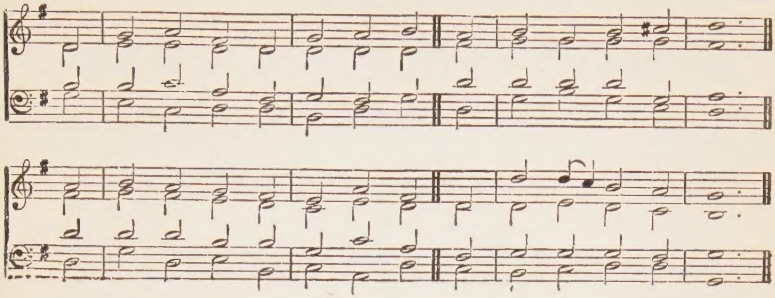
3 And thus Thy deep perfections
Much better should I know,
And with adoring fervour
Should in Thy likeness grow.
Still sweet 'tis to discover,
If clouds have dimm'd my sight,
When pass'd, eternal Lover,
Towards me, as e'er Thou'rt bright.

4 O guard my soul, Lord Jesus,
Abiding still with Thee;
And if I wander, teach me,
Soon back to Thee to flee,
That all Thy gracious favour
May to my soul be known;
And versed in this Thy goodness,
My hopes Thyself shall crown.

"St. Magnus"

## HYMN 207.

C.M.



1 O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

2 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

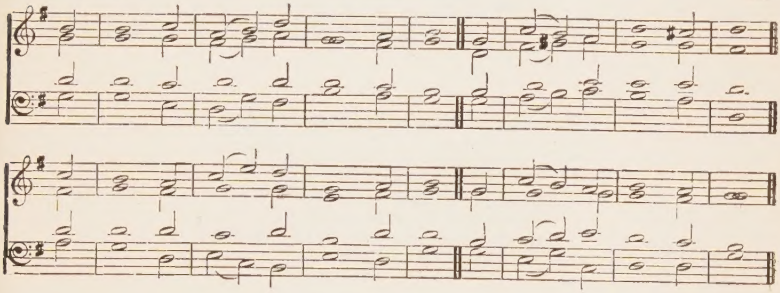
3 Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

4 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home!

"Lynnwood"

## HYMN 208.

C.M



1 OH! what a lonely path were ours,
Could we, O Father, see
No home or rest beyond it all,
No guide or help in Thee!

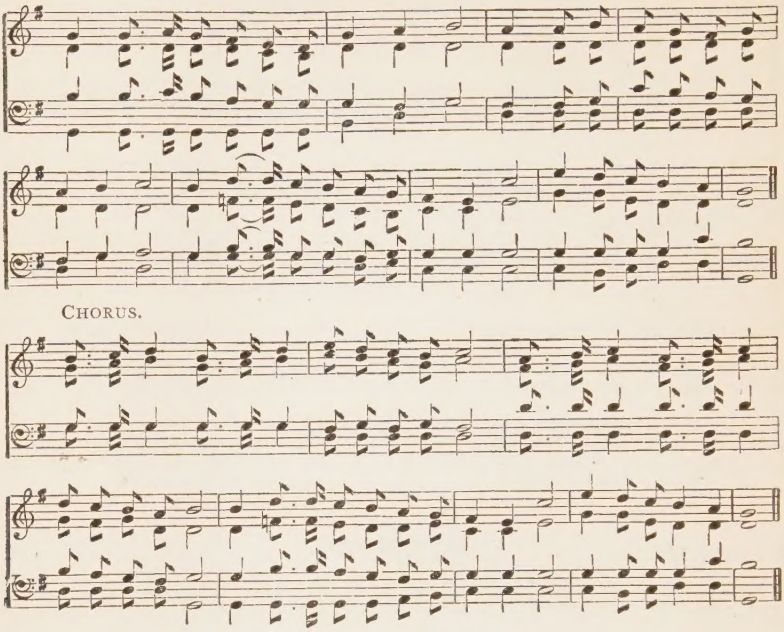
2 But Thou art near and with us still,
To keep us on the way
That leads along the vale of tears,
To yon bright world of day.

3 There shall Thy glory, O our God!
Break fully on our view;
And we, Thy saints rejoice to prove
That all Thy Word was true.

4 There Jesus on His heav'nly throne,
Our wondering eyes shall see;
While we, the blest associates there
Of all His joy shall be.

5 Sweet hope! we leave without a sigh
A blighted world like this;
To bear the cross, despise the shame,
For all that weight of bliss.

"Verily, Verily" **HYMN 209.** P.M.




1 OH, what a Saviour—that He died for me!
From condemnation He hath made me free;
"He that believeth on the Son," saith He,
"*Hath* everlasting life."

"Verily, verily, I say unto you;"
"Verily, verily,"—message ever new!—
"He that believeth on the Son"—'tis true!
"*Hath* everlasting life!"

2 All my iniquities on Him were laid,
All my indebtedness by Him was paid;
All who believe on Him, the Lord hath said,
"*Have* everlasting life."

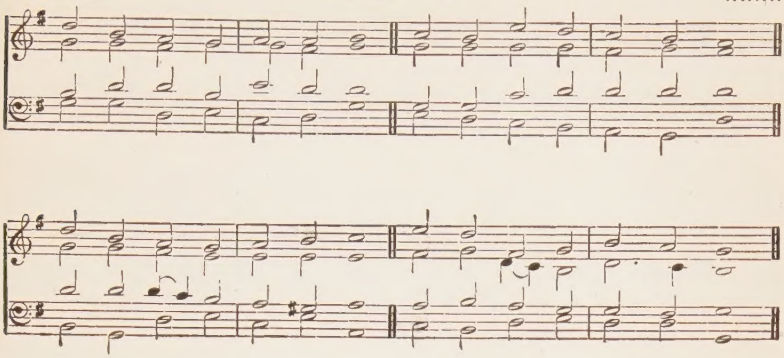
3 Tho' poor and needy I can trust my Lord,
Tho' weak and sinful, I believe His Word;
O glad message! every child of God
"*Hath* everlasting life."

4 Tho' all unworthy, yet I will not doubt;
For Him that cometh He will not cast out:
"He that believeth,"—oh, the good news shout!—
"HATH everlasting life."

"Battishill"

## HYMN 210.

7.7.7.7.



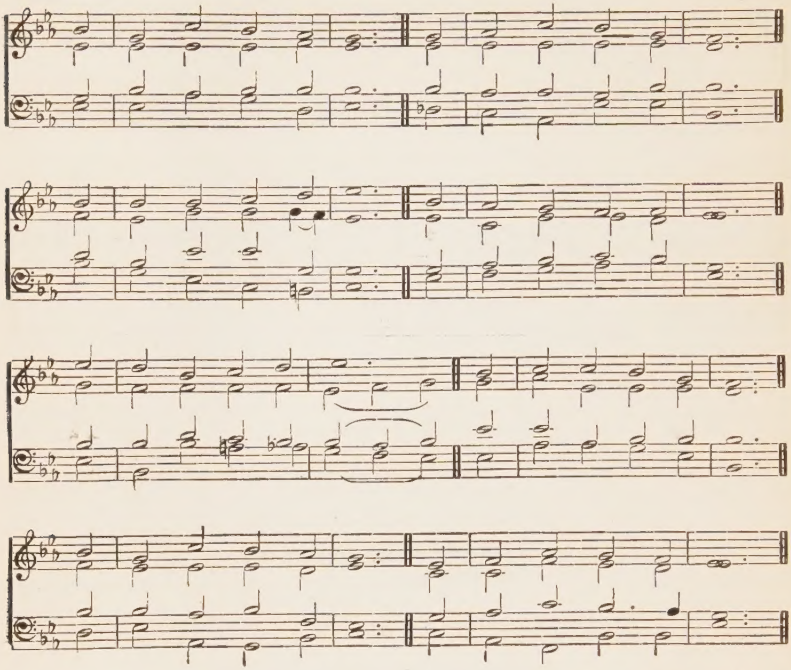
1 O OUR Saviour, crucified,
Near Thy cross would we abide,
There to look with steadfast eye,
On Thy dying agony.

2 Jesus bruised and put to shame,
Tells us all Jehovah's name;
God is love, we surely know
By the Saviour's depths of woe.

3 In His spotless soul's distress
We perceive our guiltiness;
Oh! how vile our low estate,
Since our ransom was so great.

4 Dwelling on Mount Calvary,
Contrite shall our spirits be;
Rest and holiness shall find
Fashioned like our Saviour's mind.

"Broadlands" **HYMN 211.** 6.6.6.6. D.



1 ONCE more, before we part,
Bless the Redeemer's name:
Let every tongue and heart
Praise and adore the Lamb.

Jesus, the sinner's Friend,
Him whom our souls adore;
His praises have no end:
Praise Him for evermore.

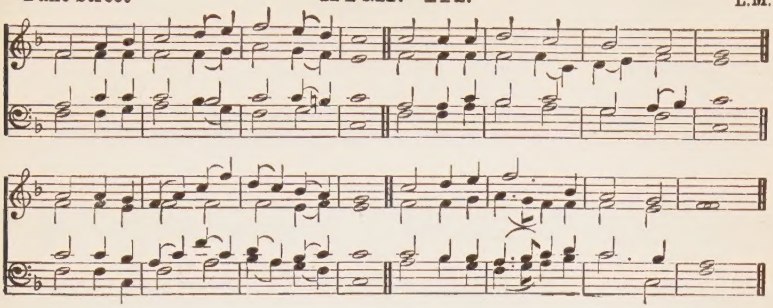
2 Lord, in Thy grace we came;
That blessing still impart:
We met in Jesu's name:
In Jesu's name we part.

3 Still on Thy holy Word
We'd live, and feed, and grow;
Go on to know the Lord,
And practise what we know.

"Duke Street"

## HYMN 212.

L.M.



1 ON Christ, salvation rests secure;
The Rock of ages must endure;
Nor can that faith be overthrown
Which rests upon the "*Living Stone.*"

2 No other hope shall intervene;
To Him we look, on Him we lean;
Other foundations we disown,
And build on Christ, the "*Living Stone.*"

3 In Him it is ordained to raise
A temple to Jehovah's praise,
Composed of all His saints, who own
No Saviour but the "*Living Stone.*"

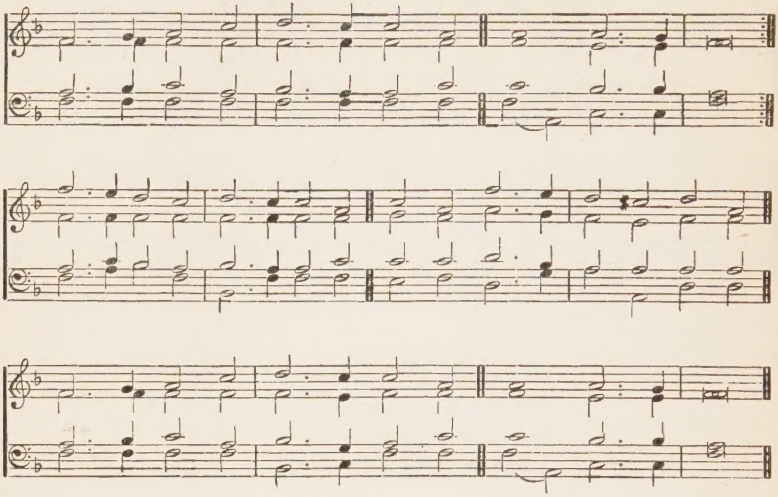
4 View the vast building, see it rise:
The work how great! the plan how wise!
O wondrous fabric! power unknown:
That rests it on the "*Living Stone.*"

5 But most adore His precious Name:
His glory and His grace proclaim!
For us, the lost, condemned, undone,
He gave Himself, the "*Living Stone.*"

"Tenderness"

## HYMN 213.

P.M.



1 ONE there is above all others—Oh, how He loves!
His is love beyond a brother's—Oh, &c.
Earthly friends may fail or leave us,
One day soothe, the next day grieve us,
But this Friend will ne'er deceive us.—Oh, &c.

2 'Tis eternal life to know Him—Oh, how He loves!
Think, oh, think how much we owe Him—Oh, &c.
With His precious blood He bought us,
In the wilderness He sought us,
To His fold He safely brought us.—Oh, &c.

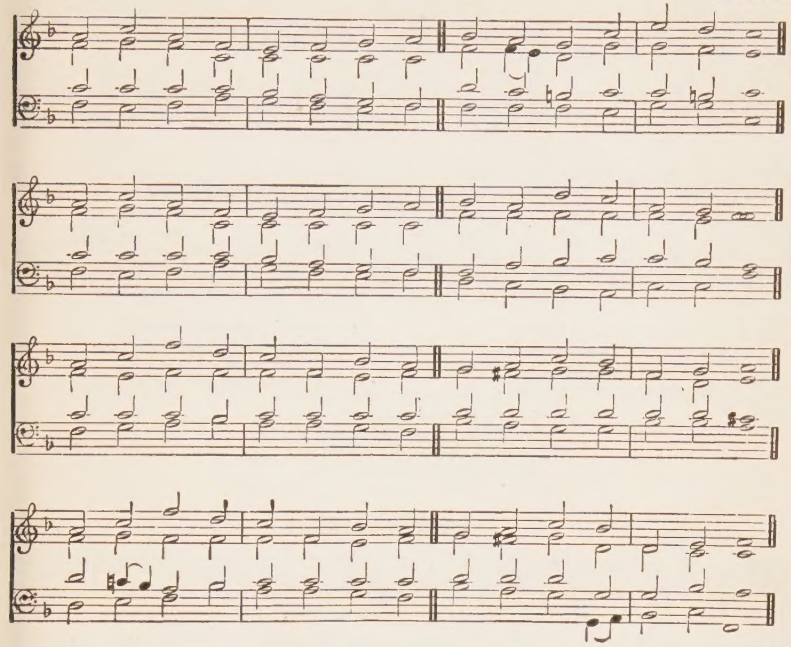
3 We have found a Friend in Jesus—Oh, &c.
'Tis His great delight to bless us—Oh, &c.
How our hearts delight to hear Him
Bid us dwell in safety near Him!
Why should we distrust or fear Him?—Oh, &c.

4 Through His name we are forgiven—Oh, &c.
Backward shall our foes be driven—Oh, &c.
Best of blessings He'll provide us,
Nought but good shall e'er betide us,
Safe to glory He will guide us.—Oh, &c.

"Deerhurst"

## HYMN 214.

8.7.8.7. D.



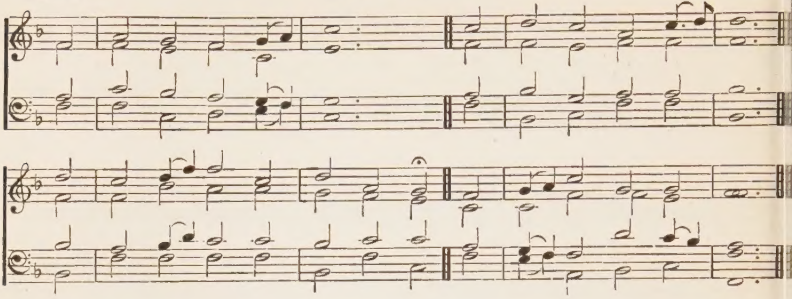
1 ON Thy broken body feeding,
Lord! our hearts in one unite;
Here our souls behold Thee bleeding,
Put to grief in sinners' sight.
O! that Jesus thus should love us,
Love us unto death and shame!
Let the dear remembrance move us,
While we meet in His blest name.

2 Here the pledge of Thy returning,
Tells of all the joys of home;
And our hearts within us burning,
Cry "Amen, Lord Jesus, come!"
Soon, full soon, we thus together
In the Father's house shall meet;
And the heavenly courts for ever
Tread with undefiled feet.

"Selma"

## HYMN 215.

S.M.



1 O PATIENT, spotless One!
Our hearts in meekness train,
To bear Thy yoke, and learn of Thee,
That we may rest obtain.

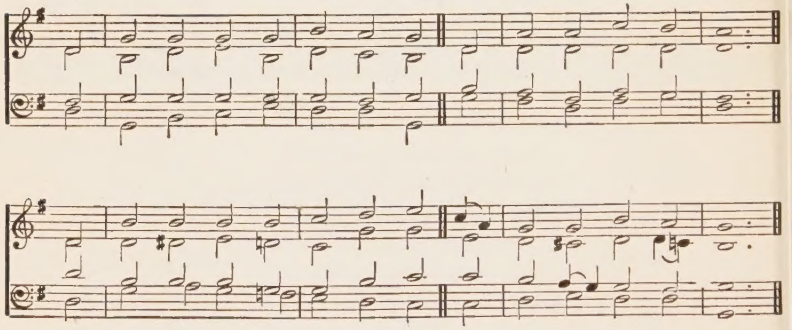
2 Saviour! Thou art enough
The mind and heart to fill;
Thy life to calm the anxious soul,
Thy love its fear dispel.

3 O fix our earnest gaze,
So wholly, Lord, on Thee,
That with Thy beauty occupied,
We elsewhere none may see.

"Emmanuel"

## HYMN 216.

C.M.



1 O PRECIOUS blood, O glorious death,
By which the sinner lives!
When stung with sin, this blood we view,
And all our joy revives.

2 The blood that purchased our release,
And purged our crimson stains,
We challenge earth and hell to show
A sin it cannot cleanse.

3 Our scarlet crimes are made as wool,
And we brought nigh to God;
Thanks to that wrath-appeasing death,
That heaven-procuring blood.

4 The blood that makes His glorious Church,
From every blemish free;
And oh! the riches of His love,
He pour'd it out for me.

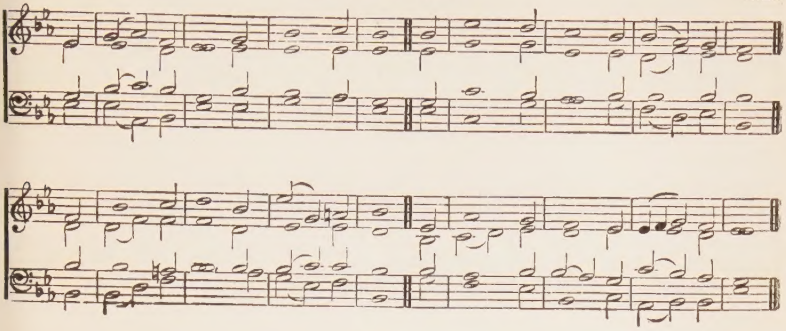
5 The Father's everlasting love,
And Jesus' precious blood,
Shall be our endless themes of praise
In yonder blest abode.

6 In patience let us then possess
Our souls till He appear;
Our Head already is in heaven,
And we shall soon be there.

"Communion"

## HYMN 217.

L.M.



1 O! SPOTLESS Lamb of God, in Thee
The Father's holiness we see;
And with delight Thy children trace,
In Thee—His wondrous love and grace.

2 For Thou didst leave Thy throne above,
To teach us that our "God is Love!"
And now we see His glory shine
In every word and deed of Thine.

3 When we behold Thee, Lamb of God,
Beneath our sins' tremendous load,
Expiring on the accursed tree,
How great our guilt, with grief we see.

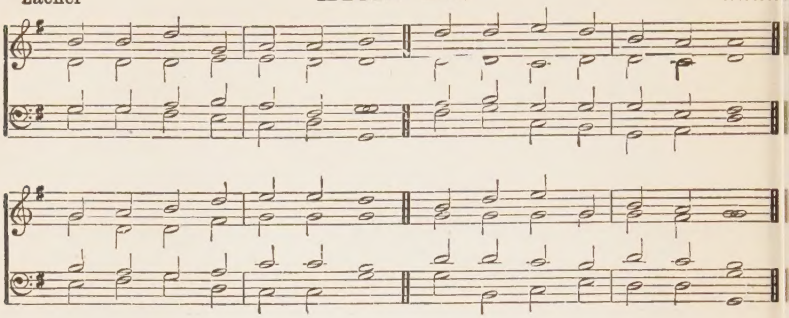
4 There we with joy Thy grace behold;
Its height and depth can ne'er be told!
It bursts our chains and sets us free,
And sweetly draws our souls to Thee!

5 The cross reveals Thy love below;
But better soon our hearts shall know,
When we behold Thy face above,—
The fulness of our Father's love.

"Zacher"

## HYMN 218.

7.7.7.7.



1 O THOU spotless Lamb of God,
Thou hast bought us with Thy blood—
We would value nought beside
Jesus—Jesus crucified.

2 We are Thine—and Thine alone,
This we gladly, fully own;
And, in all our works and ways,
Now would only seek Thy praise.

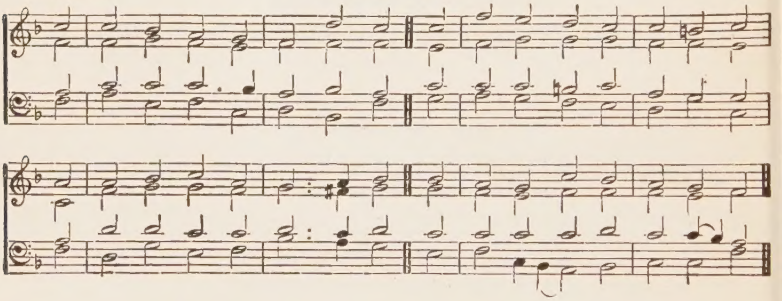
3 Help us to confess Thy name,
Bear with joy Thy cross and shame,
Only seek to follow Thee,
Though reproach our portion be.

4 When Thou shalt in glory come,
And we reach our heavenly home,
Louder still our lips shall own,
We are Thine, and Thine alone.

"Melcombe"

## HYMN 219.

L.M.



1 OUR Father! oh, what gracious ways
And thoughts of love that name conveys:
It tells us of the tender care
Beloved children ever share.

2 Our Father! by Thy mercies past,
We learn on Thee our cares to cast:
And while our wants are known to Thee,
We need not fear whate'er they be.

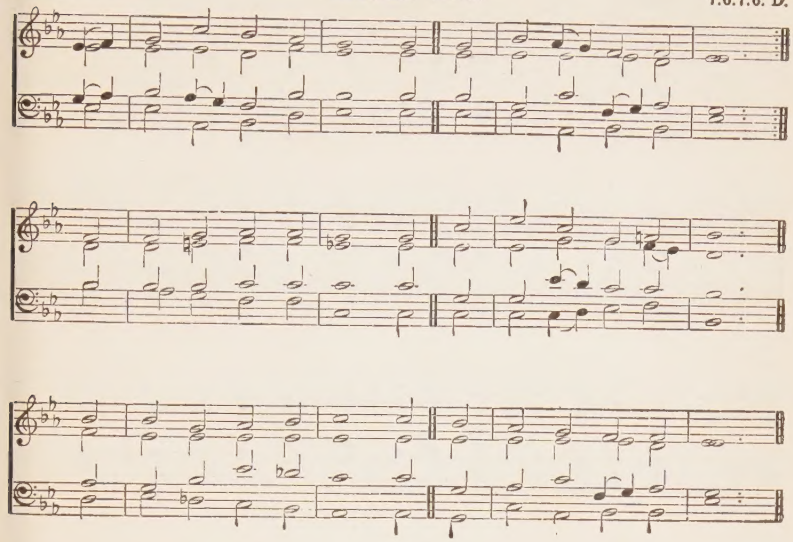
3 How oft when wand'ring far away,
Thy care has hedged up all our way;
So bidding us return and live,
And learn how much Thou canst forgive.

4 How precious are Thy thoughts to us!
How dear Thy name revealed thus!
Oh! make us followers of Thee,
As Thy dear children ought to be.

"Munich"

## HYMN 220.

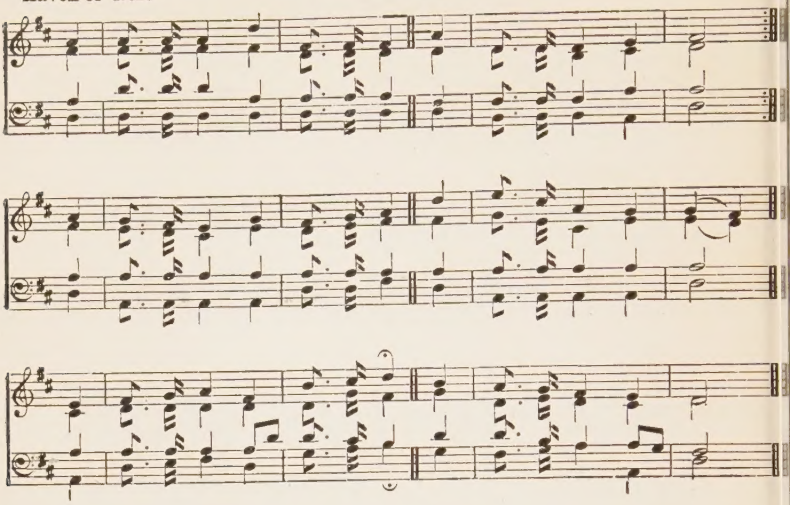
7.6.7.6. D.



1 OUR Father we would worship,
In Jesus' holy name;
For He, whate'er our changes,
For ever is the same:
Through Him Thy children's praises
As incense sweet will be:
And songs Thy Spirit raises
Can want no melody.

2 The fire Thy love hath kindled
Shall never be put out;
The Spirit keeps it burning,
Though dimmed by sin and doubt:
Oh! make it burn more brightly,
With purifying powers;
That we may value rightly
The grace that made Thee ours.

"Haven of Rest" **HYMN 221.** C.M.D.



1 OUR souls are in God's mighty hand,
We're precious in His sight;
And you and I shall surely stand
With Him in glory bright.

We'll stem the storm, it won't be long,
We'll anchor by-and-by,
In the haven of eternal rest,
With Jesus ever nigh.

2 Him eye to eye we then shall see,
Our face like His shall shine,
Oh, what a glorious company
Where saints and angels join.

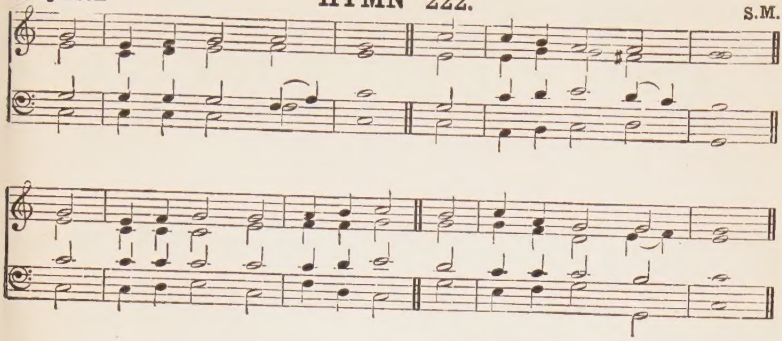
3 Oh, what a joyful meeting there,
In robes of white arrayed:
We all shall join in praising Him
Whose glories never fade.

4 When we've been there ten thousand years
Bright shining as the sun,
We'll have no less to sing His praise
Than when we first begun.

"Boylston"

## HYMN 222.

S.M.



1 OUR times are in Thy hand,
Father, we wish them there;
Our life, our souls, our all we leave
Entirely to Thy care.

2 Our times are in Thy hand,
Whatever they may be,
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to Thee.

3 Our times are in Thy hand,
Why should we doubt or fear?
Our Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

4 Our times are in Thy hand,
Jesus, the crucified!
The hand our many sins have pierced
Is now our guard and guide.

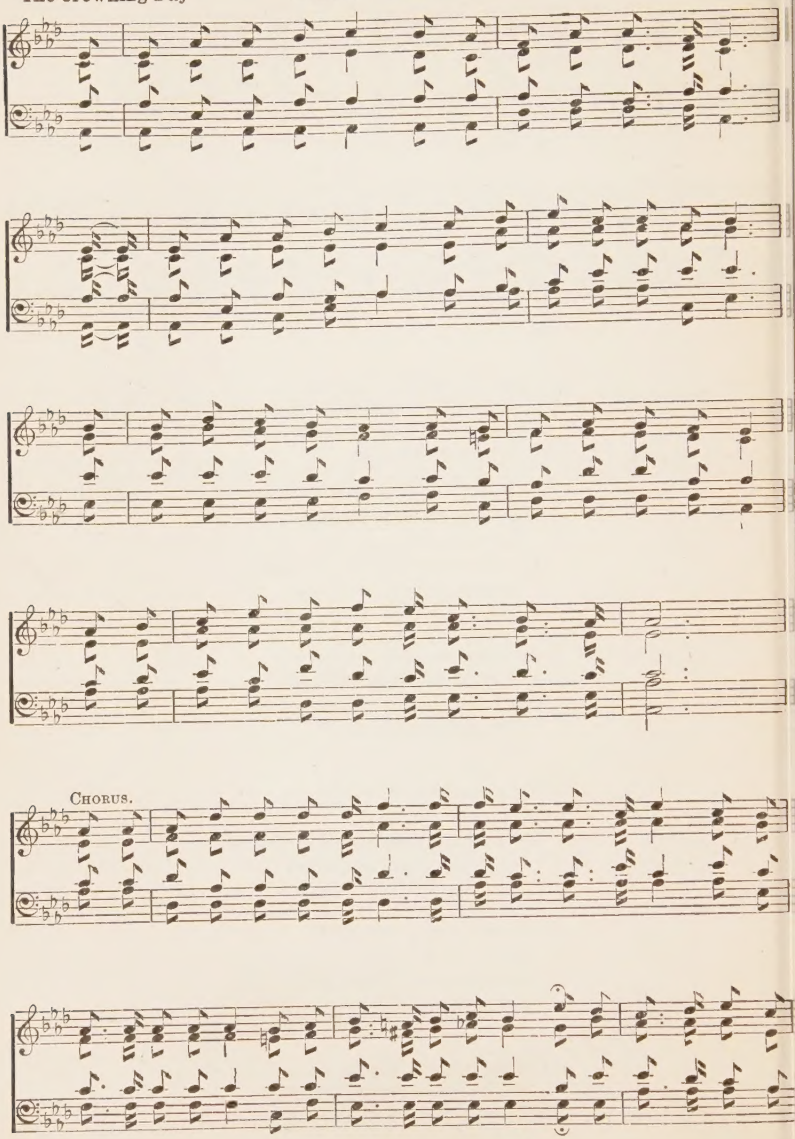
5 Our times are in Thy hand,
Jesus, our Advocate!
Nor is that hand outstretched in vain,
For us to supplicate.

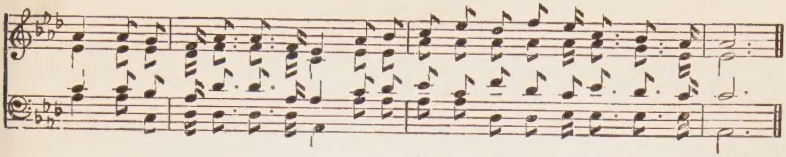
6 Our times are in Thy hand:
We'd always trust in Thee,
Till we have left this weary land,
And all Thy glory see.

"The Crowning Day"

## HYMN 223.

P.M.





1 OUR Lord is now rejected,
And by the world disowned,
By the many still neglected,
And by the few enthroned;
But soon he'll come in glory!
The hour is drawing nigh,
For the crowning day is coming
By-and-by.

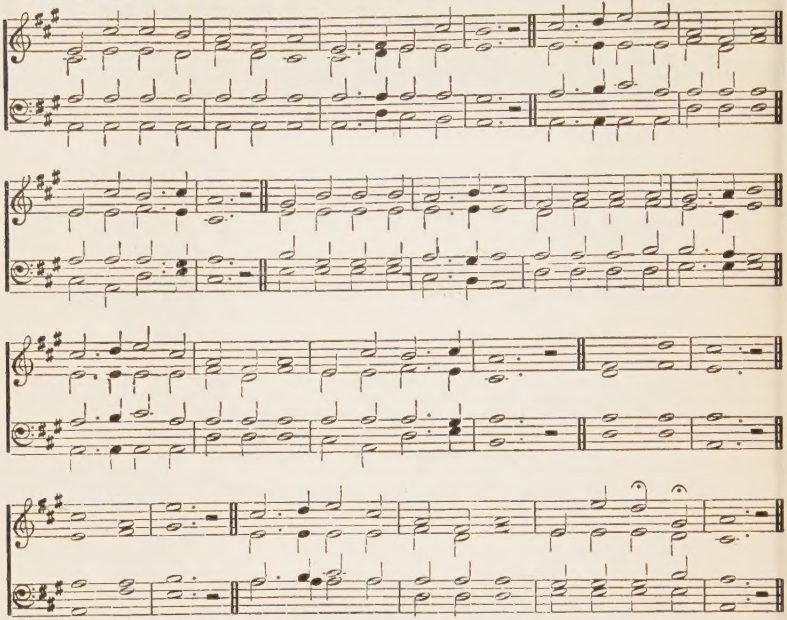
Oh, the crowning day is coming!
Is coming by-and-by!
When our Lord shall come in "power"
And "glory" from on high!
Oh, the glorious sight will gladden
Each waiting, watchful eye,
In the crowning day that's coming
By-and-by.

2 The heavens shall glow with splendour;
But brighter far than they,
The saints shall shine in glory,
As Christ shall them array:
The beauty of the Saviour
Shall dazzle every eye,
In the crowning day that's coming
By-and-by.

3 Our pain shall then be over;
We'll sin and sigh no more,
Behind us all of sorrow,
And nought but joy before;
A joy in our Redeemer,
As we to Him are nigh,
In the crowning day that's coming
By-and-by.

4 Let all that look for, "hasten"
The coming joyful day,
By earnest consecration,
To walk the narrow way:
By gathering in the lost ones,
For whom our Lord did die,
For the crowning day that's coming
By-and-by.

"Love of Christ" **HYMN 224.** P.M.



1 OURS are peace and joy divine,
Who are one with Christ,
When—like branches in the vine—
We abide in Christ.
As a living grafted shoot,
Nourished from a hidden root,
We may bear all holy fruit:
Through "the love of Christ."
Love of Christ—love of Christ—
Clusters grow on every branch,
Through "the love of Christ."

2 Christian pity moves our heart,
Through "the love of Christ;"
Others' woes pierce like a dart
When there's love to Christ.
Gospel tidings we must tell—
Sinners warn to flee from hell—
Lure and win-alarm, compel—
By "the love of Christ."
Love of Christ—love of Christ—
Heaven's ranks we'll seek to swell,
For "the love of Christ,"

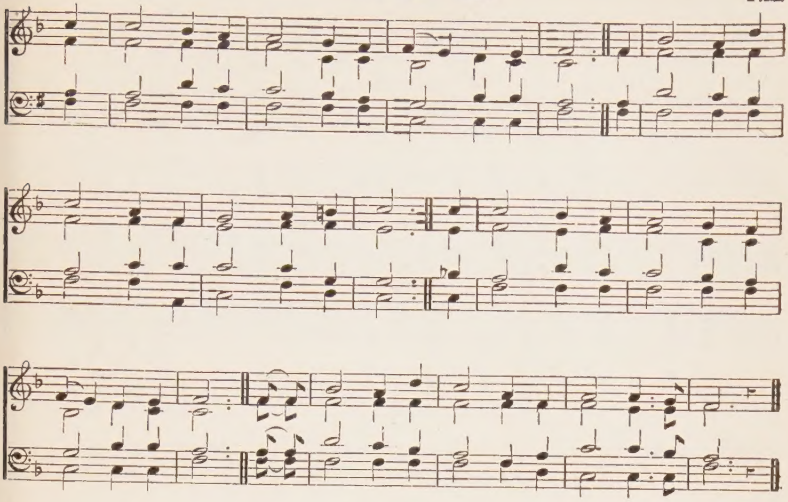
3 We will love with tender care—
Knowing love to Christ—
Brethren who His image bear—
For "the love of Christ."
"Jesus only" shall we know,
And our love to all shall flow,
In His blood-bought Church below,
For "the love of Christ."
Love of Christ—love of Christ—
We now love all Christ-like ones,
For "the love of Christ."

4 Now we live and walk by faith,
Through "the love of Christ;"
We can triumph over death,
One in life with Christ;
Rooted, settled, knowing more,
Depths and heights of love explore,
Till we gain the heavenly shore—
Through "the love of Christ."
Love of Christ—love of Christ—
When He comes we then shall know
All "the love of Christ"

"Hiding in Thee"

## HYMN 225.

P.M.



1 OH WHAT shall we feel in Thy presence when first
The visions of glory upon us shall burst!
Since now our soul longeth and seeketh for Thee: [we see?
Oh when, blessed Saviour, Thy face shall

2 That face, once so marred, we shall gaze on at length, [strength:
And fearless behold, as the sun in his
Those eyes, flames of fire, that so searching we prove,
Shall beam on us then inexpressible love.

3 Thy voice, like great waters,—how calmly our soul
Shall hear in the glory its deep waters roll;
Though now it rebukes us and humbles our pride, [bride.
It shall speak only love to Thy glorified

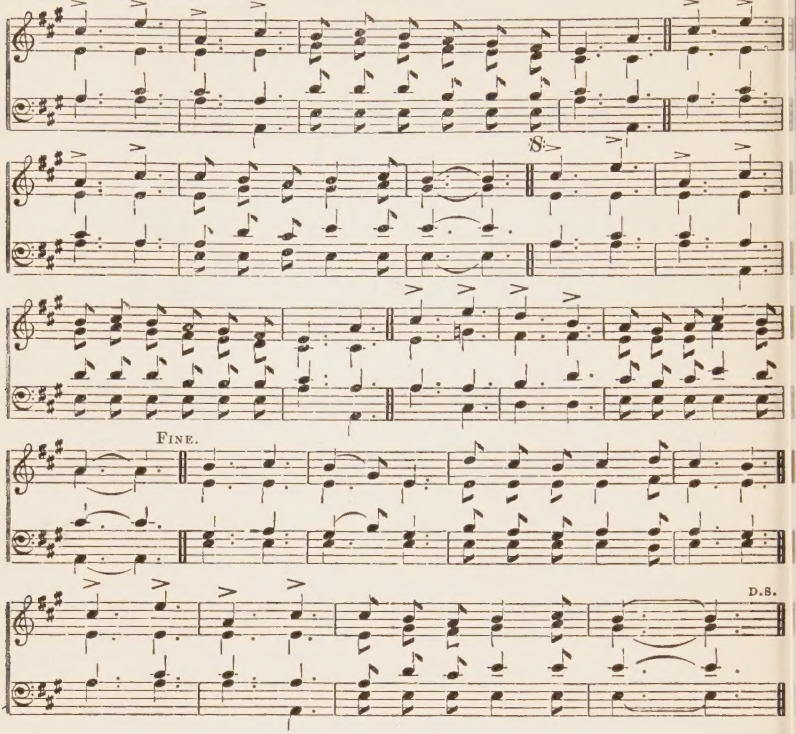
4 Oh Thou who this world as a lone pilgrim trod. [God;
Thy Father our Father; Thy God is our
To Thee we behold the bright seraphim bow! [now.
Lord Jesus! what glory doth rest on Thee

5 Thy Spirit has shown God's deep purpose to be,
To empty, then fill us with glory like Thee:
And now Thou dost wait—Thy full joy to impart, [heart.
For that day of espousals—the joy of Thy

6 Now moment by moment, to answer our needs. [pleads:
Thy blood, holy Saviour, in righteousness
And, sheltered by that, how serene and how calm, [harm.
Our souls on Thy bosom are shielded from

7 We see Thee, Lord Jesus, with glory now crowned,
And waiting Thy coming, in peace would be found;
The visions of glory have turned all to dross—
For Thee, give us grace to count all things but loss.

"Praise Him! Praise Him!" **HYMN 226.** 12.10.12.10. D.




1 PRAISE Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Redeemer!
Sing, ye saints! His wonderful love proclaim;
Hail Him! hail Him! mightiest angels in glory,
Strength and honour give to His holy name.
Like a shepherd, Jesus will feed His people,
In His arms He carries them all day long;
O ye saints that dwell in the light of His presence,
Praise Him! praise Him! ever in joyful song.

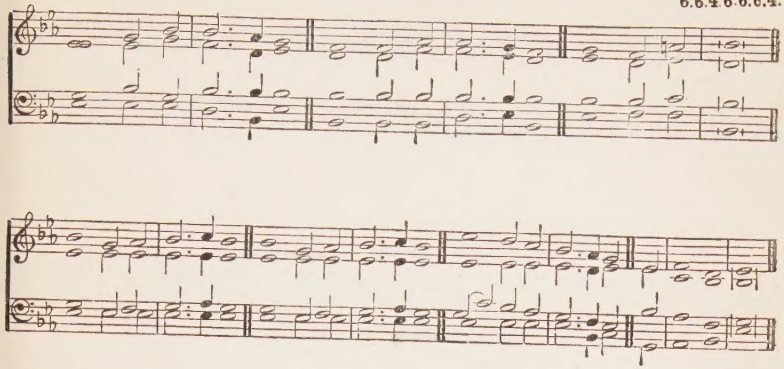
2 Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Redeemer,
For our sins He suffered, and bled, and died;
He's our rock, our hope of eternal salvation,
Hail Him! hail Him! Jesus the crucified.
Loving Saviour, meekly enduring sorrow,
Crowned with thorns that cruelly pierced His brow;
Once for us rejected, despised, and forsaken,
Prince of Glory! He is triumphant now.

3 Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Redeemer,
Heavenly portals loud with hosannahs ring,
Jesus, Saviour, reigneth for ever and ever;
Crown Him! crown Him! prophet, and priest, and king.
Death is vanquished! tell it with joy, ye faithful,
Where is now thy victory, boasting grave?
Jesus lives! no longer thy portals are cheerless;
Jesus lives; the mighty and strong to save.

"Olivet"

## HYMN 227.

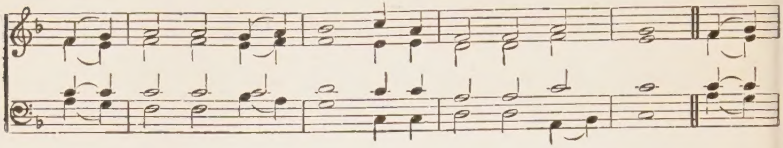
6.6.4.6.6.4.

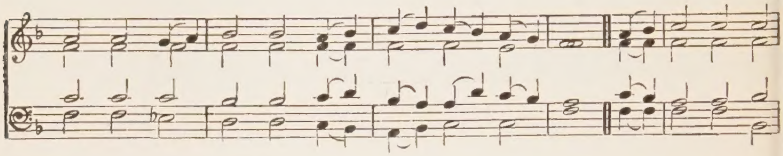


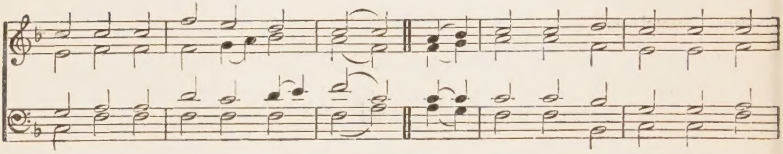
1 PEACE, what a precious sound!
Tell it the world around:
Christ hath made peace!
Our souls are brought to God
By His atoning blood,
And crowned with every good:
Christ hath made peace!

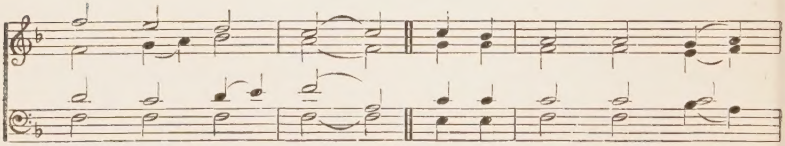
2 Love was the spring of all,
Love triumphed o'er our fall,—
The love of God!
My soul, this love adore,
And praise for evermore;
Yea, sound from shore to shore,
The love of God!

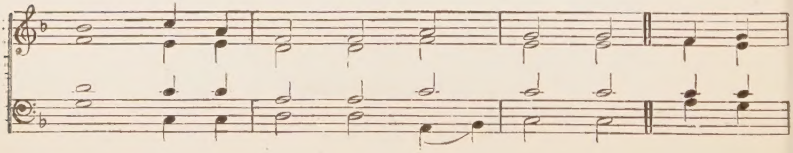
"Salvation" **HYMN 228.** P.M.

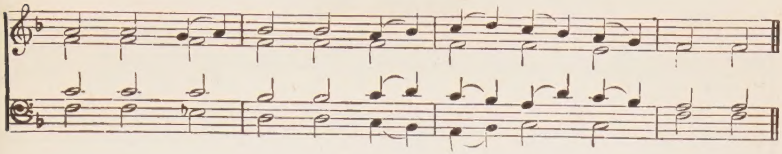












1 PRAISE, praise ye the name of Jehovah, our God,
Delare, oh, declare ye His glories abroad;
Proclaim ye His mercy from nation to nation,
Till the uttermost islands have heard His salvation!

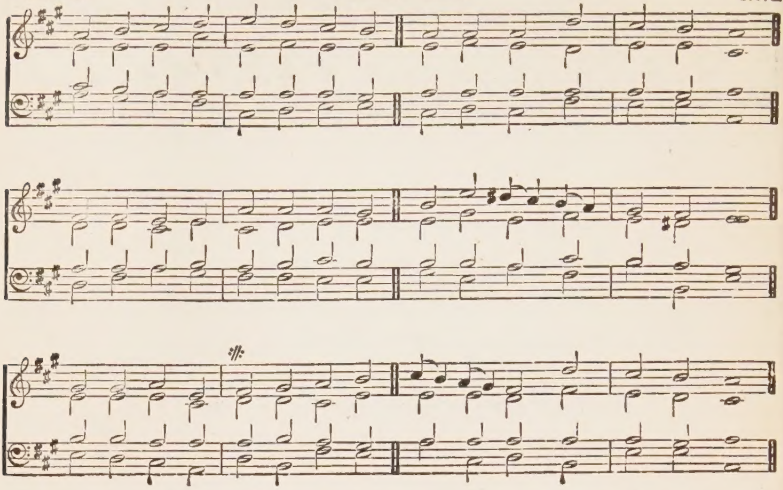
For His love floweth on free and full as a river,
And His mercy endureth for ever and ever.

2 Praise, praise ye the Lamb who for sinners was slain,
Who went down to the grave and ascended again:
And who soon shall return, when these dark days are over,
To set up His kingdom in glory and power.

3 Then the heavens, the earth, and the sea shall rejoice,
The fields and the forest, shall lift the glad voice;
The sands of the desert shall flourish in green,
And Lebanon's glory be shed o'er the scene.

4 Her bridal attire, and her festal array,
All nature shall wear on that glorious day;
For her King cometh down with His people to reign,
And His presence shall bless her with Eden again.

"Corinth" **HYMN 229.** 8.7.4.



1 PRAISE the Lord, and leave to-morrow
In thy loving Father's hands;
Burden not thyself with sorrow,
For secure the promise stands.
He is faithful,
Leave thy troubles in His hands.

2 Trust to-day, and leave to-morrow,
Each day has enough of care;
Therefore, whatsoe'er thy burden,
God will give thee strength to bear.
He is faithful,
Cast on Him thine every care.

3 Pray to-day, and let to-morrow
Bring with it whate'er it may;
Hear thy loving Father promise
Strength according to thy day.
He is faithful,
Trust Him, therefore, come what may.

4 Watch to-day, and leave to-morrow,
For to-morrow may not come;
For to-day thy loving Saviour
May appear to take thee home.
He is faithful,
Look for Him, the coming One.

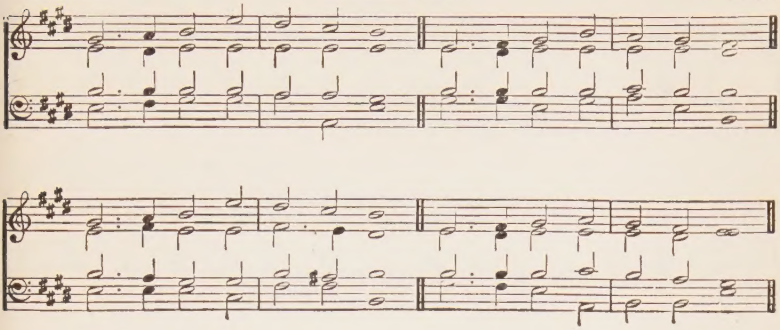
5 Work to-day, and leave to-morrow;
All around there's urgent need;
All around there's sin and sorrow;
Broadcast, daily sow thy seed.
God is faithful,
He shall bless thy work indeed.

6 Thus by trusting, watching, praying,
Each day, as our time rolls on,
We shall find the promised blessing,
Daily strength till Jesus come.
He is faithful,
He will come to take us home.

"Innocents"

## HYMN 230.

7.7.7.7.



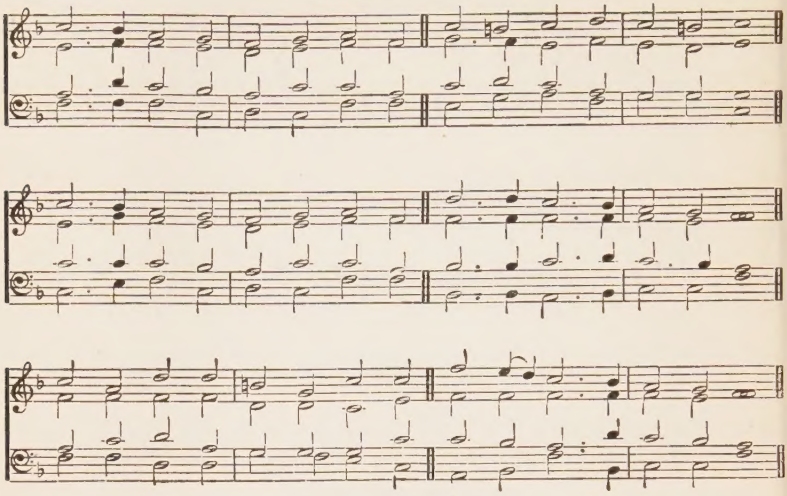
1 PRAISE thy Saviour, O my soul,
He has drunk the bitter gall,
Paid thy ransom—set thee free;
Praise Him—praise Him cheerfully.

2 Oh! the wonders of His love!
See Him coming from above
To atone and die for thee;
Praise Him—praise Him cheerfully.

3 See the waves and billows roll,
O'er His sinless, spotless soul,
Oh, my soul, it was for thee,
Praise Him—praise Him cheerfully.

4 Yes—with joy we'll praise Him now,
Till with saints above we bow,
And to all eternity,
Praise Him—praise Him cheerfully.

"Anticipation" **HYMN 231.** 8.7.4.



1 PRECIOUS is the blood of Jesus
Unto sinners who believe;
From the wrath of God it frees us,
And salvation we receive.
"It is finished!"
Sounds with joy through earth and heav'n.

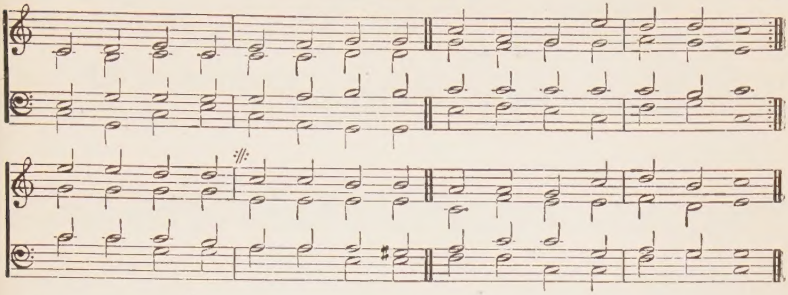
2 Jesus now in heav'n is seated,
And by faith on Him we rest:
Soon the Church will be completed,
And the saints with Him be blest!
Grace and glory
In our Saviour we receive.

3 Soon will pass the night of sorrow,
And the Lord in glory come;
We shall see Him on the morrow,
And the bride be welcomed home!
Hallelujah!
Glory, glory to the Lamb!

"Neander"

## HYMN 232.

8.7.4.



1 PRAISE the Lord, who died to save us;
Praise His ever gracious name;
Praise Him that He lives to bless us,
Now and evermore the same.
Blessed Saviour!
We would all Thy love proclaim.

2 Grace it was, yea, grace abounding,
Brought Thee down to save the lost;
Ye above, His throne surrounding,
Praise Him; praise Him all His host.
Saints adore Him,
Ye are they who owe Him most.

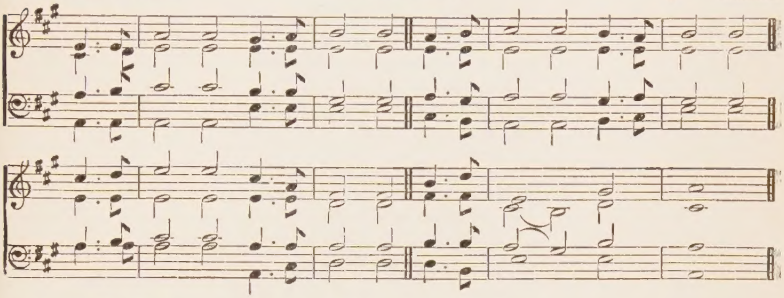
3 We, of all His hand created,
Objects of such grace alone,
By eternal love elected,
Destin'd now to share His throne.
Sing with wonder,
Sing of what our Lord hath done.

4 Praise His name who died to save us;
'Tis by Him His people live;
And in Him the Father gave us
All that boundless love could give:
Life eternal
In our Saviour we receive.

"Praise the Saviour"

## HYMN 233.

8.8.8.5.



1 PRAISE the Saviour, ye who know Him:
Who can tell how much we owe Him?
Gladly let us render to Him
All we are and have.

2 Jesus is the name that charms us,
He for conflict fits and arms us:
Nothing moves and nothing harms us,
When we trust in Him.

3 Trust in Him, ye saints, for ever;
He is faithful, changing never;
Neither force nor guile can sever
Those He loves from Him.

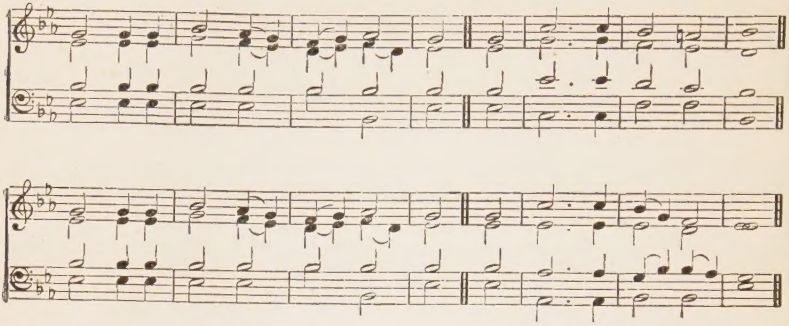
4 Keep us, Lord, oh! keep us cleaving
To Thyself, and still believing,
Till the hour of our receiving
Promised joys in heaven.

5 Then we shall be where we would be,
Then we shall be what we should be,
That which is not now, nor could be,
Then shall be our own.

"Naomi"

## HYMN 234.

C.M.



1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexprest,
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

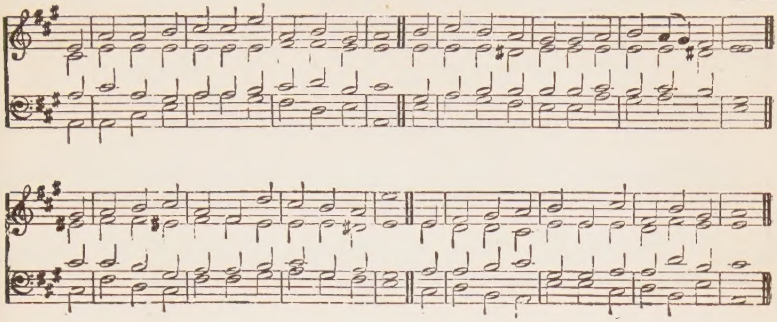
3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try:
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death,—
He enters heaven with prayer.

5 The saints in prayer appear as one,
In word, and deed, and mind;
While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

6 O thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way!
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod:
Lord, teach us how to pray!

"Hanover" **HYMN 235.** 11's.



1 PRESS forward and fear not!
The billows may roll,
But the power of Jesus
Their rage can control;
Though waves rise in anger,
Their tumult shall cease;
One word of His bidding
Shall hush them to peace.

2 Press forward and fear not!
Though trial be near;
The Lord is our refuge,
Whom then shall we fear?
His staff is our comfort,
Our safeguard His rod;
Then let us be steadfast
And trust in our God.

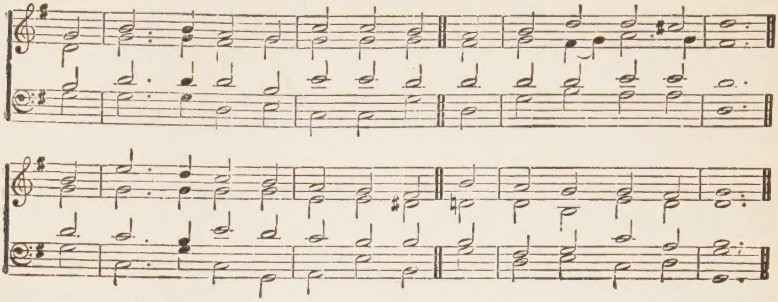
3 Press forward and fear not!
Be strong in the Lord,
In the power of His promise,
The truth of His word;
Through the sea and the desert
Our pathway may tend,
But He who hath saved us
Will save to the end.

4 Press forward and fear not!
We'll speed on our way;
Why should we e'er shrink
From our path in dismay?
We tread but the way
Which our Leader has trod;
Then let us press forward,
And trust in our God.

"Old Winchester"

## HYMN 236.

C.M.



1 "PRAISE ye the Lord!" again, again,
The Spirit strikes the chord;
Nor toucheth He our hearts in vain;
We praise, we praise the Lord.

2 "Rejoice in Him!" again, again,
The Spirit speaks the word;
And faith takes up the happy strain;
Our joy is in the Lord.

3 "Stand fast *in Christ!*" ah! yet again
He teaches all the band;
Our best endeavours are in vain,
In Christ alone we stand.

4 "Clean every whit!" Thou saidst it, Lord:
Shall one suspicion lurk?
Thine, surely, is a faithful word,
And Thine a finished work.

5 For ever be the glory given
To Thee, O Lamb of God!
No joy for us, in earth or heaven,
We owe not to Thy blood.

## HYMN 237.

*To the foregoing Tune.*

1 REJOICE! Rejoice! ye saints, rejoice!
Rejoice with one accord;
Rejoice with all your heart and voice,
In Christ the exalted Lord.

2 Rejoice! Rejoice! lift up your head,
And praise the living God;
That for your souls the Saviour shed
His own most precious blood.

3 Rejoice! Rejoice! in His sweet name,
With all His saints above;
Our Jesus still abides the same,
And changeless is His love.

4 Rejoice! Rejoice! let praise abound
Before Jehovah's throne,
For dead ones raised, and lost ones found,
And prodigals brought home.

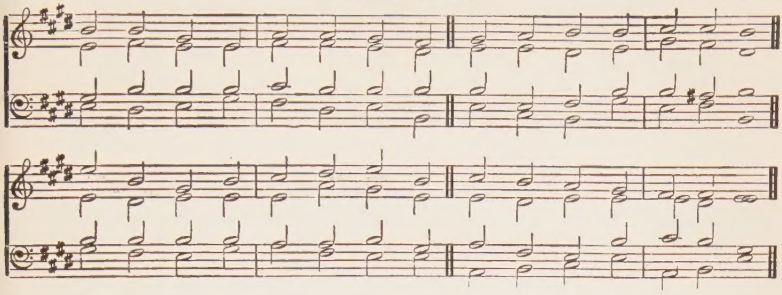
5 Rejoice! Rejoice! ye happy band
Of pilgrims bound for heaven;
For mercies countless as the sand
Have to your souls been given.

6 Rejoice! Rejoice! the Lord shall come,
According to His word;
And gather all His ransomed home,
"For ever with the Lord."

"Gotha"

## HYMN 238.

8.7.8.7.



1 RISE, my soul! behold, 'tis Jesus,
Jesus fills thy wondering eyes;
See Him now in glory seated,
Where thy sins no more can rise.

2 There, in righteousness transcendent,
Lo! He doth in heaven appear,
Shows the blood of His atonement
As thy title to be there.

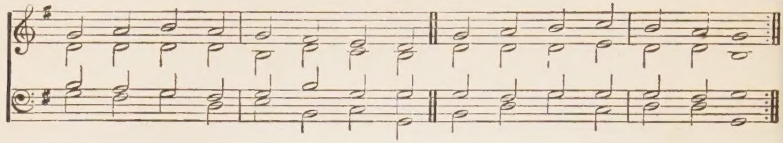
3 All Thy sins were laid upon Him,
Jesus bore them on the tree;
God, who knew them, laid them on Him,
And, believing, thou art free.

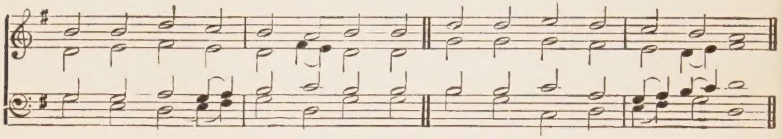
4 God now brings thee to His dwelling,
Spreads for thee His feast Divine,
Bids thee welcome, ever telling
What a portion there is thine.

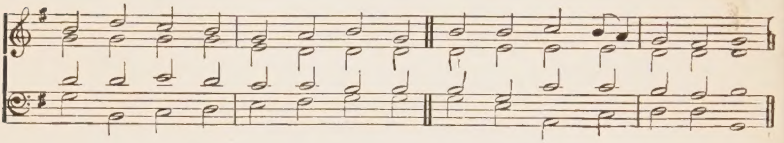
5 In that circle of God's favour,
Circle of the Father's love,
All is rest, and rest for ever;
All is perfectness above.

6 Blessed, glorious word "for ever!"
Yea, "for ever!" is the word;
Nothing can the ransomed sever—
Nought divide them from the Lord.

"Old 42nd" **HYMN 239.** 8.7.8.7. D.







1 RISE, my soul, thy God directs thee;
Stranger hands no more impede;
Pass thou on; His hand protects thee,
Strength that has the captive freed.

2 Is the wilderness before thee?
Desert land where drought abides?
Heavenly springs shall there restore thee,
Fresh from God's exhaustless tides.

3 Light Divine surrounds thy going:
God himself shall mark thy way:
Secret blessings, richly flowing,
Lead to everlasting day.

4 In the desert God will teach thee
What the God that thou hast found,
Patient, gracious, powerful, holy,—
All His grace shall there abound.

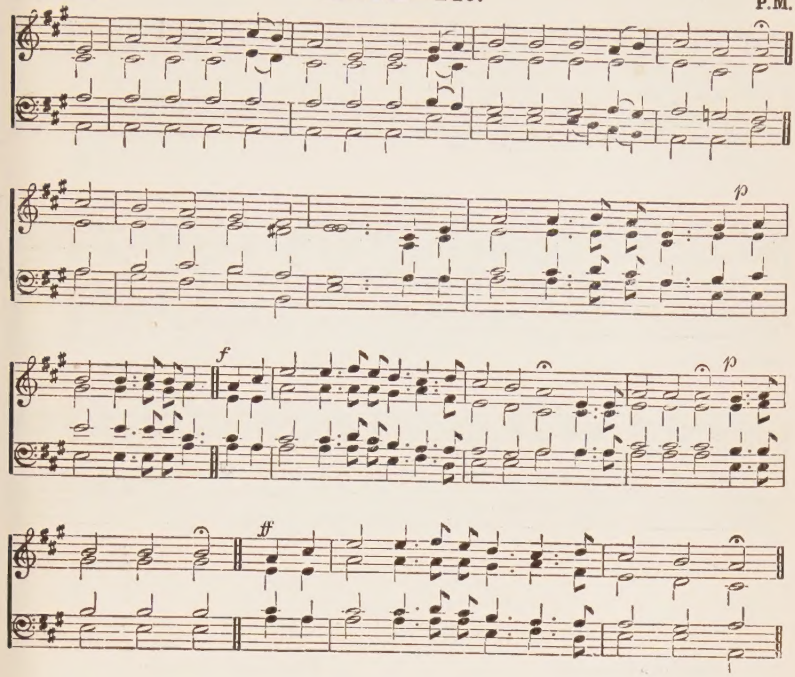
5 Though thy way be long and dreary,
Eagle strength He'll still renew;
Garments fresh and foot unweary,
Tell how God hath brought thee through.

6 There no stranger God shall meet thee;
Stranger thou in courts above,
He who to His rest shall greet thee,
Greets thee with a well-known love.

"Rapture"

## HYMN 240.

P.M.




1 REJOICE ye saints; the time draws near,
When Christ will in the clouds appear,
And for His people call.

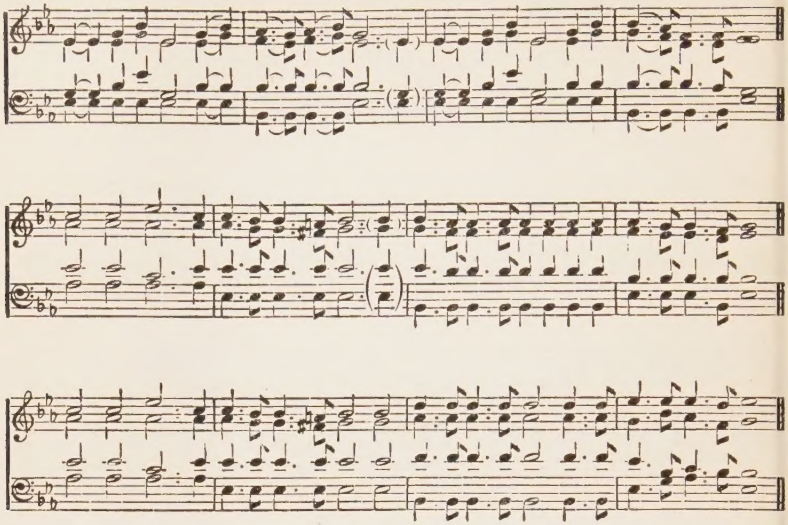
Trim your lamps and be ready—
Trim your lamps and be ready—
Trim your lamps and be ready—
For the midnight cry.

2 The trumpet sounds! through earth and sky
Resounds the solemn midnight cry,
"Behold the Bridegroom comes."

3 The Lord will come to claim His own,
And on each faithful one a crown
Of life He will bestow.

4 And then with rapture infinite
We'll cast our crowns down at His feet,
And crown Him King of kings.

"Hasten" **HYMN 241.** P.M.



1 RISE up and hasten!
My soul haste along!
And speed on thy journey,
With hope and with song:
Home, home is nearing,
'Tis coming into view,
A little more of toiling,
And then to earth adieu!

Come, then come!
And raise a joyful song,
Ye children of the wilderness,
Our time cannot be long:
Home, home, home!
Oh, why should we delay—
The morn of heaven is dawning,
We're near the break of day.

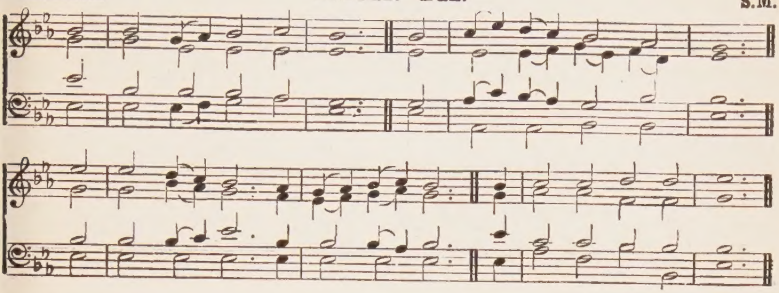
2 Why should we linger
When heaven lies before,
Earth's fast receding,
And soon we'll be no more;
Its joys and its treasures
Which once here we knew,
Now never more can charm us,
With such a goal in view.

3 Loved ones in Jesus,
They've passed on before,
Resting in glory,
They weary are no more;
Desert toils are ended,
Nothing now but joy
And praises loud ascending
Their ever glad employ.

4 No condemnation!
Blessed is the word;
No separation!
For ever with the Lord;
By His blood He bought them,
Cleansed their every stain,
With rapture now they praise Him,
The Lamb that once was slain.

5 Soon we shall join them,
See Him with these eyes;
Sing hallelujahs
Triumphant in the skies:
He will be with us,
Who loved us long before,
And Jesus, blessed Saviour,
Is ours for evermore!

"Silchester" **HYMN 242.** S.M.



1 "REVIVE *Thy work, O Lord!*"
Thy mighty arm make bare:
Speak with the voice which wakes the dead,
And make Thy people hear.

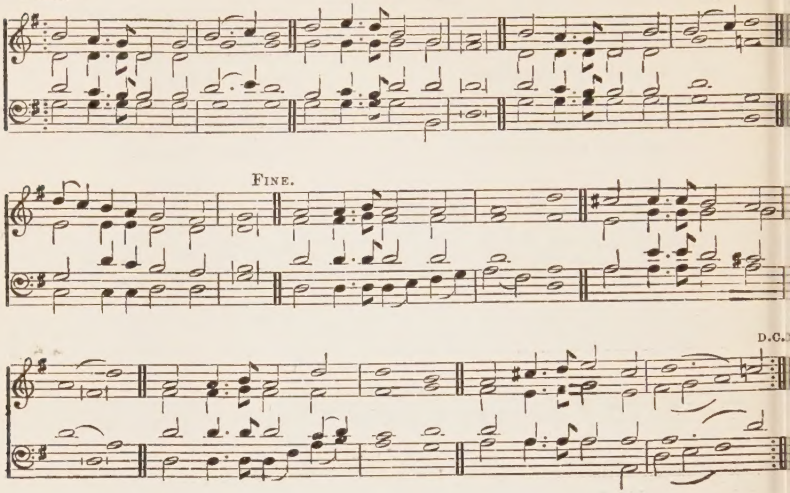
2 "*Revive Thy work, O Lord!*"
Disturb this sleep of death:
Quicken the smouldering embers, Lord,
By Thine almighty breath.

3 "*Revive Thy work, O Lord!*"
Create soul-thirst for Thee:
And hungering for the Bread of Life
O may our spirits be!

4 "*Revive Thy work, O Lord!*"
Give power unto Thy word,
Grant that Thy blessed gospel may
In living faith be heard.

5 "*Revive Thy work, O Lord!*"
And give refreshing showers:
The glory shall be all Thine own,
The blessing, Lord, be ours!

"Faith" **HYMN 243.** 7.6.7.6. D.




1 SAFE in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There, by His love o'ershadowed,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.
Hark, 'tis the voice of angels,
Borne in a song to me,
Over the fields of glory,
Over the jasper sea.
Safe in the arms of Jesus.

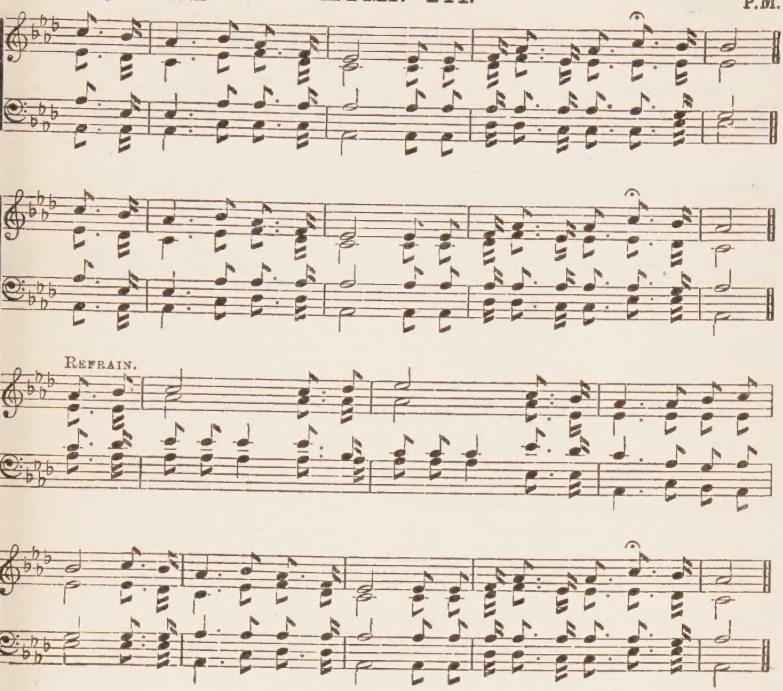
2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there.
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears;
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears.
Safe in the arms of Jesus.

3 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
Jesus has died for me:
Firm on the Rock of ages,
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er,
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.
Safe in the arms of Jesus.

"Every Day and Hour"

## HYMN 244.

P.M.




1 SAVIOUR, more than life to me,
I am clinging, clinging close to Thee;
Let Thy precious blood applied,
Keep me ever, ever near Thy side.

Every day, every hour,
Let me feel Thy cleansing power;
May Thy tender love to me
Bind me closer, closer, Lord to Thee.

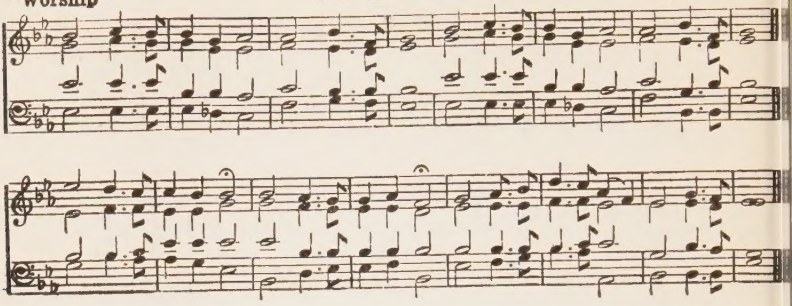
2 Through this changing world below
Lead me gently, gently as I go;
Trusting Thee, I cannot stray,
I can never, never lose my way.

3 Let me love Thee more and more,
Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;
Till my soul is lost in love,
In a brighter, brighter world above.

"Worship"

## HYMN 245.

6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4.



1 SAVIOUR, Thy name I love! Jesus, my Lord!
All other names above, Jesus, my Lord!
Oh, Thou art all to me;
Nothing to please I see!
Nothing apart from Thee, Jesus, my Lord.

2 Thou blessed Son of God, Jesus, my Lord!
Hast bought me with Thy blood, Jesus, my Lord!
Oh, how great is Thy love,
All other loves above,
Love that I daily prove, Jesus, my Lord!

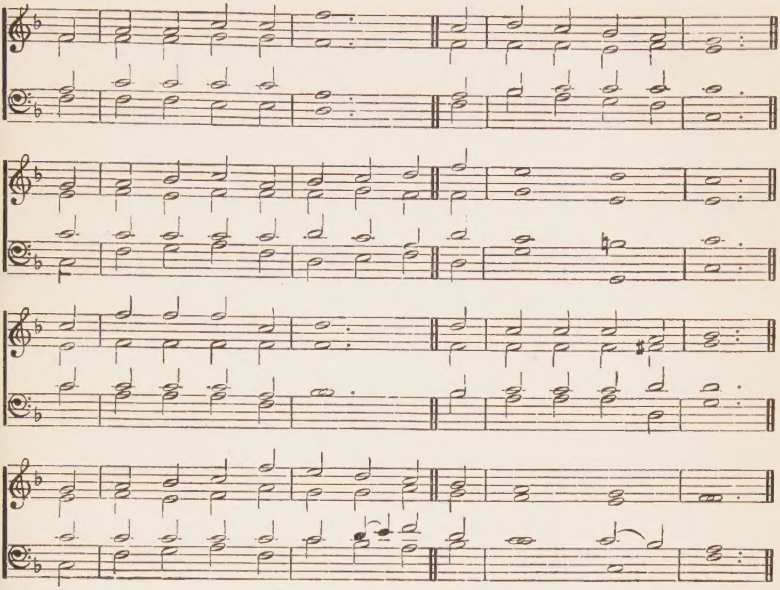
3 When unto Thee I flee, Jesus, my Lord!
Thou wilt my refuge be, Jesus, my Lord!
What need I now to fear?
What earthly grief or care?
Since Thou art ever near, Jesus, my Lord!

4 Soon Thou wilt come again, Jesus, my Lord!
I shall be happy then, Jesus, my Lord!
Then Thine own face I'll see;
Then I shall like Thee be;
Then evermore with Thee, Jesus, my Lord!

"Abraham"

## HYMN 246.

6.6.8.4.6.6.8.4.

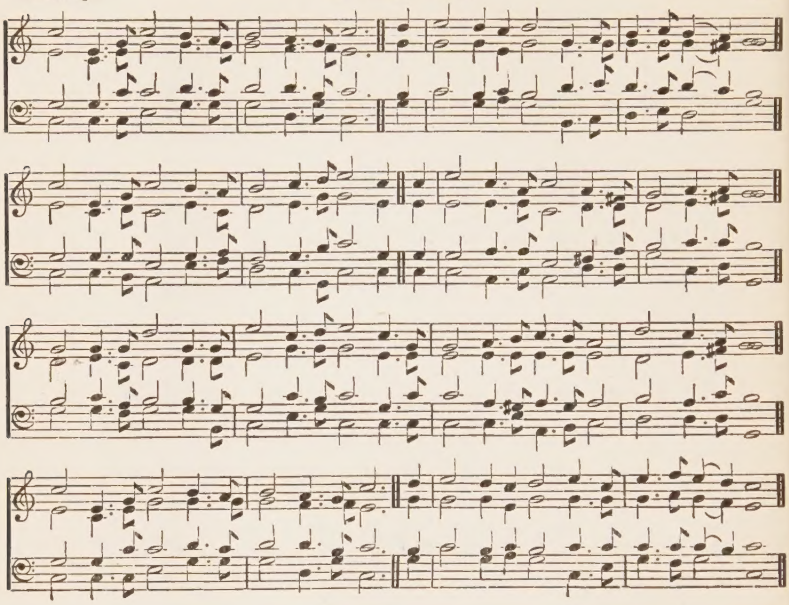


1 SALVATION to our God!
Salvation to the Lamb!
The shedding of His precious blood
Our only claim.
Our God salvation gives,
And through the Lamb it flows;
Once slain for us—for us He lives,
Our sole repose.

2 The Lamb once slain is seen
On God's eternal throne:
And His redeemed are white and clean,
Through Him alone.
Salvation's joyful sound
Bursts from the blood-bought throng:
And holy angels all around
Take up the song.

3 Our hearts are tuned for this,
Their songs our tongues employ;
The Lamb, the spring of all our bliss,
And God our joy.
Salvation to our God,
Thanksgiving, power, and might!
And to the Lamb who shed His blood,
Our life and light!

"Victory" **HYMN 247.** P.M.



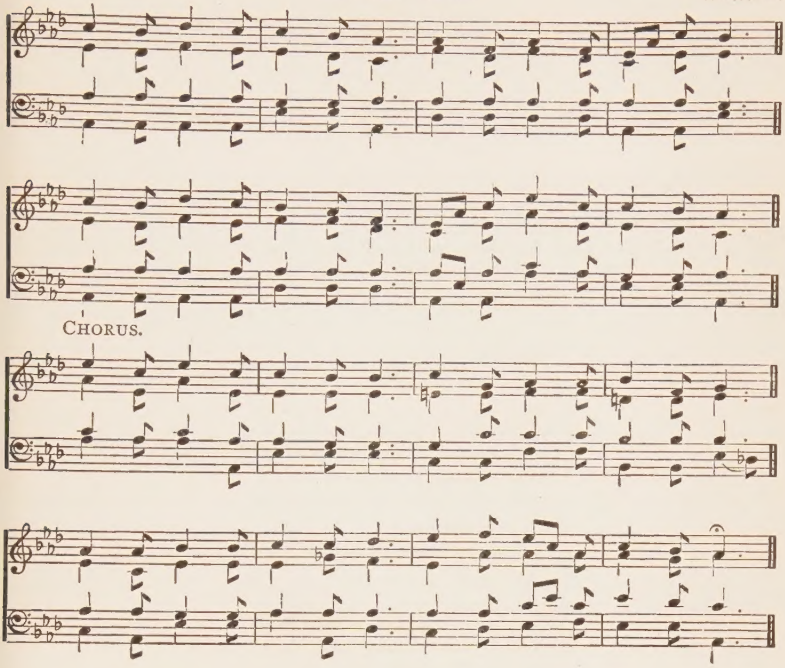
1 SOUND the high praises of Jesus, the King!
He came and He conquer'd—His victory sing;
Sing, for the power of the tyrant is broken;
The triumph complete over death and the grave:
Vain is their boasting; Jehovah hath spoken,
And Jesus proclaimed Himself mighty to save.
Sound the high praises of Jesus, the King;
He came and He conquered—His victory sing.

2 Praise to the Conqueror! Praise to the Lord!
The enemy quailed at the might of His word;
To heaven He ascends, and unfolds the glad story,
The host of the blessed exult in His fame;
In love He looks down from the throne of His glory,
And rescues the ruin'd who trust in His name;
Sound the high praises of Jesus, the King,
He came and He conquer'd—His victory sing.

"Trust"

## HYMN 248.

7.7.7.7. D.




1 SIMPLY trusting every day;
Trusting, though a stormy way;
Even when my faith is small,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

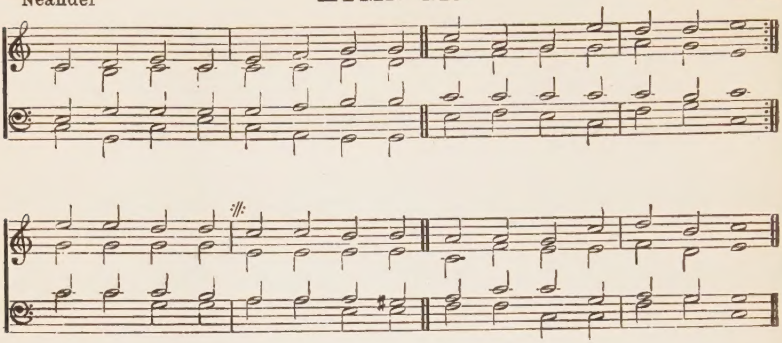
Trusting Him while life shall last,
Trusting Him till earth is past,
Till within the jasper wall,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

2 Brightly doth His spirit shine
Into this poor heart of mine;
While He leads I cannot fall,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

3 Singing if my way is clear;
Praying if the path is drear;
If in danger for Him call—
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

4 Trusting as the moments fly,
Trusting as the days go by,
Trusting Him whate'er befall—
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

"Neander" **HYMN 249.** 8.7.4.



1 SOVEREIGN grace o'er sin abounding,
Ransom'd souls, the tidings swell;
'Tis a deep that knows no sounding,
Who its breadth or length can tell?
On its glories
Let my soul for ever dwell.

2 What from Christ the soul can sever,
Bound by everlasting bands?
Once in Him, in Him for ever,
Thus the eternal covenant stands.
None shall pluck thee
From the Strength of Israel's hands.

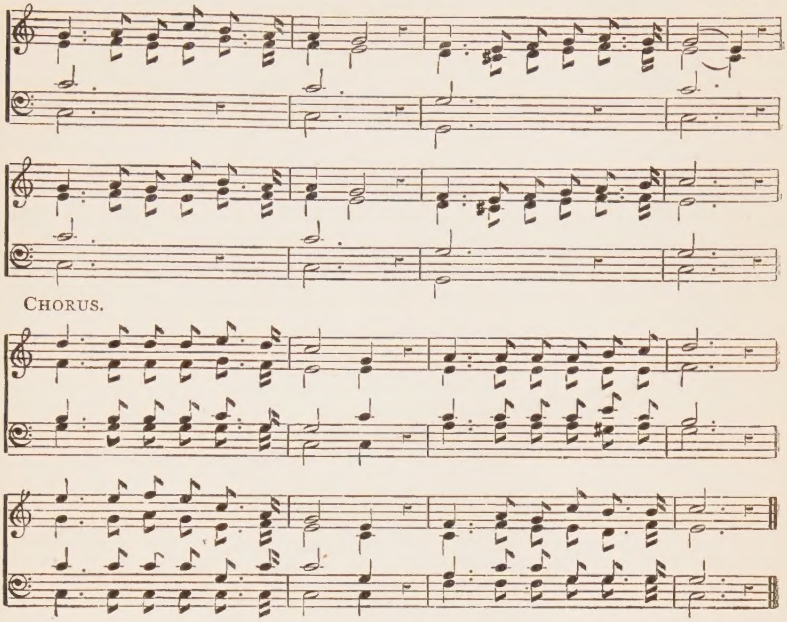
3 Heirs of God, joint-heirs with Jesus
Long ere time its race begun:
To His name eternal praises,
O what wonders love has done!
One with Jesus,
By eternal union one.

4 On such love, my soul, still ponder,
Love so great, so rich, so free;
Say, while lost in holy wonder,
Why, O Lord, such love to me?
Hallelujah!
Grace shall reign eternally.

"Room for Jesus"

## HYMN 250.

8.7.8.7. D.

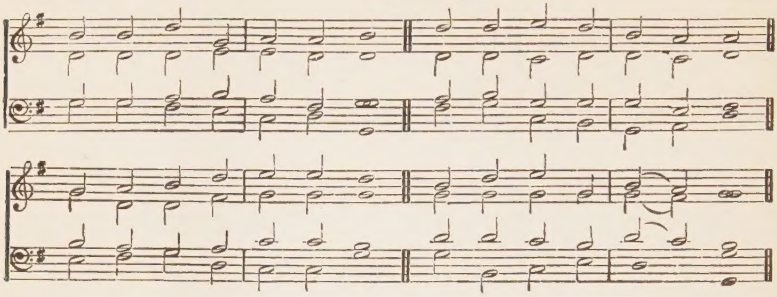



1 SON of God, 'twas love that made Thee
Die, our ruined souls to save;
'Twas our sins' vast load that laid Thee,
Lord of Life, within the grave.
But Thy glorious resurrection
Show'd Thee conqueror o'er the tomb?
So the saints, by Thy protection,
Through Thy work shall overcome,

2 Thou to heaven hast now ascended,
Entering there by Thine own blood;
All Thy work of suffering ended,
Fully wrought the will of God.
For Thy Church Thou still art caring,
For us pleading in Thy love;
And our place of rest preparing,
In the Father's house above.

3 Now the Holy Ghost doth gather
Unto God Thy people here;
We, as sons, cry "Abba, Father;"
His great love excluding fear:
What a debt of love we owe Thee,
Love that we can ne'er express,
Since we, through the Spirit, know Thee,
Christ the Lord, our righteousness.

"Zacher" *(First Tune.)* **HYMN 251.** 7.7.7.6.



1 SAVIOUR, we remember Thee!
Thy deep woe and agony,
All Thy suffering on the tree,
Saviour, we adore Thee!

2 Calvary! O Calvary!
Mercy's vast unfathomed sea,
Love, eternal love to me.
Saviour, we adore Thee!

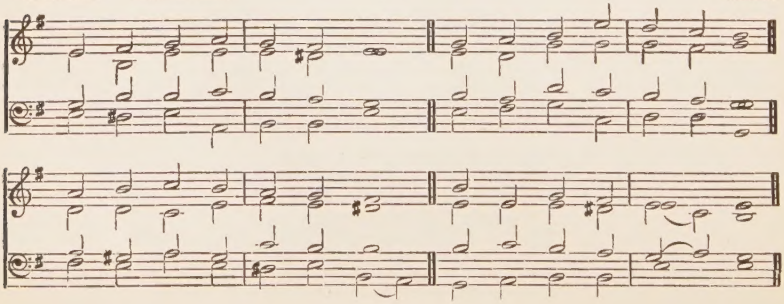
3 Darkness hung around Thy head,
When for sin Thy blood was shed,
Victim in the sinner's stead.
Saviour, we adore Thee!

4 Jesus, Lord, Thou now art risen!
Thou hast all our sins forgiven;
Haste we to our home in heaven.
Saviour, we adore Thee!

5 Soon, with joyful, glad surprise,
We shall hear Thy word—Arise!
Mounting upward to the skies.
Glory, glory, glory!

6 Saviour, we Thy love adore;
We will praise Thee more and more;
Spread Thy name from shore to shore!
Saviour, we adore Thee!

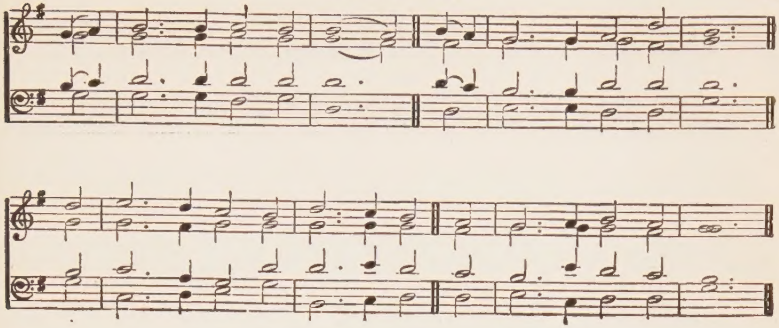
"Souvenir" *(Second Tune.)* 7.7.7.6.



"Zurich"

## HYMN 252.

S.M.



1 SWEET feast of love divine!
'Tis grace that makes us free,
To feed upon this bread and wine,
In memory, Lord, of Thee.

2 Here every welcome guest
Waits, Lord, from Thee to learn
The secrets of Thy Father's breast,
And all thy grace discern.

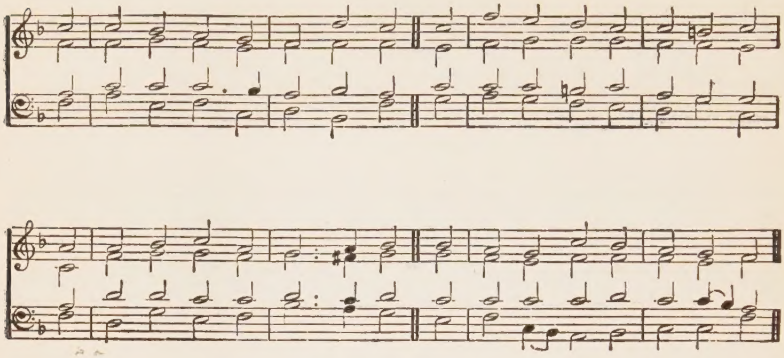
3 Here conscience ends its strife,
And faith delights to prove
The sweetness of the bread of life,
The fulness of Thy love.

4 That blood that flowed for sin
In symbol here we see,
And feel the blessed pledge within
That we are loved of Thee.

5 O, if this glimpse of love
Is so divinely sweet,
What will it be, O Lord, above,
Thy gladd'ning smile to meet!

6 To see Thee face to face,
Thy perfect likeness wear,
And all Thy ways of wondrous grace,
Through endless years declare.

"Melcombe" **HYMN 253.** L.M.



1 SWEET are the seasons when we wait
To hear what God our Lord will say,
For they who watch at Wisdom's gate
Are never empty sent away.

2 Behold us, Lord, a few of Thine,
Who hither come to seek Thy face;
In mercy on Thy people shine,
And let Thy presence fill the place.

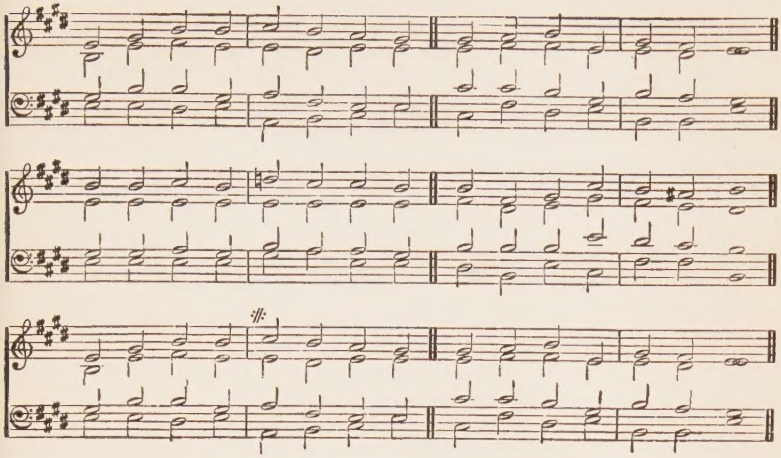
3 How sweet, how blessed is the thought
That Thou dost hear Thy people's cries!
And whether Thou dost give, or not,
'Tis love that grants, and love denies.

4 O teach us, Lord, to wait Thy will,
To be content with all Thou dost;
For us, Thy grace sufficient still,
With most supplied when needing most.

"Mannheim"

## HYMN 254.

8.7.4.



1 SAVIOUR, through the desert lead us,
Without Thee we cannot go,
Thou from cruel chains hast freed us.
Thou hast laid the tyrant low:
Let Thy presence
Cheer us all our journey through.

2 With a price Thy love has bought us,
Saviour, what a love is Thine!
Hitherto Thy power has brought us,
Power and love in Thee combine;
Lord of Glory,
Ever on Thy household shine.

3 Through a desert waste and cheerless,
Though our destined journey lie,
Rendered by Thy presence fearless,
We may every foe defy:
Nought shall move us,
While we see Thee, Saviour, nigh.

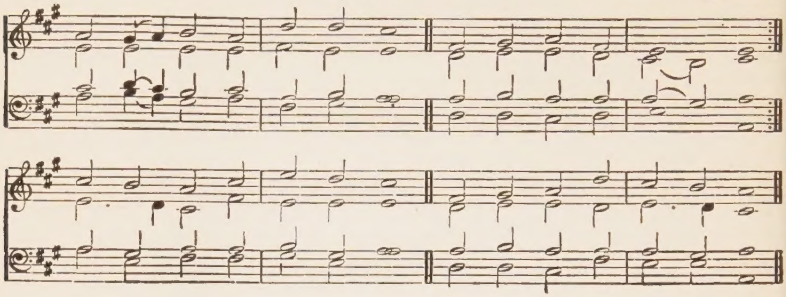
4 When we halt, no track discovering,
Fearful lest we go astray,
O'er our path Thy pillar hovering,
Fire by night, and cloud by day,
Shall direct us;
That we may not miss our way.

5 When we hunger Thou wilt feed us;
Manna shall our camp surround;
Faint and thirsty, Thou wilt heed us,
Streams shall from the rock abound;
Happy people!
What a Saviour have we found!

"Dix"

## HYMN 255.

7.6.7.6.7.7.



1 SUN and Shield, O Lord, art Thou;
Sun and Shield for ever!
Never wilt Thou cease to shine,
Cease to guard us never.
Cheer our steps as on we go,
Come between us and the foe.

2 Bread and Wine, O Lord, art Thou,
Wine and Bread for ever!
Never wilt Thou cease to feed,
Or refresh us never.
Feed we still on bread divine,
Drink we still this heavenly wine!

3 Love and Life, O Lord, art Thou,
Life and Love for ever!
Ne'er to quicken shalt Thou cease,
Or to love us never.
All of life and love we need
Is in Thee, in Thee indeed.

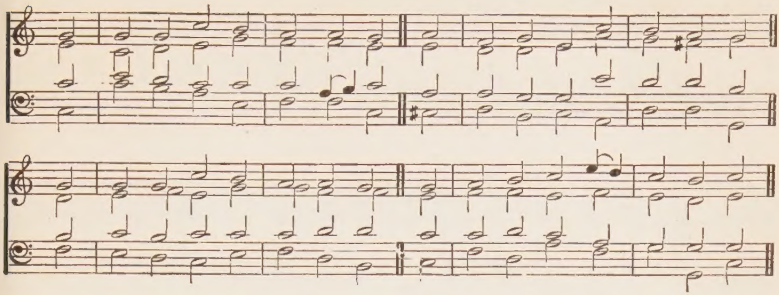
4 Peace and Joy, O Lord, art Thou,
Joy and Peace for ever!
Joy that fades not, changes not,
Peace that leaves us never.
Joy and peace we have in Thee,
Now and through eternity.

5 Song and Strength, O Lord, art Thou,
Strength and Song for ever!
Strength that never can decay,
Song that ceaseth never.
Still to us this strength and song
Through eternal days prolong.

"Mainzer"

## HYMN 256.

L.M.



1 SWEET is the savour of His name
Who suffer'd in His people's stead;
His portion here, reproach and shame;
He liveth now; He once was dead.

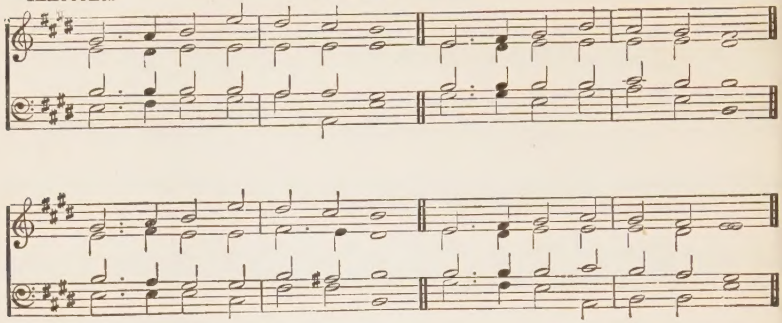
2 *He once was dead;* the very same
Who sits on yonder throne above;
Who bears in heaven the greatest name,
Whom angels serve, whom angels love.

3 *He once was dead;* the very same
Who made the worlds—a work of power,
Who now upholds the mighty frame,
And keeps it till the final hour.

4 *He once was dead;* but now He lives,
His glory fills all heaven above:
Its blessedness to heaven He gives,
The fountain He of joy and love.

5 His people shall His triumph share,
With Him shall live, and with Him reign,
In heaven their joy is full, for there
They see THE LAMB for sinners slain.

"Innocents" **HYMN 257.** 7.7.7.7.



1 SWEETER sounds than music knows
Charm me in Emmanuel's name;
All her hopes my spirit owes
To His birth, His cross, and shame.

2 When He came, the angels sang,
"Glory be to God on high!"
Lord, unloose my stammering tongue;
Who should louder sing than I?

3 Did the Lord a man become,
That He might the law fulfil,
Bleed and suffer in my room,
And canst thou, my tongue, be still?

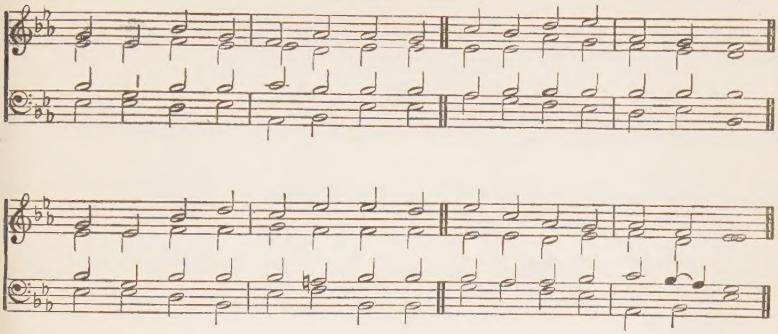
4 No, I must my praises bring,
Though they worthless are and weak;
For should I refuse to sing,
Sure the very stones would speak.

5 O my Saviour, Shield and Sun,
Shepherd, Counsellor, and Friend—
Every precious name in one—
I will love Thee without end.

"Sharon"

## HYMN 258.

8.7.8.7.



1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross we spend,
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Here we rest, in wonder viewing
All our sins on Jesus laid,
And a full redemption flowing
From the sacrifice He made.

3 Here we find the dawn of heaven,
While upon the cross we gaze,
See our trespasses forgiven,
And our songs of triumph raise.

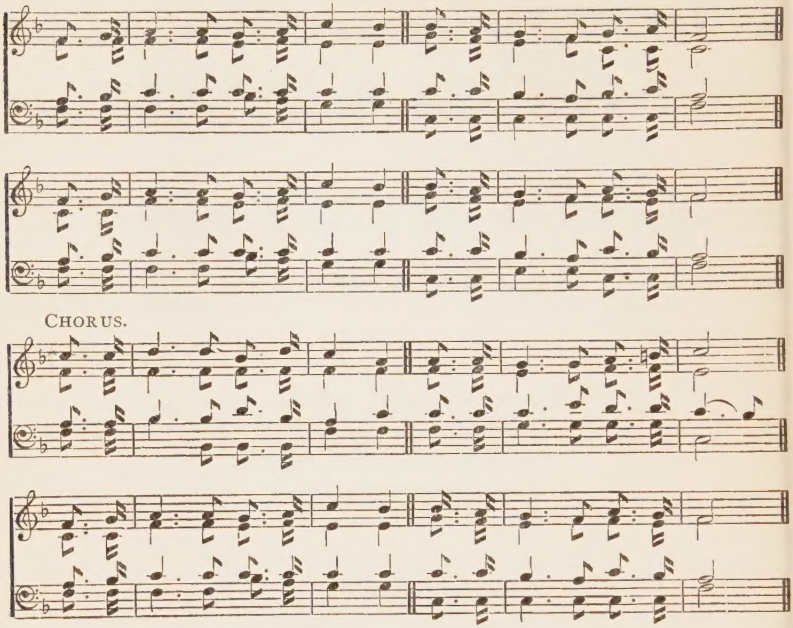
4 Oh that near the cross abiding,
We may to the Saviour cleave!
Nought with Him our hearts dividing,
All for Him content to leave.

5 May we still the cross discerning,
There for peace and comfort go,
There new wonders daily learning,
All the depths of mercy know.

"Give Me Jesus"

## HYMN 259.

P.M.




1 TAKE the world, but give me Jesus:
All its joys are but a name,
But His love abideth ever,
Through eternal years the same.

Oh, the height and depth of mercy!
Oh the length and breadth of love!
Oh, the fulness of redemption,
Pledge of endless life above!

2 Take the world, but give me Jesus,
Sweetest comfort of my soul;
With my Saviour watching o'er me
I can sing, though billows roll.

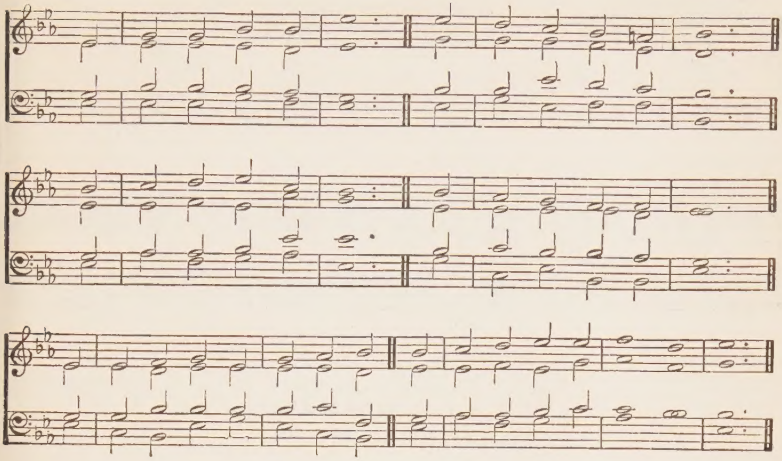
3 Take the world, but give me Jesus;
Let me see His constant smile:
Then throughout my pilgrim journey,
Light will cheer me all the while.

4 Take the world, but give me Jesus;
In His cross my trust shall be,
Till, with clearer, brighter vision,
Face to face my Lord I see.

"St. John"

## HYMN 260.

6.6.6.6.8.8.



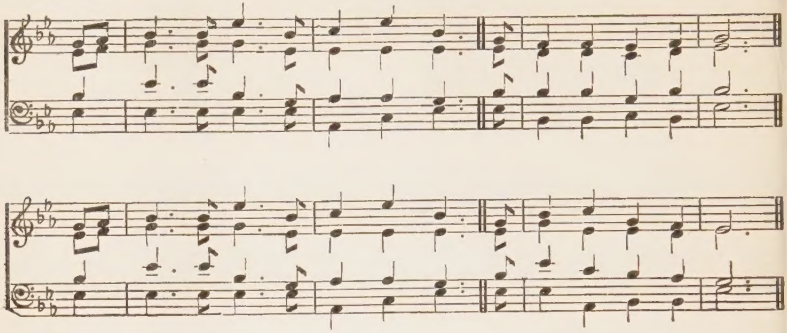
1 TH' atoning work is done—
The Victim's blood is shed
And Jesus now has gone
His people's cause to plead:
He stands in Heaven, their great High Priest,
And bears their names upon His breast.

2 He sprinkled with His blood
The mercy seat above;
For justice had withstood
The purposes of love:
But justice now withstands no more,
And mercy yields its boundless store.

3 No Temple made with hands
His place of service is;
In Heaven itself He stands—
A heavenly priesthood His:
In Him the shadows of the law
Are all fulfill'd, and now withdraw.

4 And though awhile He be
Hid from the eyes of men,
His people look to see
Their great High Priest again:
In brightest glory He will come,
And take His waiting people home.

"The Cross" **HYMN 261.** C.M.



1 THE cross, the cross, the blood-stained cross,
The cross of Christ I see;
It tells me of that precious blood
That once was shed for me.

2 The wrath, the wrath, the awful wrath
That Jesus felt for me,
When bearing my sin's heavy load,
He died on Calvary.

3 But Jesus lives, the Saviour lives,
In heaven He pleads for me;
And boldly I approach to God,
His blood my only plea.

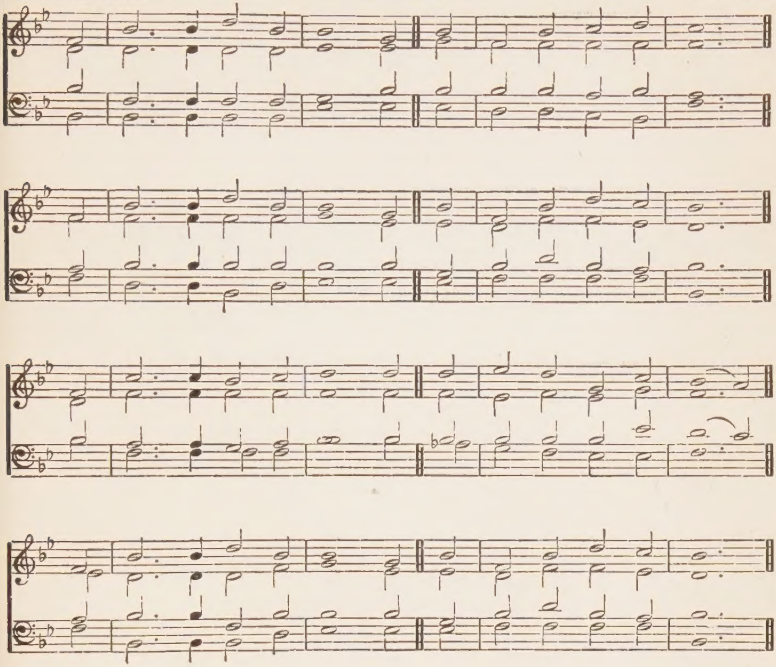
4 The crown, the crown, the glorious crown,
The crown of victory;
The crown of life, it shall be mine
When I the Saviour see.

5 He comes, He comes, the Saviour comes,
Who bled and died for me;
Then will I sing, with rapture sing,
When gazing, Lord, on Thee.

"Morning Light"

## HYMN 262.

7.6.7.6. D.



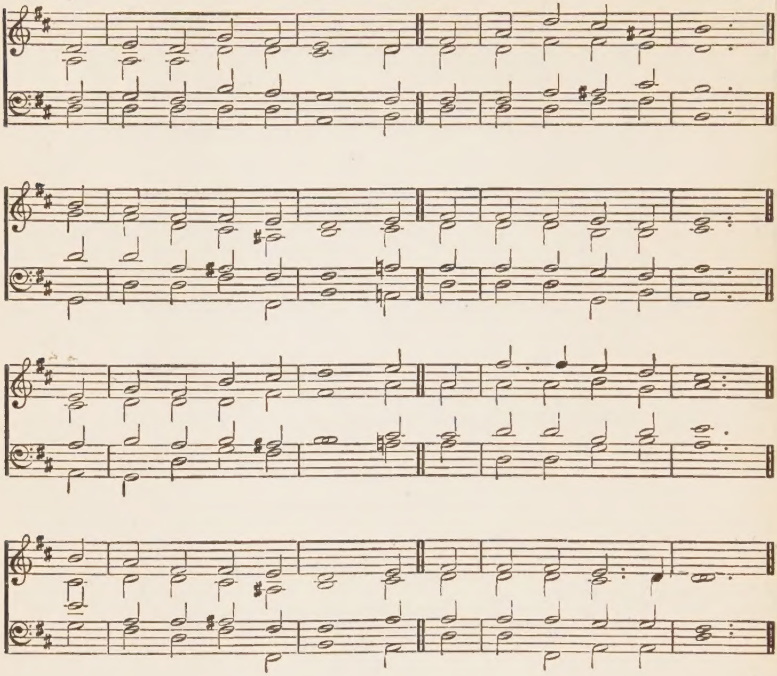
1 THE cloudless day is nearing,
When Thou, O Lord, wilt come:
Thy radiant beauty wearing,
To take Thy people home!
Bright hosts on hosts around Thee,
Shall catch Thy living rays,
And all who once have found Thee
Breathe out new songs of praise.

2 But how shall I then know Thee,
Amid those hosts above?
What tokens true will show me
The object of my love?
Thy glories, all excelling,
In pure effulgence shine:
But GLORY in Thee dwelling
Will ne'er proclaim Thee mine.

3 Thy wounds, Thy wounds, Lord Jesus,
Those deep, deep wounds will tell
The sacrifice that frees us
From self, and death, and hell!
These link Thee once for ever,
With all who own Thy grace;
No hand these bonds can sever,
No hand those scars efface.

4 O Jesus! LORD most blessed,
Thou Lamb of God, divine,
Thou standest forth confessed,
I wondering, claim Thee MINE.
I worship and adore Thee,
Transported with Thy love;
Prostrate myself before Thee,
And dwell in light above.

"Ewing" **HYMN 263.** 7.6.7.6. D.



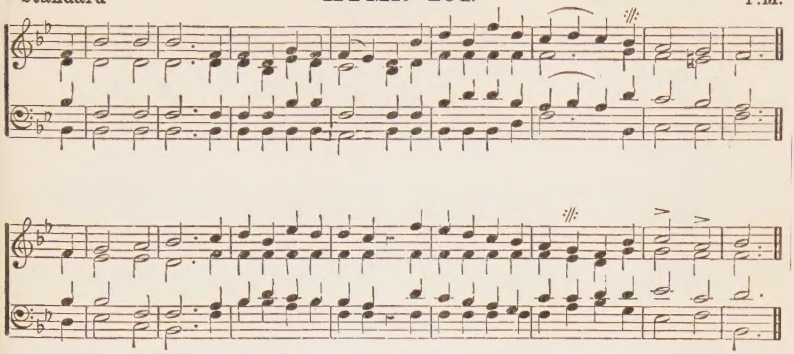
1 THE glory shines before me!
I cannot linger here!
Though clouds may darken o'er me,
My Father's house is near.
If through this barren desert
A little while I roam,
The glory shines before me,
I am not far from home!

2 Beyond the storms I'm going,
Beyond this vale of tears,
Beyond the floods o'erflowing,
Beyond the changing years,
I'm going to the better land,
By faith long since possess'd,
The glory shines before me,
For this is not my rest.

3 The Lamb is there the glory!
The Lamb is there the light!
Affliction's grasp but tore me
From phantoms of the night.
The voice of Jesus calls me,
My race will soon be run:
The glory shines before me,
The prize will soon be won!

4 The glory shines before me
I know that all is well!
My Father's care is o'er me,
His praises I would tell.
The love of Christ constrains me,
His blood hath wash'd me white,
Where Jesus is the glory—
'Tis home! and love! and light!

"Standard" **HYMN 264.** P.M.

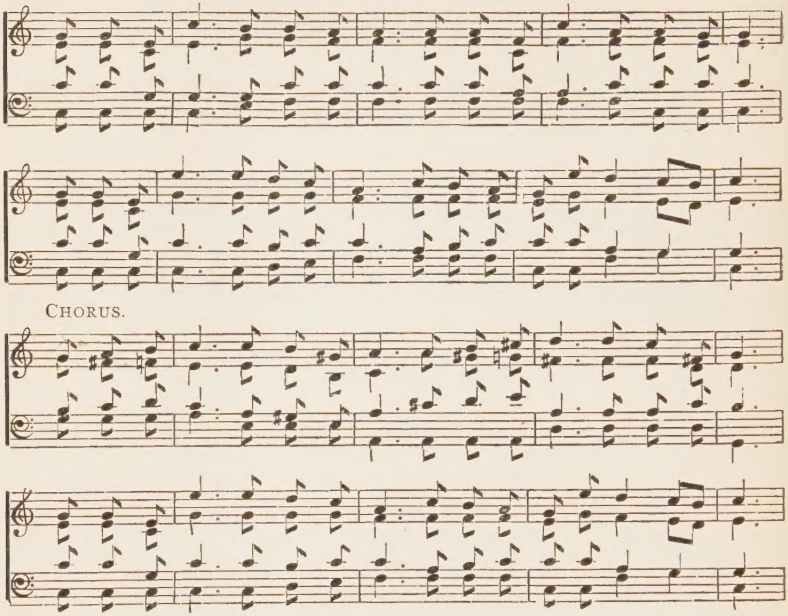


1 THE cross, the cross!
The Christian's only glory,
I see the standard rise;
March on, march on!
The cross of Christ before thee,
That cross all hell defies.

2 The cross, the cross!
Redemption's standard raising,
I see the banner wave;
Sing on, sing on!
Salvation's Captain praising,
'Tis Christ alone can save.

3 The crown, the crown!
Ah! who at last shall gain it?
That cross a crown affords;
Press on, press on,
With courage to obtain it,
The battle is the Lord's.

"Redemption Ground" **HYMN 265.** L.M.D.




1 THE countless multitude on high
That tune their songs to Jesus' name,
All merit of their own deny,
And Jesus' worth alone proclaim.
Firm on the ground of sovereign grace
They stand before Jehovah's throne;
The only song in that blest place
Is—"Thou art worthy, Thou alone!"

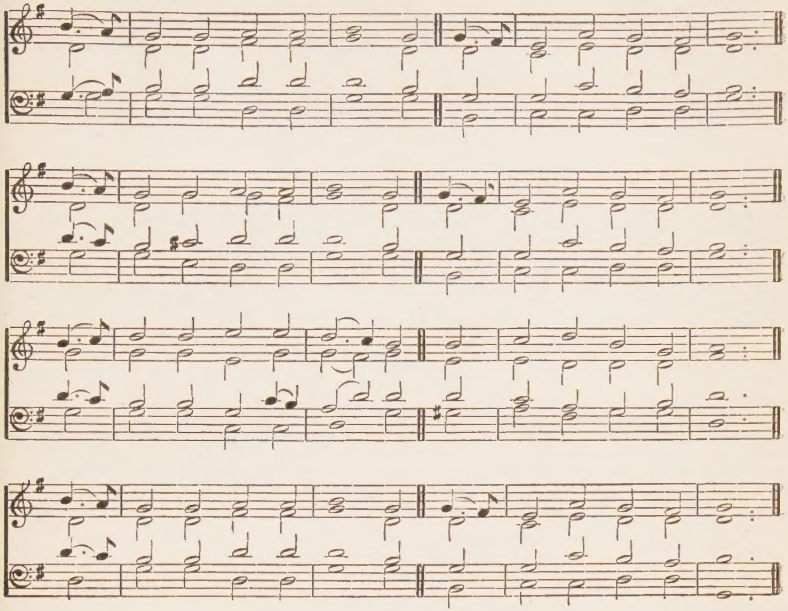
2 With spotless robe of purest white,
And branches of triumphal palm,
They shout, with transports of delight,
Heaven's ceaseless, universal psalm:—
"Salvation's glory all be paid
To Him who sits upon the throne,
And to the Lamb whose blood was shed:
Thou! Thou art worthy! Thou alone!

3 For Thou wast slain, and in Thy blood
These robes were washed so spotless pure;
Thou mad'st us kings and priests to God—
For ever let Thy praise endure."
Let us with joy adopt the strain
We soon shall sing for ever there:
"Worthy's the Lamb for sinners slain,
Worthy alone the crown to wear!"

"Endsleigh"

## HYMN 266.

7.6.7.6. D.

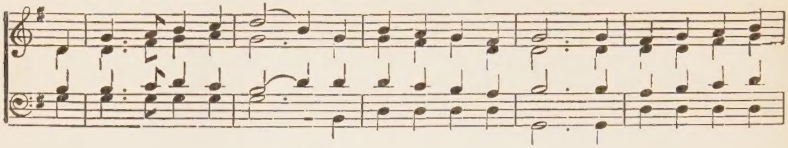


1 THE day of glory, bearing
  Its brightness from afar.
The day of Thine appearing,
  Our "Bright and Morning Star,"
We hail, in hope to meet Thee,
  Triumphant in the sky,
When every heart shall greet Thee
  With songs of victory.

2 Thou once our spotless Surety,
  Didst on Mount Calvary bleed;
Jehovah did afflict Thee,
  And bruise Thee in our stead;
To Thee, by grace united,
  We joy in Thee alone:
And now, by faith delighted,
  Behold Thee on the throne.

3 There Thou art interceding
  For all who on Thee rest;
And weary hearts are learning
  To lean upon Thy breast;
Till Thou shalt come in glory,
  Thy ransomed church to raise,
To chant her joyful story
  In songs of loudest praise.

"The Gospel of thy Grace" **HYMN 267.** P.M.



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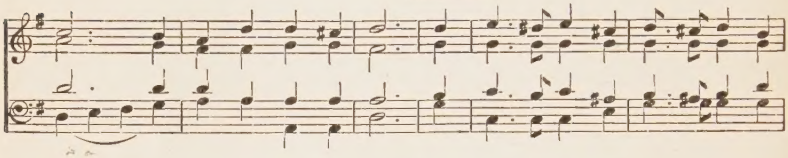
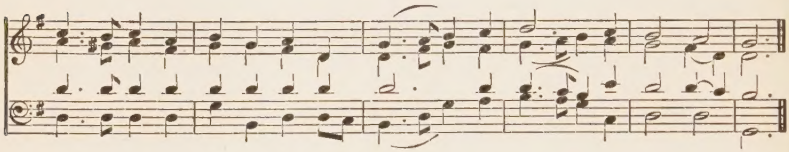




1 THE gospel of Thy grace
My stubborn heart has won;
For "God so loved the world
He gave His only Son,

That whosoever will believe,
Shall everlasting life receive!"
"Shall everlasting life receive!"

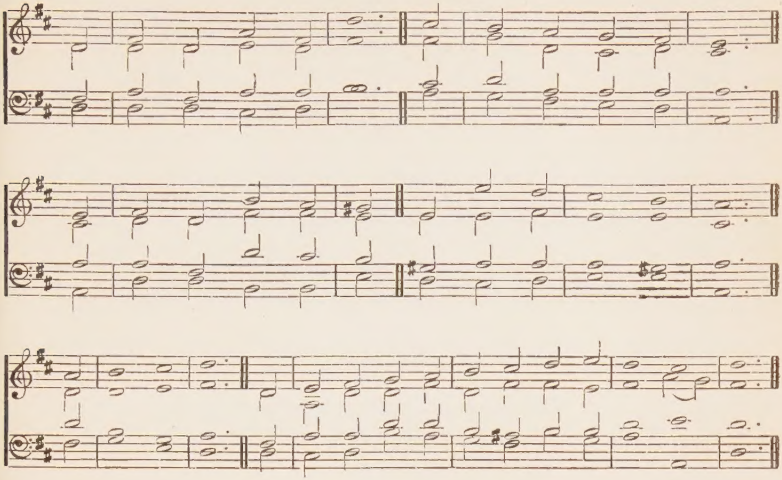
2 The serpent "lifted up"
Could life and healing give;
So Jesus on the cross
Bids me to look and live;

3 "The soul that sinneth dies:"
My awful doom I heard;
I was for ever lost,
But for Thy gracious word,

4 "Not to condemn the world"
The "Man of sorrows" came,
But that the world might have
Salvation through His name;

5 "Lord, help my unbelief!"
Give me the peace of faith,
To rest with child-like trust
On what Thy gospel saith.

"Darwells" **HYMN 268.** 6.6.6 6.8.8.



1 THE happy morn is come,
Triumphant from the grave;
The Saviour leaves the tomb,
Almighty now to save.
Captivity is captive led,
Since Jesus liveth that was dead.

2 Who now accuseth them,
For whom the Surety died?
Or who shall those condemn
Whom God hath justified?

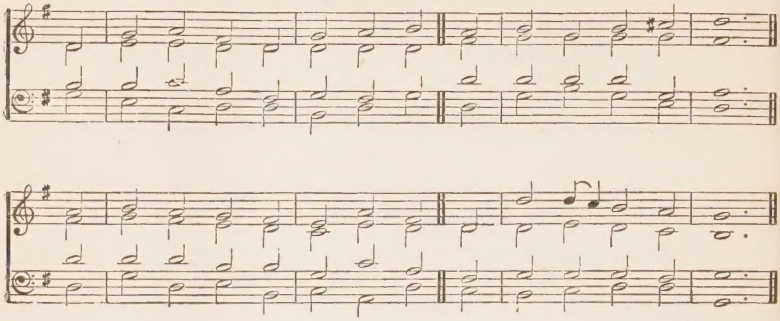
3 Christ hath the ransom paid,
The glorious work is done;
On Him our help is laid,
The victory is won.

4 Hail! the triumphant Lord,
The Resurrection, Thou;
Hail the incarnate Word,
Before the throne we bow.

"St. Magnus"

## HYMN 269.

C.M.



1 THE head that once was crowned with thorns,
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

2 Delight of all who dwell above!
The joy of saints below!
To us still manifest Thy love,
That we its depths may know.

3 To us Thy cross, with all its shame—
With all its grace be given!
Though earth disowns Thy lowly name,
All worship it in heaven.

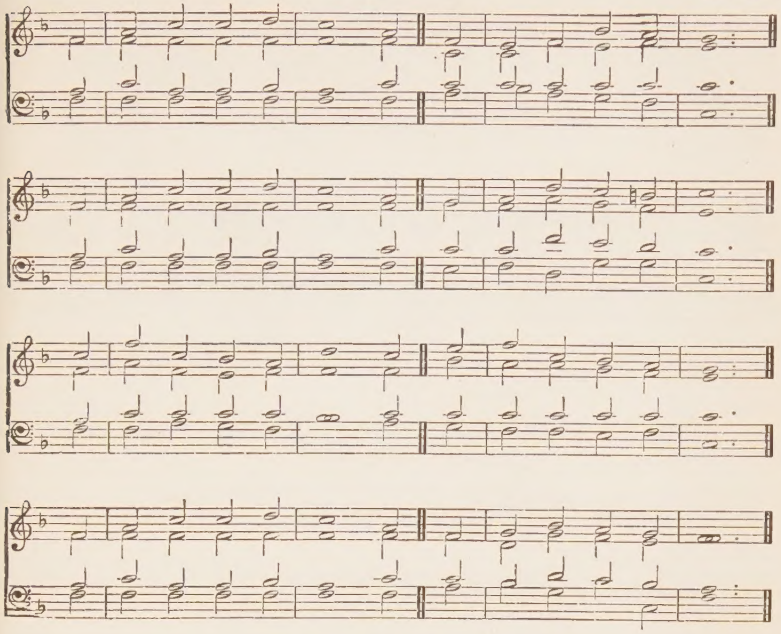
4 Who suffer with Thee, Lord, below,
Shall reign with Thee above;
Then let it be our joy to know
Thy way of peace and love.

5 To us Thy cross is life and health,
Though shame and death to Thee!
Our present glory, joy, and wealth,
Our everlasting stay.

"Heber"

## HYMN 270.

7.6.7.6. D.



1 THE Holiest now we enter
In perfect peace with God,
Regaining our lost centre
Through Christ's atoning blood;
Though great may be our dulness
In thought, and word, and deed,
We glory in the fulness
Of Him who meets our need.

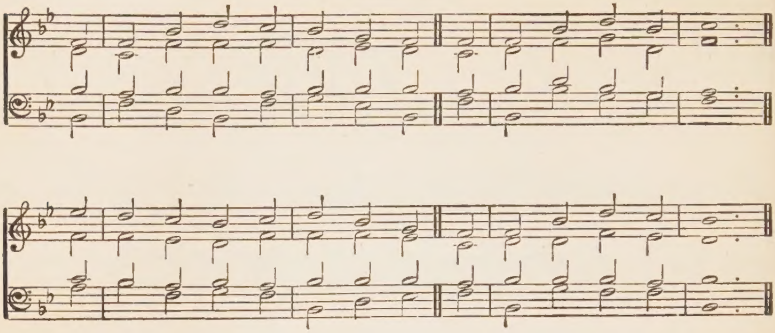
2 Much incense is ascending
Before the eternal throne;
God graciously is bending
To hear each feeble groan;
To all our prayers and praises
Christ adds His sweet perfume,
And love the censer raises
Their odours to consume.

3 O God, we come with singing,
Because the great High Priest
Our names to Thee is bringing,
Nor e'er forgets the least.
For us He wears the mitre,
Where holiness shines bright!
For us His robes are whiter
Than heaven's unsullied light.

"Evan"

## HYMN 271.

C.M.



1 THE Lamb of God to slaughter led.
The King of glory see!
The crown of thorns upon His head
They nail Him to the tree.

2 The Father gives His only Son;
The Lord of glory dies
For us, the guilty and undone,
A spotless sacrifice.

3 Thy name is holy, O our God!
Before Thy throne we bow;
Thy bosom is Thy saints' abode,
We call Thee Father now.

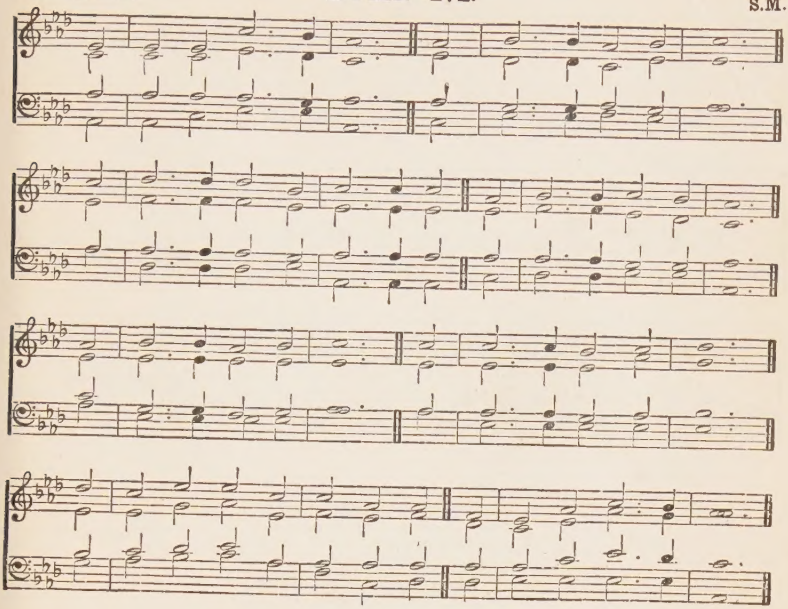
4 Enthron'd with Thee, now sits the Lord,
And in Thy bosom dwells;
Justice that smote Him with the sword
Our perfect pardon seals.

5 Eternal death was once our doom,
Now death has lost its sting;
We rose with Jesus from the tomb,
Jehovah's love to sing.

"Montgomery"

## HYMN 272.

S.M.



1 THE Lord Himself shall come,
And shout the quickening word;
Thousands shall answer from the tomb,
"For ever with the Lord."

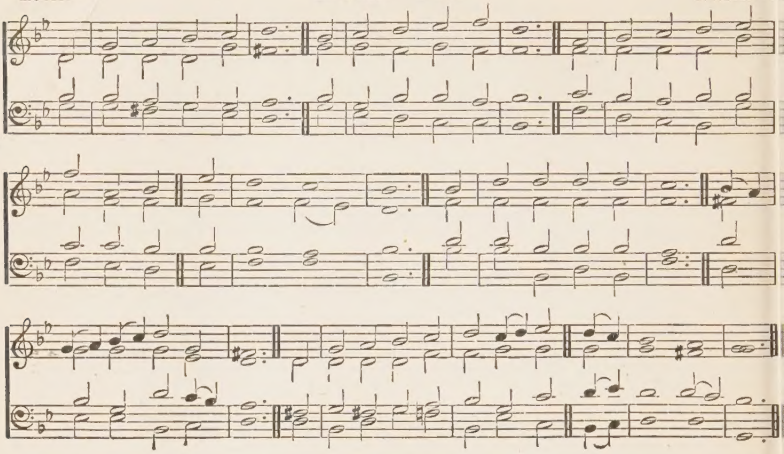
"Knowing as I am known!"
How shall I love that word?
How oft repeat before the throne,
"For ever with the Lord!"

2 That resurrection word,
That shout of victory,
Resound, "For ever with the Lord!"
Amen, so let it be!

3 Then upward as we fly,
That resurrection word
Shall be our shout of victory,
"For ever with the Lord!"

4 How shall I meet those eyes?
Mine on Himself I cast,
And own myself the Saviour's prize
Mercy from first to last.

"Leoni" **HYMN 273.** 6.6.8.4. D.



1 THE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love.
Jehovah, great I AM,
By earth and heaven confessed,
I bow and bless the sacred Name,
For ever blessed.

2 The God of heaven praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise and seek my joys
At His right hand.
He calls me to forsake
Earth's wisdom, fame, and power,
And Him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

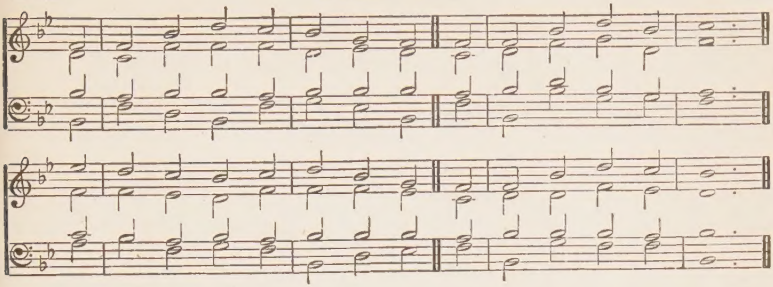
3 The God of Abraham praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my pilgrim days,
In all my ways:
He calls a worm His friend,
He calls Himself my God,
And He shall save me to the end,
Through Jesus' blood.

4 He by Himself hath sworn,
I on His oath depend,
I shall, on eagle-wings upborne,
To heaven ascend:
I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore.

"Evan"

## HYMN 274.

C.M.



1 THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there *have I*, as vile as he,
Wash'd all my sins away,

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood,
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd Church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy wounds supplied for me,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall for ever be.

5 Soon, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save; [throng
And with the heavenly blood-bought
My palm of victory wave.

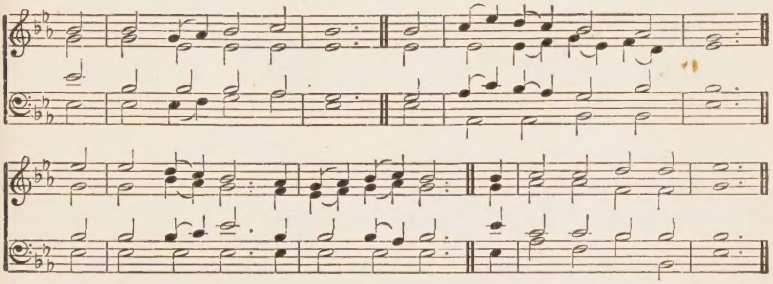
6 Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared
(Unworthy though I be)
For me a blood-bought, free reward,
A golden harp for me.

7 'Tis strung and tuned for endless years,
And formed by power divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears,
No other name than Thine.

"Silchester"

## HYMN 275.

S.M



1 "THE Lord is risen indeed,"
Then, justice asks no more;
Mercy and Truth are now agreed,
Who stood opposed before.

2 "The Lord is risen indeed,"
Then all His work's performed;
The captive Surety now is freed,
And death, our foe, disarm'd.

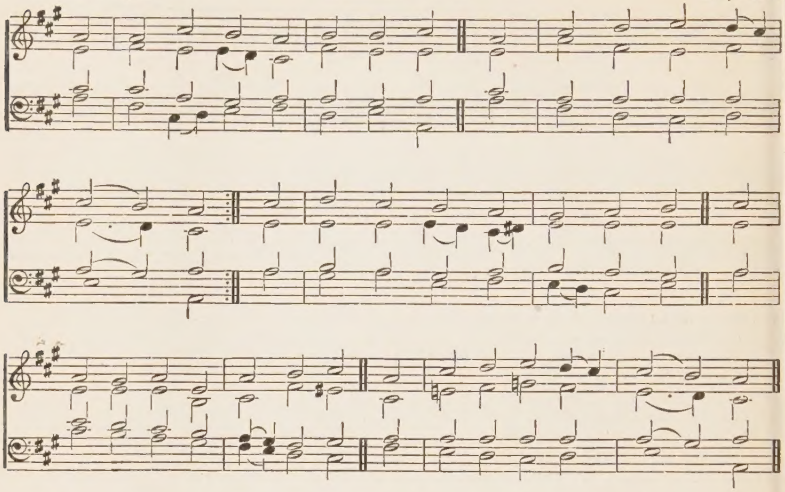
3 "The Lord is risen indeed,"
He lives to die no more;
He lives, His people's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame He bore.

4 "The Lord is risen indeed,"
And hell has lost its prey;
And with Him all the ransom'd seed
Shall reign in endless day.

"Luther's Hymn"

## HYMN 276.

8.7; 8.8.7.



1 THE Lord of glory! Who is He?
Who is the King of glory?
Only the Son of God can be
The Christ the King of glory.
Consider all His wounds, and see
How Jesus' death upon the tree
Proclaims Him King of glory.

2 Above all heav'ns, at God's right hand,
Now sits the King of glory;
The angels, by His favour, stand
Before the throne of glory;
Swiftly they fly at His command,
To guard His own of every land,
To keep the heirs of glory.

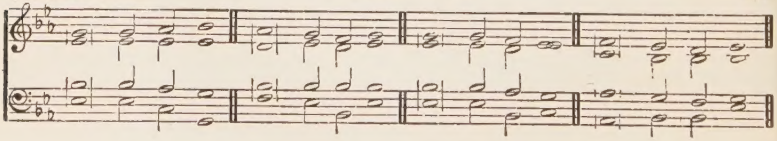
3 Death and the grave confess the Lamb
To be the King of glory!
The pow'rs of darkness dread His name,
Creation shows His glory.
He said, "Ere Abra'm was, I am:"
Jesus is evermore the same,
Th' Almighty King of glory.

4 Thrice happy who in Him believe!
They soon will share His glory;
Born of His Spirit, they receive
His sacred pledge of glory;
Taught by His cross, for sin they grieve,
He calls them brethren, and they cleave
To Him, their hope of glory.

"Troyte's Chant"

## HYMN 277.

P.M



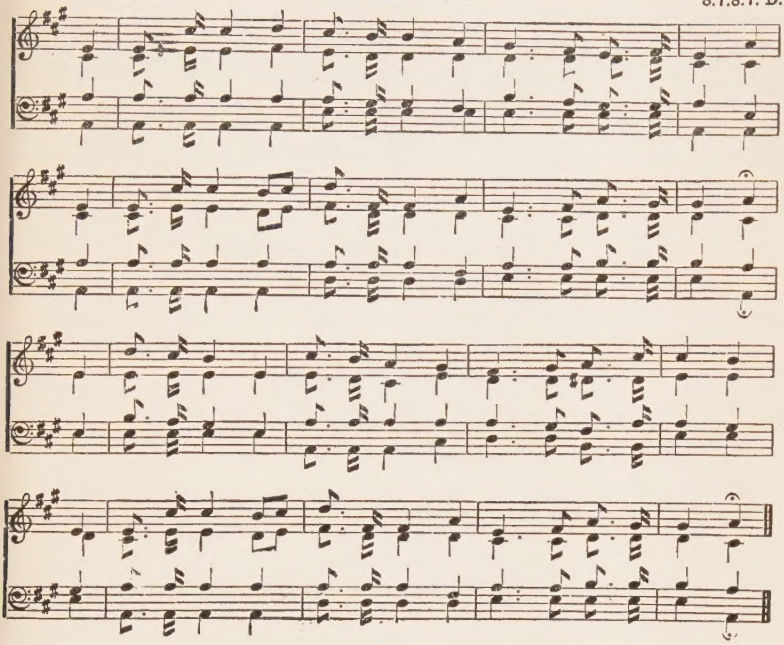
1 THE Lord is risen; now death's dark judgment flood [blood.
Is passed, in Him who bought us with His
The Lord is risen: we stand beyond the doom
Of all our sin, through Jesus' empty tomb.

2 The Lord is risen: with Him we also rose, [foes.
And in His grave see all our vanquished
The Lord is risen: beyond the judgment land,
In Him, in resurrection-life, we stand.

3 The Lord is risen: we're now redeemed to God, [trod.
And tread the desert which His feet have
The Lord is risen: the sanctuary's our place, [face.
Where now we dwell before the Father's

4 The Lord is risen: the Lord is gone before, [more!
We long to see Him, and to sin no
The Lord is risen: our trumpet-shout shall be, [are free!"
"Thou hast prevailed! Thy people, Lord,

"I've Found a Friend" **HYMN 278.** 8.7.8.7. D.

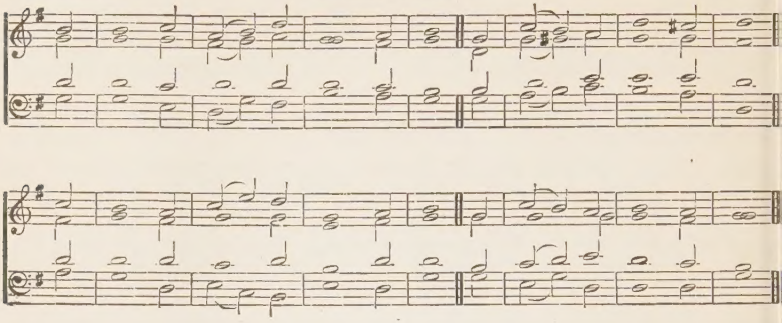


1 THE night is wearing fast away,
The glorious day is dawning,
When Christ shall all His grace display—
The fair millennial morning.
Gloomy and dark the night hath been,
And long the way, and dreary;
And sad the weeping saints are seen,
And faint, and worn, and weary.

2 Ye mourning pilgrims, dry your tears,
And hush each sigh of sorrow;
The light of that bright morn appears,
The long Sabbatic morrow.
Lift up your heads—behold from far
A flood of splendour streaming;
It is the bright and Morning Star
In living lustre beaming.

3 And see that star-like host around
Of angel bands attending,
Hark! hark! the trumpet's gladdening sound,
'Mid shouts triumphant blending.
He comes! the Bridegroom promised long:
Go forth with joy to meet Him,
And raise the new and nuptial song,
In cheering strains to greet Him.

"Lynnwood" **HYMN 279.** C.M.



1 THERE is a fold whence none can stray,
And pastures ever green,
Where sultry sun or stormy day,
Or night are never seen.

2 There is a Shepherd living there,
The First-born from the dead,
Who tends with sweet unwearied care,
The flock for which He bled.

3 There congregate the sons of light,
Fair as the morning sky;
And taste of infinite delight,
Beneath their Saviour's eye.

4 Their joy bursts forth in strains of love,
In one harmonious song;
And through the heavenly courts above,
The echoes roll along.

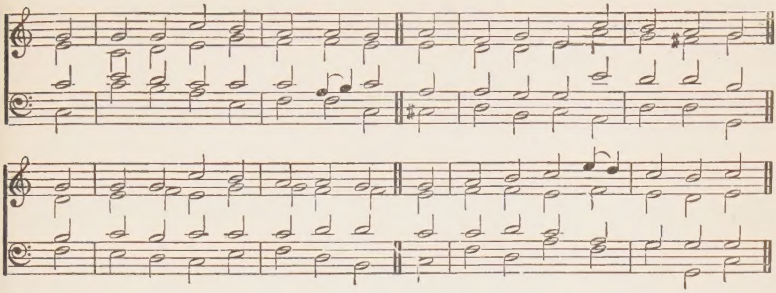
5 O may our faith take up that sound,
Though toiling here below!
Midst trials may our joys abound,
And songs amidst our woe.

6 Until we reach that happy shore,
And join to swell their strain;
And from our God go out no more,
And never weep again.

"Mainzer"

## HYMN 280.

L.M.



1 THE Saviour lives, no more to die:
He lives, our Head, enthroned on high;
He lives triumphant o'er the grave:
He lives eternally to save!

2 He lives to still His people's fears;
He lives to wipe away their tears;
He lives their mansions to prepare;
He lives to bring them safely there.

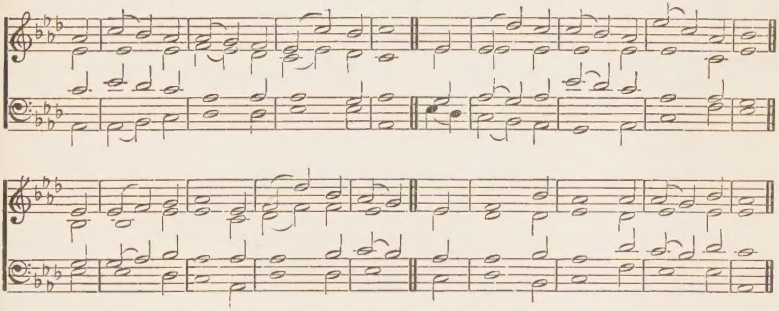
3 The chief of sinners He receives;
His saints He loves, and never leaves:
He'll guard us safe from every ill,
And all His promises fulfil.

4 Then let our souls in Him rejoice,
And sing His praise with cheerful voice;
Our doubts and fears for ever gone,
For Christ is on the Father's throne.

"Mason"

## HYMN 281.

L.M.



1 THE sorrows of the daily life,
The shadows o'er my path which fall,
Too oft obscure the glory's light,
Until I rise above them all.

2 Until upon the mountain height,
I stand, my God, with Thee alone,
Bathed in the fullest, clearest light—
The glory that surrounds the throne.

3 Calm in Thy secret presence, Lord,
I rest this weary soul of mine;
Feed on the fulness of Thy word,
And die to all the things of time.

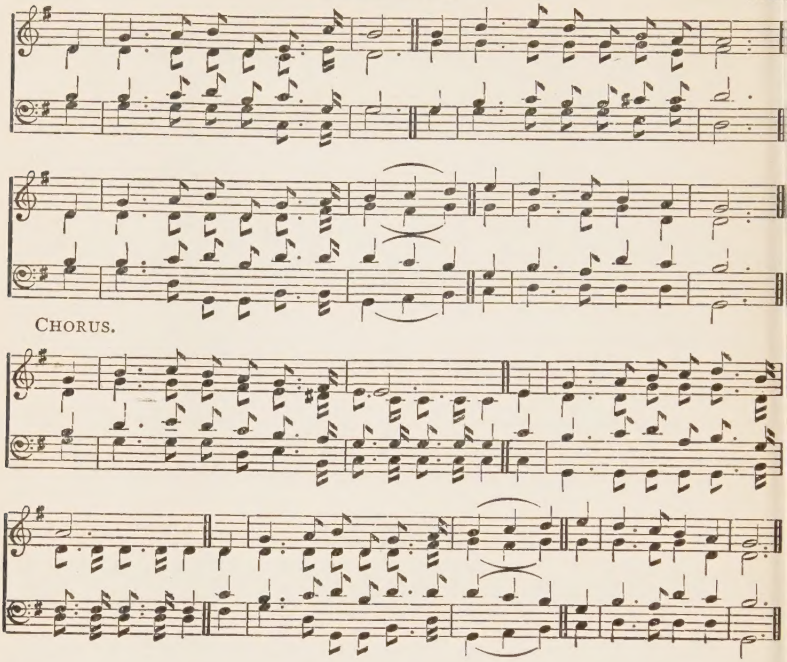
4 Alone with Thee, O Master, where
The light of *earthly* glory dies;
Misunderstood by all, I dare
To do what Thine own heart will prize.

5 Such be my path through life down here—
One long close lonely walk with Thee!
Until past every doubt and fear,
Thy face in light above I see

"Love"

## HYMN 282.

P.M.




1 THE love that Jesus had for me,
To suffer on the cruel tree,
That I a ransomed soul might be,
Is more than tongue can tell.

His love is more than tongue can tell;
His love is more than tongue can tell;
The love that Jesus had for me,
Is more than tongue can tell.

2 The many sorrows that He bore,
And oh, that crown of thorns He wore,
That I might live for evermore,
Is more than tongue can tell.

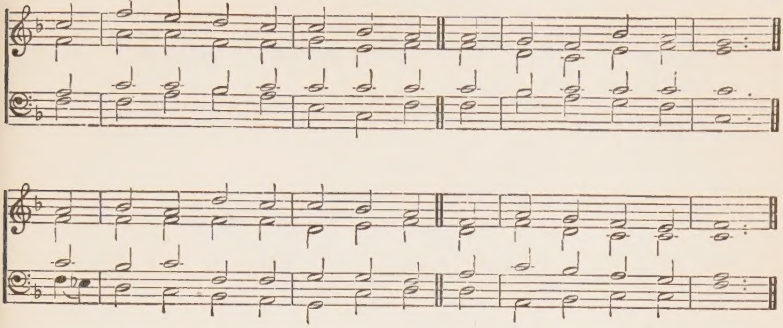
3 The peace I have in Him, my Lord,
Who pleads before the throne of God
The merit of His precious blood,
Is more than tongue can tell,

4 The joy that comes when He is near,
The rest He gives, so free from fear,
The hope in Him, so bright and clear,
Is more than tongue can tell.

"St. Peter"

## HYMN 283.

C.M.



1 THE veil is rent! Lo! Jesus stands
Before the throne of grace;
And clouds of incense from His hands
Fill all that glorious place.

2 His precious blood is sprinkled there,
Before and on the throne;
And His own wounds in heaven declare
His work on earth is done.

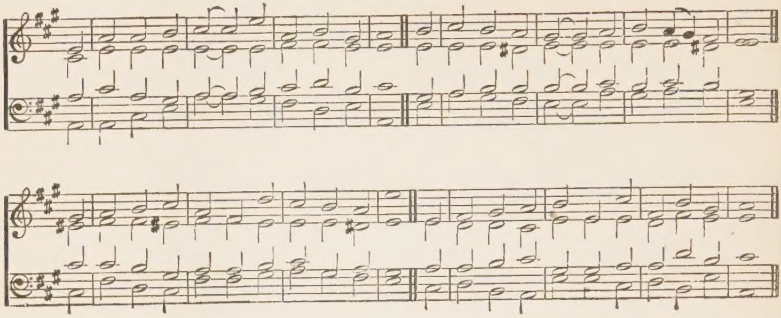
3 "'Tis finished!" on the cross He said,
In agonies and blood;
'Tis finished! now He lives to plead
Before the face of God.

4 'Tis finished! here our souls can rest,
His work can never fail;
By Him, our Sacrifice and Priest,
We enter through the veil.

5 Within the holiest of all,
Cleansed by His precious blood,
Before Thy throne Thy children fall,
And worship Thee, our God.

6 Boldly our heart and voice we raise,
His name, His blood, our plea;
Assured our prayers and songs of praise
Ascend by Him to Thee.

"Hanover" **HYMN 284.** 10.11.10.11.



1 THE night is far spent the day is at hand,
Already the dawn may be seen in the sky;
Rejoice then, ye saints, 'tis your Lord's own command;
Rejoice, for the coming of Jesus draws nigh.

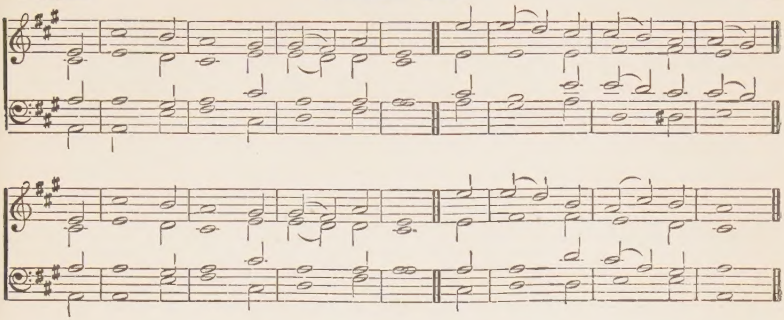
2 What a day will that be when the Saviour appears!
How welcome to those who have shared in His cross!
A crown incorruptible then will be theirs,
A rich compensation for suffering and loss.

3 What is loss in this world, when compared to that day,
To the glory that then will from heaven be revealed:
"The Saviour is coming," His people may say;
"The Lord whom we look for, our Sun and our Shield."

4 O pardon us, Lord! that our love to Thy name
Is so faint, with so much our affections to move!
Our deadness should fill us with grief and with shame,
So much to be loved, and so little to love.

5 O kindle within us a holy desire,
Like that which was found in Thy people of old,
Who felt all Thy love, and whose hearts were on fire,
While they waited impatient Thy face to behold.

"Belmont" **HYMN 285.** C.M.



1 THERE is a name I love to hear,
I love to speak its worth;
It sounds like music in mine ear,
The sweetest name on earth.

2 It tells me of a Saviour's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of His precious blood,
The sinner's perfect plea.

3 It tells me of a Father's smile
Beaming upon His child;
It cheers me through this "little while,"
Through desert, waste, and wild.

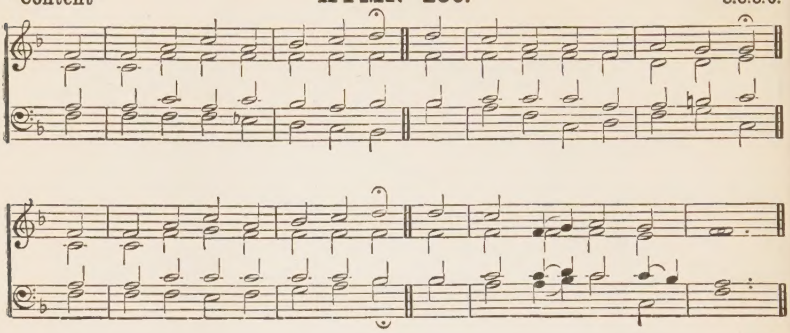
4 It bids my trembling soul rejoice,
It dries each rising tear;
It tells me in a "still, small voice,"
To trust, and never fear.

5 Jesus! the name I love so well,
The name I love to hear;
No saint on earth its worth can tell,
No heart conceive how dear.

6 This name shall shed its fragrance still
Along life's thorny road—
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill
That leads me up to God.

7 And there, with all the blood-bought throng,
From sin and sorrow free,
I'll sing the new eternal song
Of Jesus' love to me.

"Content" **HYMN 286.** 8.8.8.6.



1 THE wanderer no more will roam
The lost one to the fold hath come,
The prodigal is welcomed home,
O Lamb of God, in Thee!

2 Though clad in rags, by sin defiled,
The Father hath embraced His child;
And I am pardon'd, reconciled,
O Lamb of God, in Thee!

3 It is the Father's joy to bless;
His love provides for me a dress—
A robe of spotless righteousness,
O Lamb of God, in Thee!

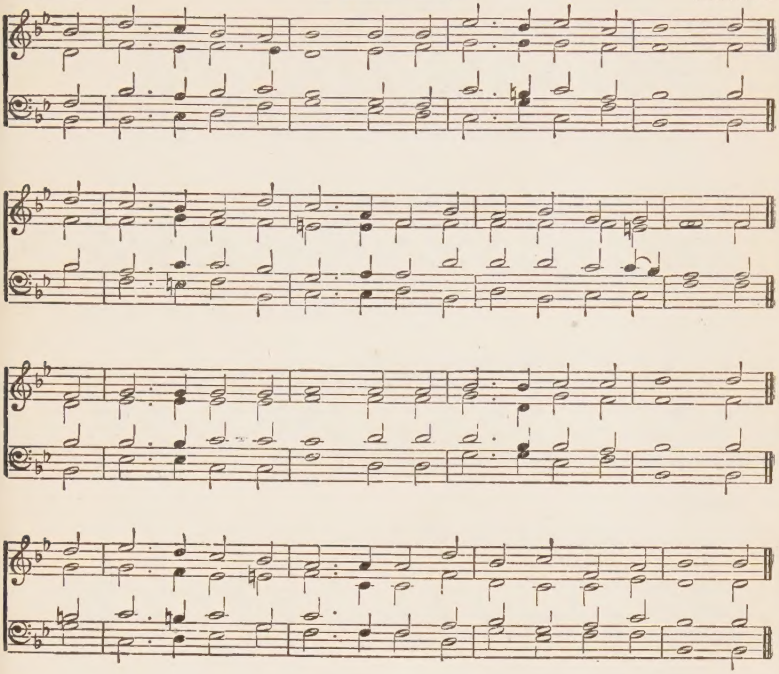
4 Now shall my famish'd soul be fed,
A feast of love for me is spread;
I feed upon the children's bread,
O Lamb of God, in Thee!

5 Yea, in the fulness of His grace,
He puts me in the children's place,
Where I may gaze upon His face,
O Lamb of God, in Thee.

6 I cannot half His love express;
Yet, Lord, with joy my lips confess
This blessed portion I possess,
O Lamb of God, in Thee.

7 And when I in Thy likeness shine,
The glory and the praise be Thine,
That everlasting joy is mine,
O Lamb of God, in Thee!

"Zoan II." **HYMN 287.** 7.7.8.7. D.



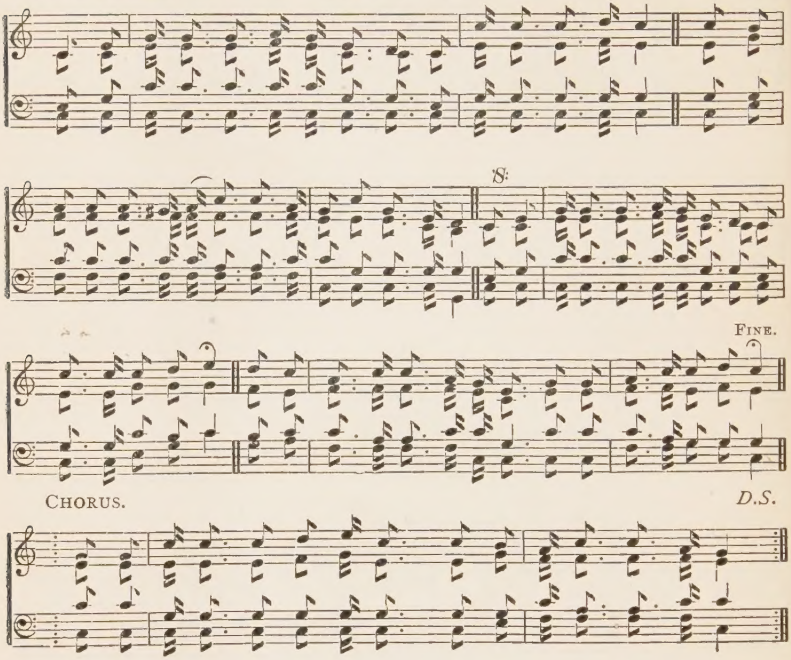
1 THY name we bless, Lord Jesus!
That name all names excelling:
How great Thy love, all praise above,
Should every tongue be telling.
The Father's loving-kindness,
In giving Thee was shown us:
Now by Thy blood redeem'd to God,
As children He doth own us.

2 From that eternal glory
Thou had'st with God the Father,
He gave His Son, That He in one
His children all might gather:
Our sins were all laid on Thee,
God's wrath thou hast endured:
It was for us Thou suff'redst thus,
And hast our peace secured.

3 Thou from the dead wast raised,
And from all condemnation
The Church is free, as risen in Thee,
Head of the new creation!
On high Thou hast ascended,
To God's right hand in heaven;
The Lamb once slain, alive again—
To Thee all power is given.

4 Thou hast bestow'd the earnest
Of that we shall inherit;
Till Thou shalt come to take us home,
We're seal'd by God, the Spirit:
We wait for Thine appearing,
When we shall know more fully
The grace divine that made us Thine,
Thou Lamb of God, most holy!

"Thou art Coming" **HYMN 288.** P.M.




1 THOU art coming, O our Saviour!
Coming, God's anointed King!
Every tongue Thy name confessing,
Well may we rejoice and sing!
Thou art coming! Rays of glory
Through the veil Thy death has rent,
Gladden now our pilgrim pathway,
Glory from Thy presence sent.

Thou art coming! Thou art coming!
We shall meet Thee on Thy way!
Thou art coming! we shall see Thee,
And be like Thee on that day!
Thou art coming! Thou art coming!
Jesus, our beloved Lord!
Oh, the joy to see Thee reigning,
Worshipped, glorified, adored!

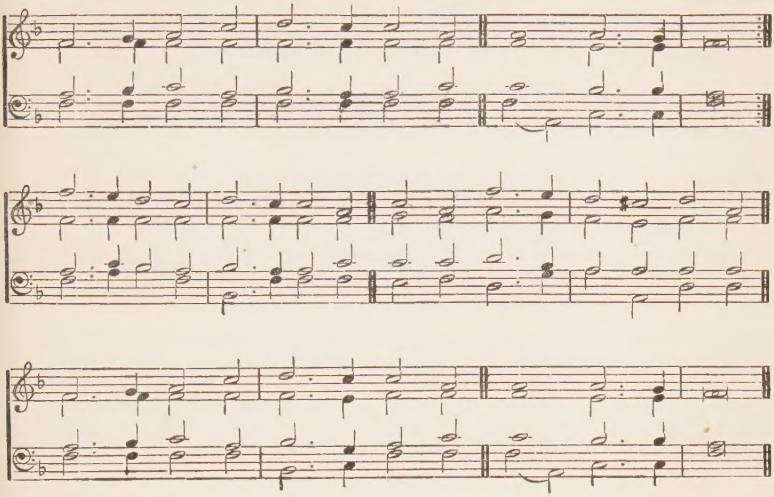
2 Thou art coming! Not a shadow,
Not a mist, and not a tear,
Not a sin, and not a sorrow,
On that sunrise grand and clear:
Thou art coming! Jesus, Saviour,
Nothing else seems worth a thought;
Oh, how marvellous the glory,
And the bliss Thy pain hath bought!

3 Thou art coming! We are waiting
With a "hope" that cannot fail,
Asking not the day or hour,
Anchored safe within the veil:
Thou art coming! At Thy table
We are witnesses for this,
As we meet Thee in communion,
Earnest of our coming bliss.

"Tenderness"

## HYMN 289.

8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4.



1 THROUGH Thy precious body broken—
Inside the veil. [the veil.
Oh! what words to sinners spoken—Inside
Precious as the blood that bought us;
Perfect, as the love that sought us;
Holy, as the Lamb that brought us—Inside
the veil.

When we see Thy love unshaken—Outside
the camp. [the camp.
Scorn'd by man, by God forsaken—Outside
Thy lov'd cross alone can charm us;
Shame need now no more alarm us;
Glad we follow, nought can harm us—
Outside the camp.

3 Lamb of God, through Thee we enter—
Inside the veil. [Inside the veil.
Cleansed by Thee, we boldly venture—
Not a stain; a new creation:
Ours is such a full salvation:
Low we bow in adoration—Inside the
veil.

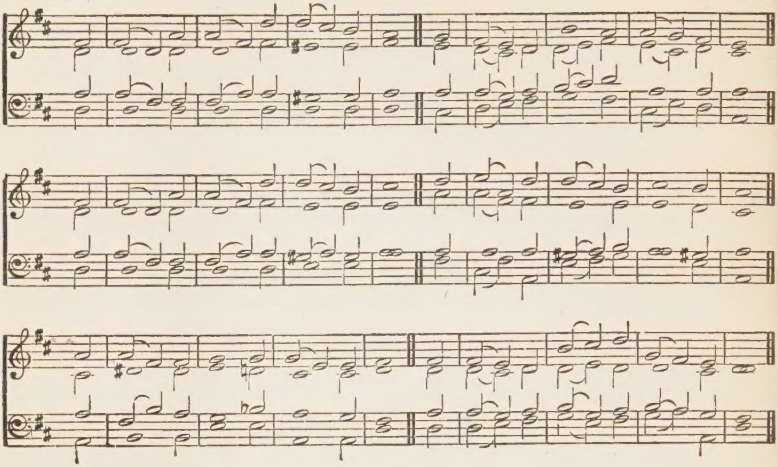
4 Unto Thee, the homeless stranger—
Outside the camp. [the camp.
Forth we hasten, fear no danger—Outside
Thy reproach, far richer treasure
Than all Egypt's boasted pleasure;
Drawn by love that knows no measure—
Outside the camp.

5 Soon Thy saints shall all be gather'd—Inside the veil.
All at home—no more be scatter'd—Inside the veil.
Nought from Thee, our hearts shall sever;
We shall see Thee, grieve Thee never;
"Praise the Lamb!" shall sound for ever—Inside the veil.

"Giessen"

## HYMN 290.

8.8.8.8.8.8.



1 THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth, unfathom'd, no man knows,
I see from far Thy beauteous light,
And inly sigh for Thy repose:
My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
At rest, till it finds rest in Thee.

2 Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart to share?
Oh! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there.
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it has found repose in Thee.

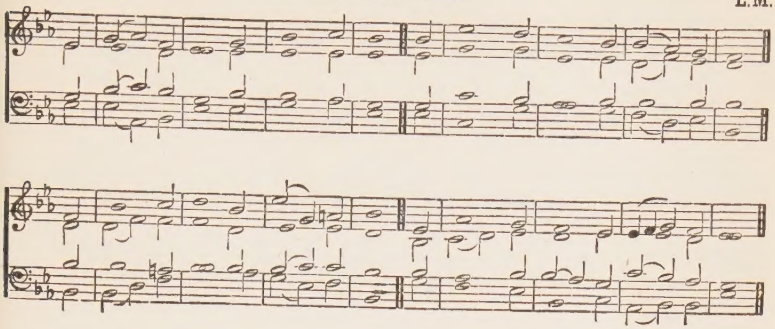
3 Oh! hide this self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me may live:
My vile affections mortify,
Nor let one darling sin survive.
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek but Thee.

4 Each moment calls from earth away
My heart which lowly waits Thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
"I am Thy Life, thy God, thy All."
To know Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
To feel Thy love, be all my choice.

"Communion"

## HYMN 291.

L.M.



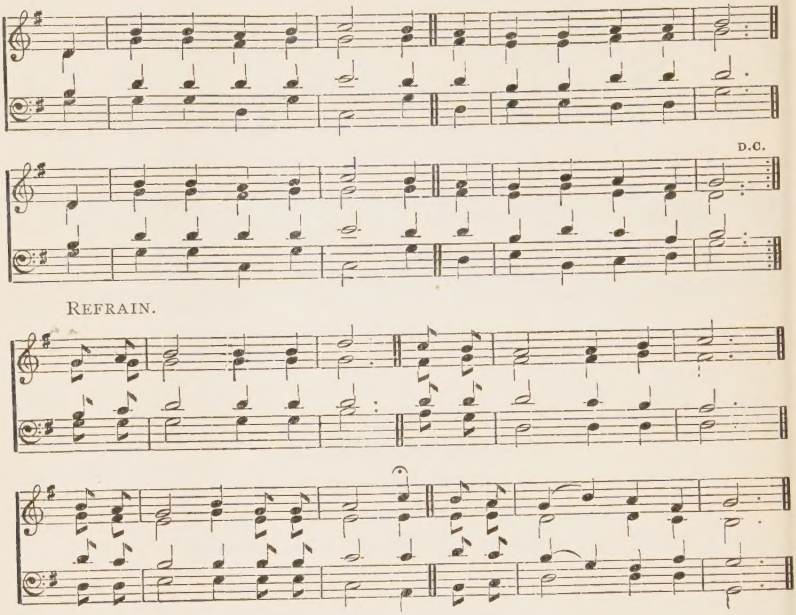
1 THY broken body, gracious Lord,
Is shadow'd by this broken bread,
The wine, which in this cup is pour'd,
Points to the blood which Thou hast shed.

2 And while we meet together, thus,
We show that we are one in Thee;
Thy precious blood was shed for us,
Thy death, O Lord, has set us free.

3 Brethren! in Thee, in union sweet,
For ever be Thy grace ador'd,
'Tis in Thy name that now we meet,
And know Thou'rt with us, gracious Lord.

4 We have one hope that Thou wilt come;
Thee, in the air, we wait to see;
When Thou wilt take Thy people home,
And we shall ever reign with Thee.

"Sweet Rest" **HYMN 292.** P.M.




1 THOUGH often here we're weary,
There is sweet rest above.
A rest that is eternal,
Where all is peace and love.
Oh, let us then press forward,
That glorious rest to gain:
We'll soon be free from sorrow,
From toil, and care, and pain.
There is sweet rest in heaven.

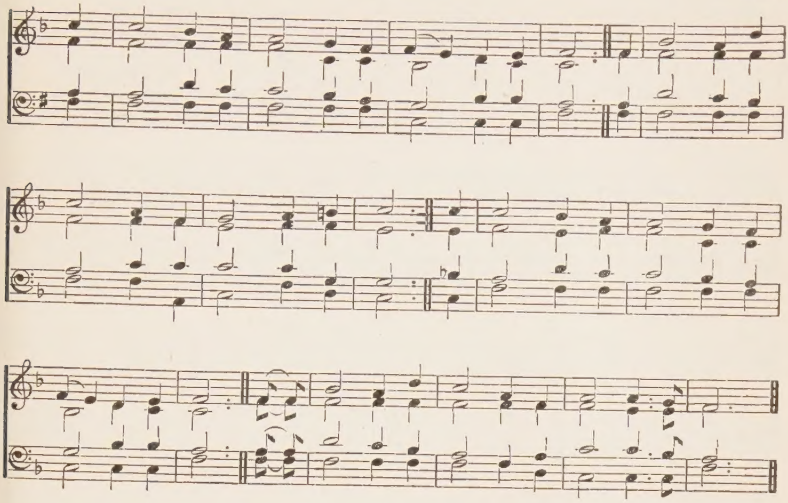
2 Our Saviour will be with us,
E'en to our journey's end;
In every sore affliction
His present help to lend.
He never will grow weary,
Though often we request:
He'll give us grace to conquer,
And take us home to rest.

3 All glory to the Father,
Who gives us every good;
And glory be to Jesus,
Who bought us with His blood;
And glory to the Spirit,
Who keeps us to the end:
To the Triune God be glory,
The sinner's only Friend.

"Hiding in Thee"

## HYMN 293.

P.M.



1 THROUGH the dark path of sorrow,
Which Jesus has trod,
Thy feeble ones wander,
Our Father, our God;
And the thick clouds that gather,
But turn us away
From the waste, howling desert,
Where He could not stay.

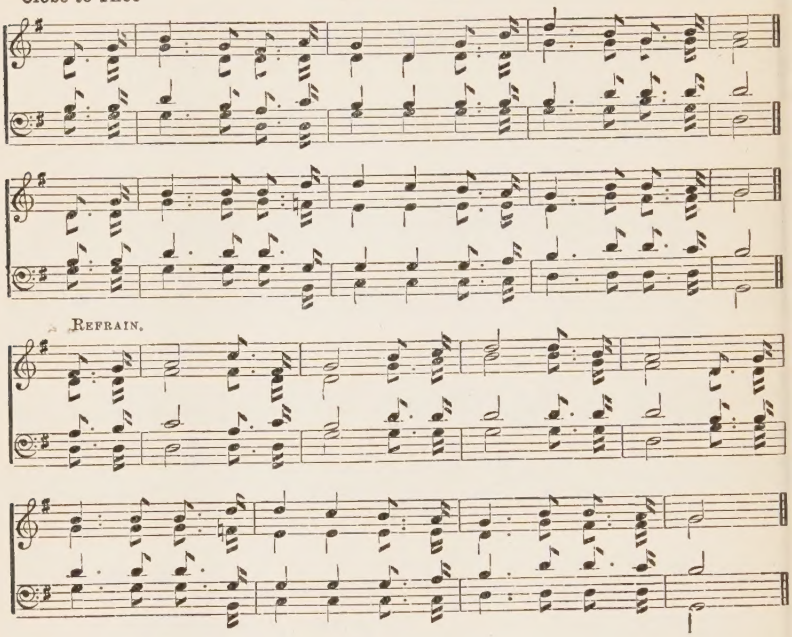
2 From the cold world that knoweth
And loveth its own,
Where Jesus was hated,
Rejected, unknown;
We will cheerfully hasten,
Rejoicing to be
Counted worthy to suffer,
Lord Jesus, for Thee.

3 In the fierce hour that trieth
The children of men—
In the hour of temptation,
Oh! succour us then;
Let the weak and the feeble
Find under Thine arm,
In the blast of the terrible,
Shelter from harm.

4 When the proud are exalted,
And seated on high;
When trouble and desperate
Sorrow draw nigh;
When the hearts of all others
Are failing for fear,
Then we lift up our heads,
For the glory is near.

5 Oh! hasten Thy coming,
We long for the day—
Bright Star of the morning,
No longer delay;
Let the groaning creation
From sorrow be free,
And the purchased possession
Be gather'd to Thee.

"Close to Thee" **HYMN 294.** P.M.




1 THOU, my everlasting portion,
More than friend or life to me,
All along my pilgrim journey,
Saviour, let me walk with Thee.
Close to Thee, close to Thee,
Close to Thee, close to Thee,
All along my pilgrim journey,
Saviour, let me walk with Thee.

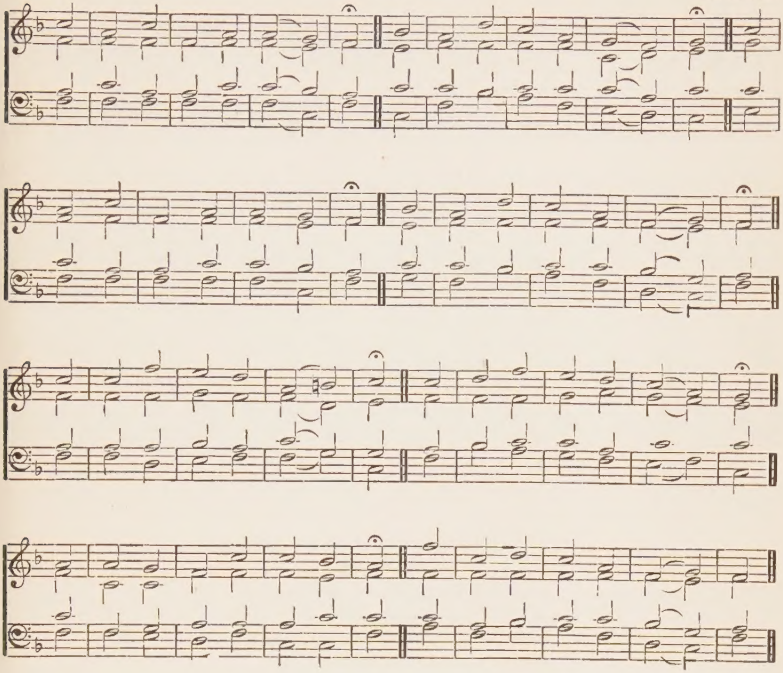
2 Not for ease or worldly pleasure,
Nor for fame my prayer shall be;
Gladly will I toil and suffer,
Only let me walk with Thee.
Close to Thee, close to Thee,
Close to Thee, close to Thee,
Gladly will I toil and suffer,
Only let me walk with Thee.

3 Lead me thro' the vale of shadows,
Bear me o'er life's fitful sea;
Then the gate of life eternal
I shall enter, Lord, with Thee.
Close to Thee, close to Thee,
Close to Thee, close to Thee,
Then the gate of life eternal
I shall enter, Lord, with Thee.

"Ezra"

## HYMN 295.

7.7.8.7. D.



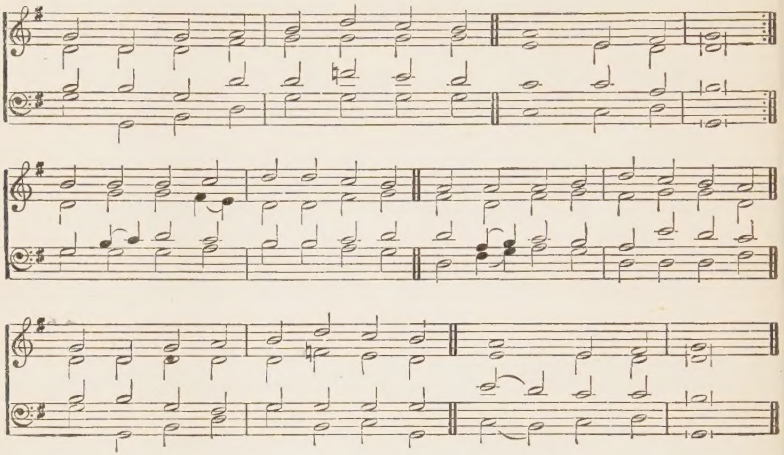
1 THY love we own, Lord Jesus:
In service unremitting,
Within the veil Thou dost prevail,
Each soul for worship fitting.
Encompass'd here with failure,
Each earthly refuge fails us;
Without, within, beset with sin—
Thy name alone avails us.

2 Thy love we own, Lord Jesus;
For though Thy toils are ended,
Thy tender heart doth take its part
With those Thy grace befriended.
Thy sympathy, how precious!
Thou succourest in sorrow,
And bidst us cheer, while pilgrims here,
And haste the hopeful morrow.

3 Thy love we own, Lord Jesus:
Thy way is traced before Thee:
Thou wilt descend, and we ascend,
To meet in heavenly glory.
Soon shall the blissful morning
Call forth Thy saints to meet Thee;
Only our Lord, alone adored,
With gladness then we'll greet Thee

4 Thy love we own, Lord Jesus,
And wait to see Thy glory,
To know as known, and fully own
Thy perfect grace before Thee.
We plead Thy parting promise,
Come, Saviour, to release us;
Then endless praise our lips shall raise,
For love like Thine, Lord Jesus.

"Evensong" **HYMN 296.** 8.4.8.4.8.8.4

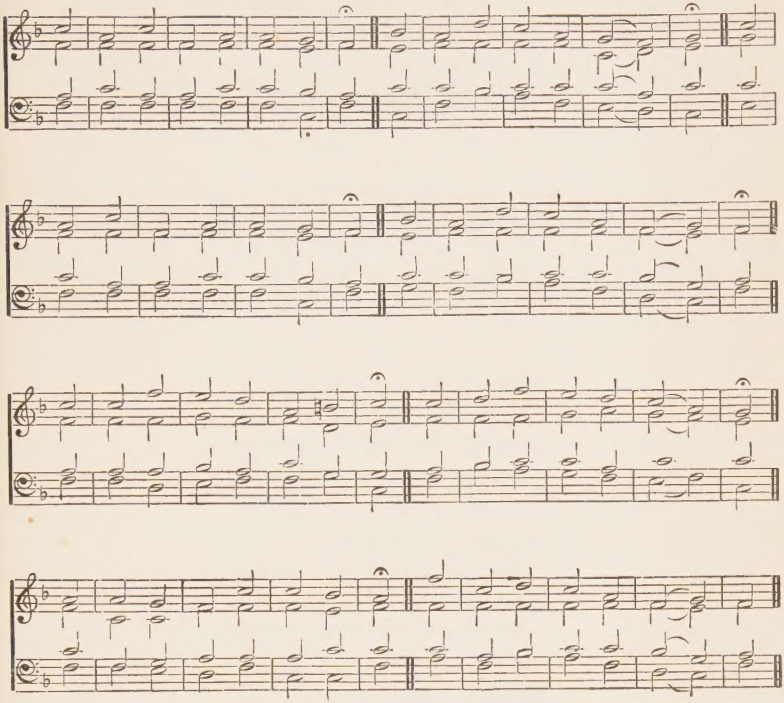


1 THROUGH the love of God our Saviour,
All will be well.
Free and changeless is His favour;
All, all is well.
Precious is the blood that heal'd us,
Perfect is the grace that seal'd us,
Strong the hand stretch'd forth to shield us,
All must be well.

2 Though we pass through tribulation,
All will be well.
Ours is such a full salvation,
All, all is well.
Happy, still in God confiding,
Fruitful, if in Christ abiding,
Holy, through the Spirit's guiding,
All must be well.

3 We expect a bright to-morrow,
All will be well.
Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
All, all is well.
On our Father's love relying,
Christ our every need supplying,
Whether living now, or dying,
All must be well.

"Ezra"—Key F. **HYMN 297.** 8.7.8.7. D.



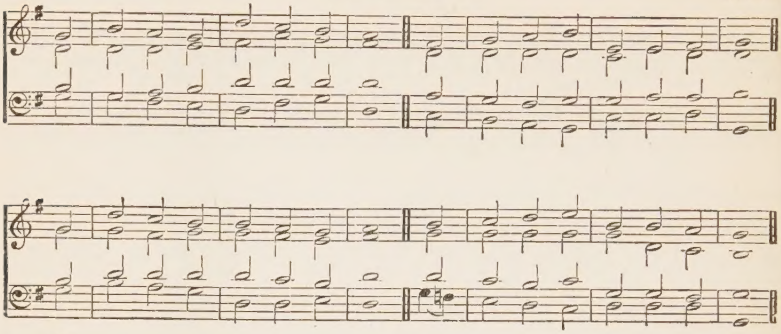
1 'TWAS love that sought Gethsemane,
Or Judas ne'er had found Thee;
'Twas love that nailed Thee to the tree,
Or iron ne'er had bound Thee.

2 'Twas love that lived, 'twas love that died,
With endless life to bless us,
Well hast Thou won Thy blood-bought bride,
Worthy art Thou, Lord Jesus.

"David's"

## HYMN 298.

8.8.8.8.



1 THIS world is a wilderness wide—
I've nothing to seek or to choose;
I've no thought in the waste to abide:
I've nought to regret or to lose.

2 The path where my Saviour is gone
Has led up to His Father and God—
To the place where He's now on the throne,
And *His strength shall be mine on the road.*

3 *With Him* shall my rest be on high,
When in holiness bright I sit down—
In the joy of His love ever nigh—
In the peace that His presence shall crown.

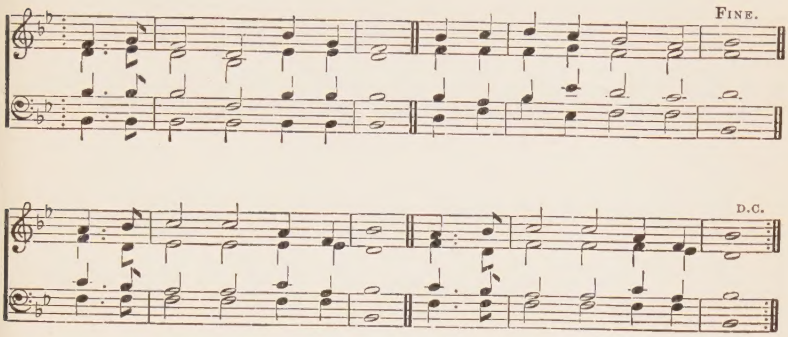
4 *'Tis the* TREASURE *I've* FOUND *in His* LOVE
*That has made me a pilgrim below;*
And 'tis there, when I reach Him above,
As I'm known, all His fulness I'll know.

5 And Saviour, 'tis *Thou* from on high
I await till the time Thou shalt come
To take him Thou hast led by Thine eye,
To Thyself, in Thy heavenly home.

"Till He Come"

## HYMN 299.

7.7.7.7.7.7.



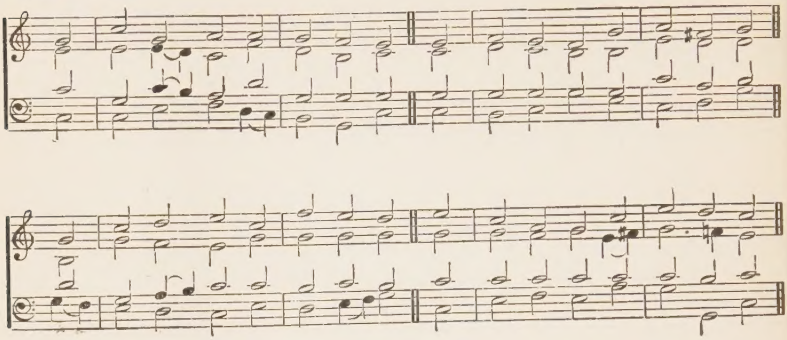

1 "TILL He come!" Oh, let the words
Linger on the trembling chords;
Let the "little while" between
In their golden light be seen;
Let us think how heaven and home
Lie beyond that "Till He come!"

2 When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
When their words of love and cheer
Fall no longer on our ear,
Hush! be every murmur dumb,
It is only "Till He come!"

3 Clouds and darkness round us press;
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss,
Death, and darkness, and the tomb,
Pain us only "Till He come!"

4 See, the feast of love divine,
Broken bread and outpoured wine:
Sweet memorials, till the Lord
Call us round His heavenly board,
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only "Till He come!"

"Winchester" **HYMN 300.** L.M.



1 'TIS we, O Lord, whom Thou hast shown
The deadly bitterness of sin,
We, who forgiving love have known,
May fitly bring thank-offerings in.

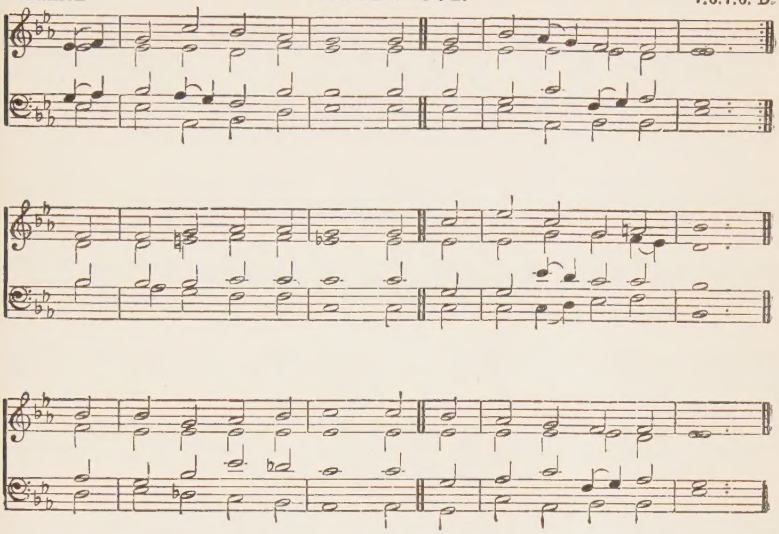
2 Thy presence called for Israel's praise,
Encompassed by their mortal foes;
And when in death they met their gaze,
What songs of glorious triumph rose!

3 And we have known redemption, Lord,
From bondage worse than theirs by far,
Sin held us with a stronger cord,
Yet by Thy mercy free we are

4 O blessed Lord! Thy groans and tears,
Thy death the power of darkness broke;
Bursting the chains we wore for years
It freed us from the iron yoke.

5 Divine Deliverer! Thou alone
Thy people from the deep could'st bring,
The glorious triumph all Thine own;
Thy name, Thy might, Thy grace, we sing.

"Munich" **HYMN 301.** 7.6.7.6. D.



1 To Thee, O gracious Saviour!
My spirit turns for rest,
My peace is in Thy favour,
My pillow on Thy breast;
Though all the world deceive me,
I know that I am Thine,
And Thou wilt never leave me,
O blessed Saviour, mine.

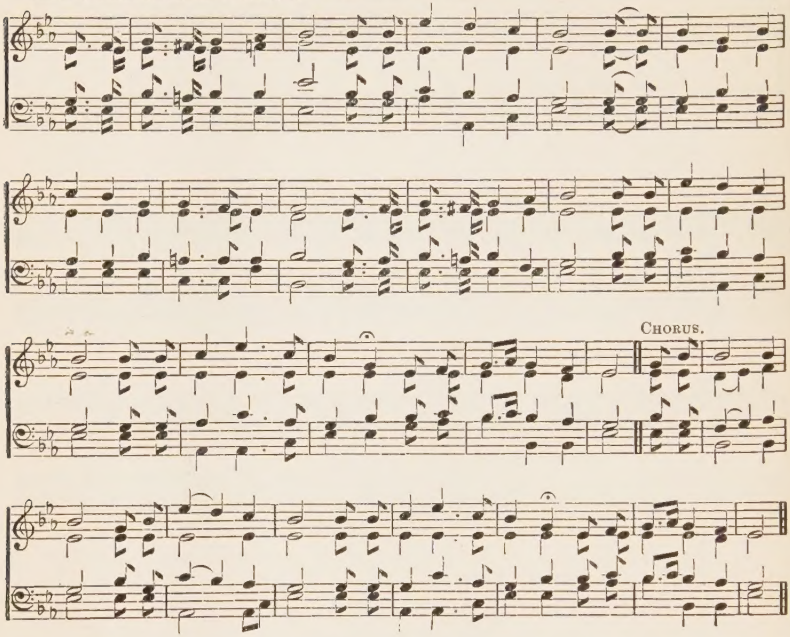
2 In Thee my trust abideth,
On Thee my hope relies,
O Thou, whose love provideth
For all beneath the skies;
O Thou, whose mercy found me,
From bondage set me free,
And then for ever bound me
With threefold cords to Thee.

3 My grief is in the dullness
With which this sluggish heart
Doth open to the fulness
Of all Thou would'st impart;
My joy is in Thy merit,
And holiness divine,
My comfort in Thy Spirit
That binds my life to Thine.

4 Alas! that I should ever
Have failed in love to Thee,
The only One who never
Forgot or slighted me;
Oh, for a heart to love Thee
More truly, as I ought,
And nothing place above Thee,
In deed, or word, or thought.

5 Oh, for that choicest blessing
Of living in Thy love,
And thus on earth possessing
The peace of heaven above;
Oh, for the bliss that by it
The soul securely knows,
The holy calm and quiet
Of faith's serene repose!

## "'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer" HYMN 302. P.M.




1 'TIS the blessed hour of prayer, when our hearts lowly bend,
And we gather to Jesus, our Saviour and Friend;
If we come to Him in faith, His protection to share.
What a balm for the weary!
Oh, how sweet to be there!

Blessed hour of prayer,
Blessed hour of prayer!
What a balm for the weary!
Oh, how sweet to be there!

2 'Tis the blessed hour of prayer, when the Saviour draws near,
With tender compassion His people to hear;
When He tells us we may cast at His feet ev'ry care:
What a balm for the weary!
Oh, how sweet to be there!

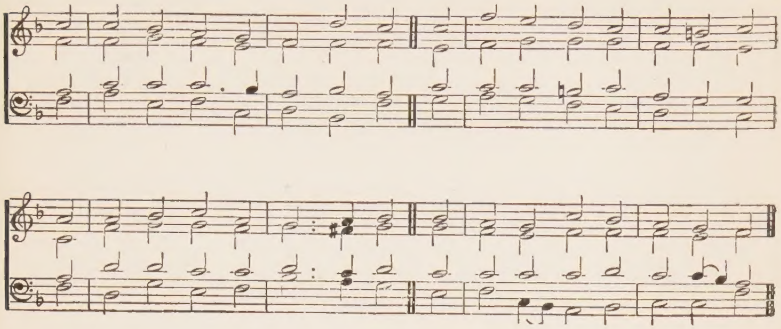
3 'Tis the blessed hour of prayer, when the tempted and tried,
To the Saviour who loves them their sorrows confide;
With a sympathizing heart He removes every care;
What a balm for the weary!
Oh, how sweet to be there!

4 At the blessed hour of prayer, if we firmly believe
That the blessing we ask for we'll surely receive,
In the fulness of delight we shall lose every care;
What a balm for the weary!
Oh, how sweet to be there!

"Melcombe"

## HYMN 303.

L.M.



1 'TIS finished all—our souls to win,
His life the blessed Saviour gave:
Then rising, left His people's sin
Behind Him in His open grave.

2 Past suff'ring now, the tender heart
Of Jesus, on His Father's throne,
Still in our sorrow bears a part,
And feels it as He felt His own.

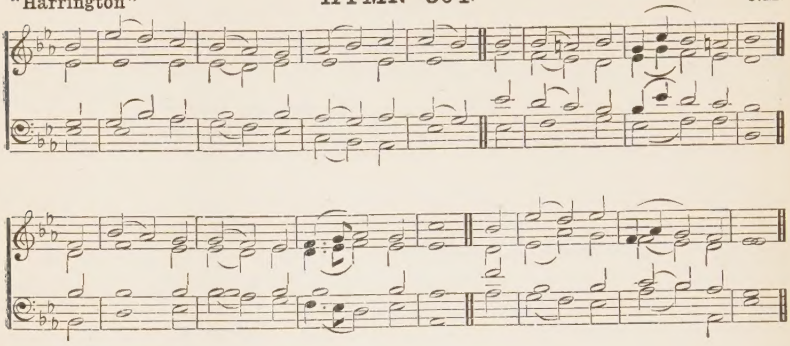
3 Sweet thought! we have a Friend above,
Our weary, falt'ring steps to guide,
Who follows with the eye of love
The little flock for which He died.

4 Lord Jesus! teach us more and more
On Thee alone to cast our care;
And gazing on Thy cross, adore
The wond'rous grace that brought Thee there.

"Harrington"

## HYMN 304.

C.M.



1 'TIS past—the dark and dreary night,
And, Lord, we hail Thee now—
Our morning Star, without a cloud
Of sadness on Thy brow.

2 Thy path on earth, the cross, the grave,
Thy sorrows all are o'er;
And, O sweet thought! Thine eye shall weep—
Thy heart shall break no more.

3 Deep were those sorrows—deeper still
The love that brought Thee low—
That bade the streams of life from Thee,
A lifeless Victim flow.

4 Drawn from Thy pierced and bleeding side,
That pure and cleansing flood
Speaks peace to every heart that knows
The virtues of Thy blood.

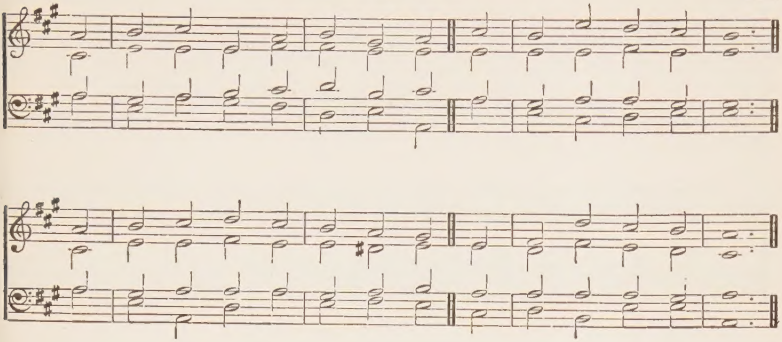
5 Yet, 'tis not that we know the joy
Of cancelled sin alone,
But, happier far, Thy saints are call'd
To share Thy glorious throne.

6 So closely are we link'd in love—
So wholly one with Thee,
That all Thy bliss and glory then
Our portion blest shall be.

"St. Paul"

## HYMN 305.

C.M.



1 To Calvary, Lord! in spirit now
Our weary souls repair,
To dwell upon Thy dying love,
And taste its sweetness there.

2 Sweet resting place of every heart
That feels the plague of sin,
Yet knows the deep mysterious joy
Of peace with God within!

3 There, through Thine hour of deepest woe,
Thy suffering spirit passed;
Grace there its wondrous victory gained,
And love endured its last.

4 O Lamb of God, Thy bleeding wounds,
With cords of love divine,
Have drawn our willing hearts to Thee,
And linked our life with Thine.

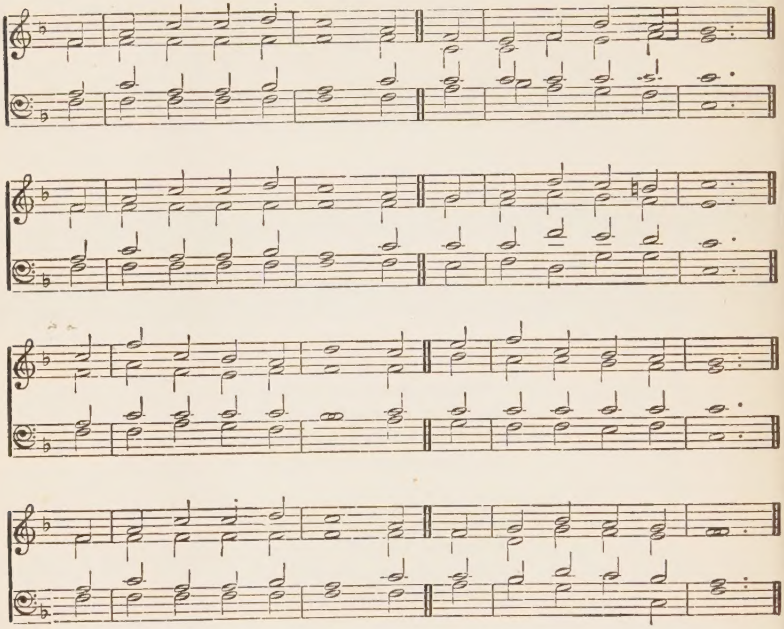
5 Our longing eyes would fain behold
That bright and blessed brow,
Once wrung with bitterest anguish, wear
Its crown of glory now.

6 Thy sympathies and hopes are ours;
We long, O Lord, to see
Creation, all—below, above—
Redeem'd and bless'd by Thee.

"Heber"

## HYMN 306.

7.6.7.6. D.



1 UNWORTHY our thanksgiving,
Our service stained with sin;
Except as Thou art living,
Our Priest, to bear it in;
In every act of worship,
In every loving deed;
Our thoughts around Thee centre,
As meeting all our need.

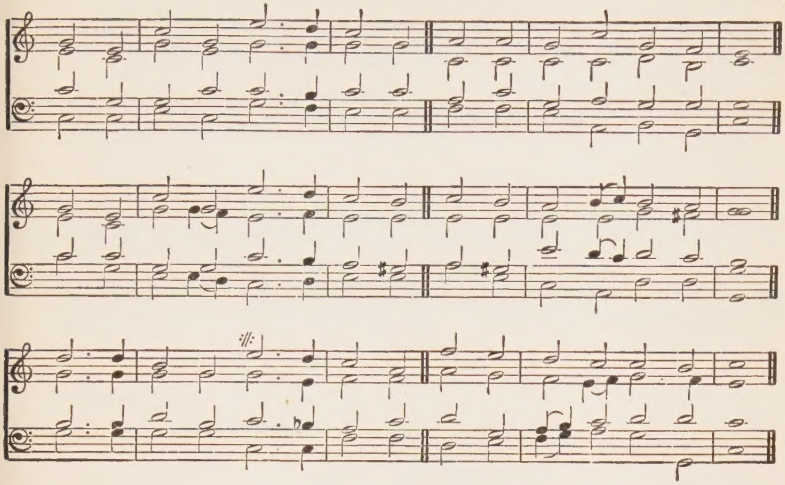
2 A bond that nought can sever
Has fixed us to the Rock,—
Sin put away for ever
From all the Shepherd's flock.
And, Lord, Thy perfect fitness
To do a kinsman's part,
The Holy Ghost doth witness
To each believer's heart.

3 As dews that fall on Hermon,
Refresh the plains below;
The Spirit's holy unction
Through Thee to us doth flow.
Ah, then, how good and pleasant,
As one to live in love,
Forgetting all things present
In hope of joys above.

"Regent Square"

## HYMN 307.

8.7.4.

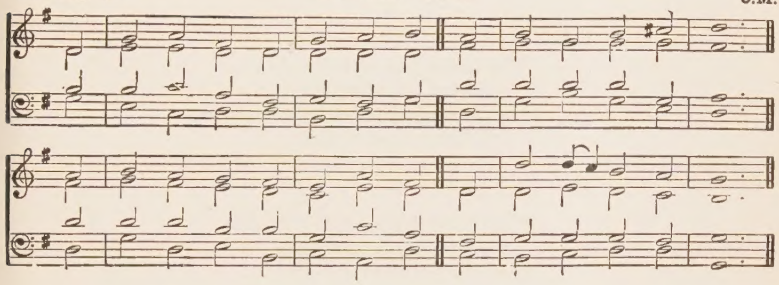


UNTO Him who loved us—gave us
Every pledge that love could give;
Freely shed His blood to save us;
Gave His life that we might live:
Be the kingdom,
And dominion,
And the glory evermore.

"St. Magnus"

## HYMN 308.

C.M.



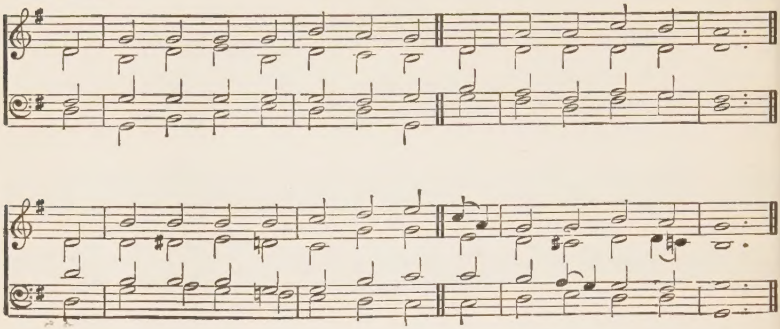
1 UNTO the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid!
Salvation, glory, joy remain
For ever on Thy head!

2 Thou hast redeemed us with Thy blood—
Hast set the pris'ners free;
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with Thee.

"Emmanuel"

## HYMN 309.

C.M.



1 "WALK in the light," so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love,
His Spirit only can bestow,
Who reigns in light above.

2 "Walk in the light," o'er sin abhorred
Thou shalt the victory gain;
The blood of Jesus Christ thy Lord
Cleanseth from every stain.

3 Walk in the light, and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His,
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrin'd,
In Whom no darkness is.

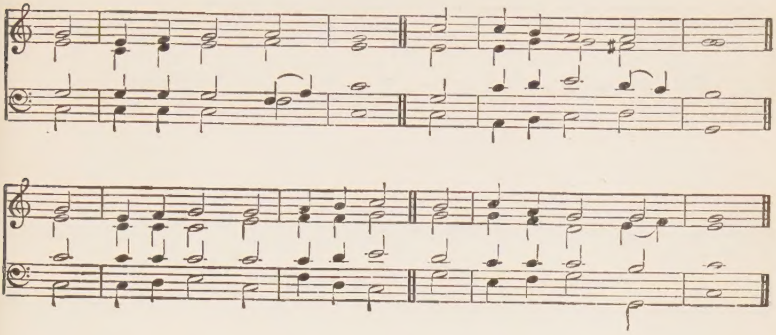
4 Walk in the light, and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

5 Walk in the light, and thine shall be
A path, though thorny, bright;
For God by grace shall dwell in thee,
And God Himself is light.

"Boylston"

## HYMN 310.

S.M.



1 WE bless our Saviour's name,
Our sins are all forgiven;
To suffer once to earth He came,
And now He's crown'd in heaven.

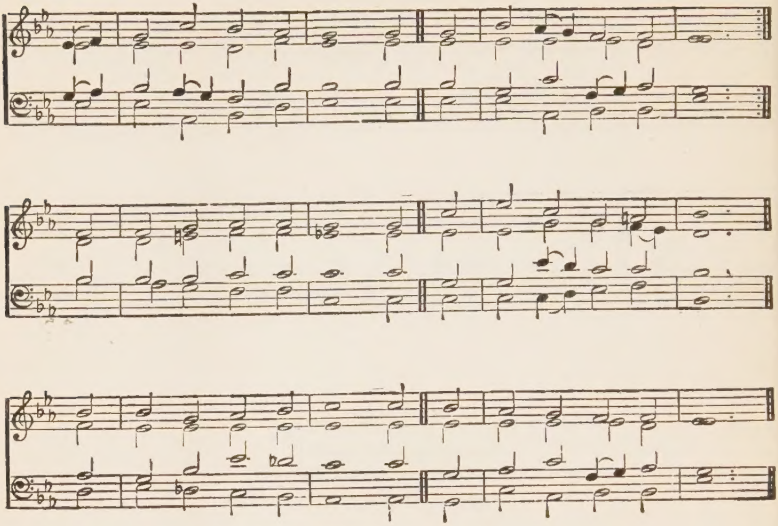
2 His precious blood was shed,
His body bruised for sin;
Rememb'ring this, we break the bread,
And, joyful, drink the wine.

3 While we remember Thee,
Lord in our midst appear;
Let each by faith Thy body see,
While we assemble here.

4 We never would forget
Thy rich, Thy precious love;
Our theme of joy and wonder here,
Our endless song above.

5 O let Thy love constrain
Our souls to cleave to Thee,
And ever in our hearts remain
That word, "Remember Me!"

"Munich" **HYMN 311.** 7.6.7.6. D



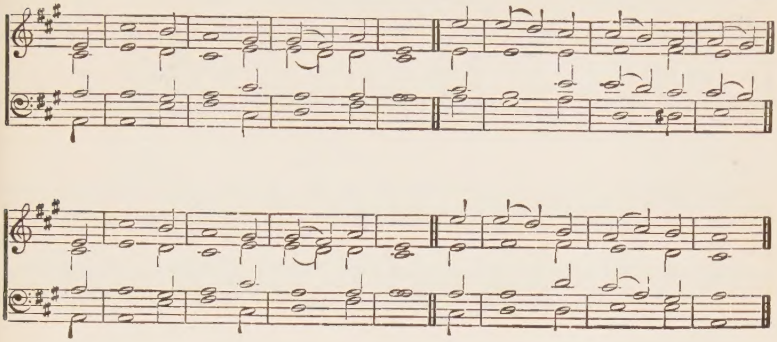
1 WE come, our gracious Father,
With many hearts as one,
And here we only gather
In mem'ry of Thy Son.
We prize each happy token
Of peace with Thee, our God!
The bread—His body broken;
The wine—His precious blood.

2 Whilst breaking bread, we ponder.
Lord Jesus, on Thy love,
And see, with silent wonder,
What drew Thee from above.
Complete in Thy completeness,
The Church Thy favoured Bride,
Possesses all the sweetness
Thy perfect love supplied.

"Belmont"

## HYMN 312.

C.M.



1 WE love to sing with one accord
The riches of Thy grace;
We love to come before Thee, Lord—
On earth no happier place.

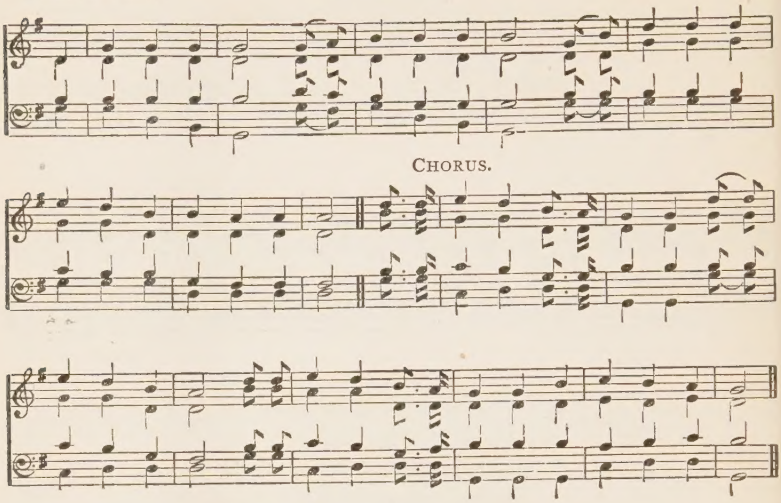
2 We love to lean upon Thy breast
In the repose of faith,
And find our soul's enduring rest
In what Thy Spirit saith.

3 He witnessed to the constant guilt
That marked the path we trod;
He witnessed that Thy blood was spilt
To bring us nigh to God.

4 He made us look to Thee alone,
And showed us our release;
He brings the message from the throne,
Of mercy, grace, and peace.

5 In songs of praise we would record
Thy mercy while we live,
And, standing in Thy presence, Lord,
Far sweeter praises give.

"Thine the Glory" **HYMN 313.** P.M.




1 WE praise Thy great love,
Our Father and God;
Rejoicing in Jesus,
Whom Thou hast bestowed.

Hallelujah! Thine the glory,
Hallelujah, Amen!
Hallelujah! Thine the glory.
Revive us again.

2 We praise Thee, O God,
For the joy Thou hast given
To Thy saints in communion—
These foretastes of heaven.

3 We praise Thee, O God,
For the word of Thy love
Which unfolds Thy rich grace,
And Thy glory above.

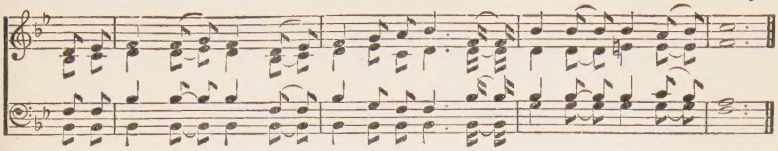
4 Accepted in Christ,
Who has stood in our place,
We shall show in the glory
Thy riches of grace.

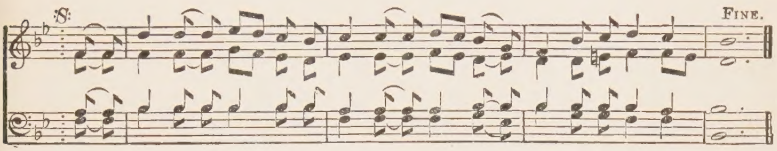
5 We work for Him now,
Till—God's purpose complete—
The Bride and the Bridegroom
In glory shall meet.

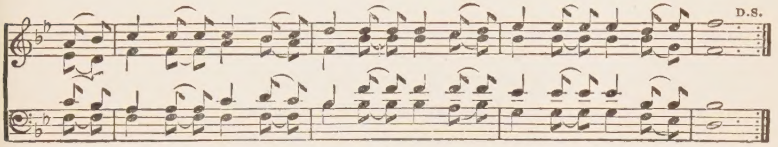
Hallelujah! Thine the glory,
Hallelujah, Amen!
Hallelujah! Thine the glory,
Come quickly again.

6 Lord Jesus, we wait
For the day Thou shalt come,
We long for Thy presence,
Our heavenly home.

"Resolution" **HYMN 314.** P.M.






1 WE'RE a pilgrim band in a stranger land,
Who are marching from Calvary,
Where the wondrous cross, with its gain and loss,
Is the sum of our history.
There we lost our stand in a death-doom'd land,
As children of wrath by the fall,
There we gain'd a place as heirs of grace,
At the feast in the heav'nly hall.

2 We read our guilt in the blood that was spilt,
And we weep o'er the crimson flow;
But we joy in the grace of the unveil'd face
Of a Father here below.
And as sons of God, redeem'd by blood,
We hasten from Egypt away,
We cross the sand to the pleasant land,
And the joys of an endless day.

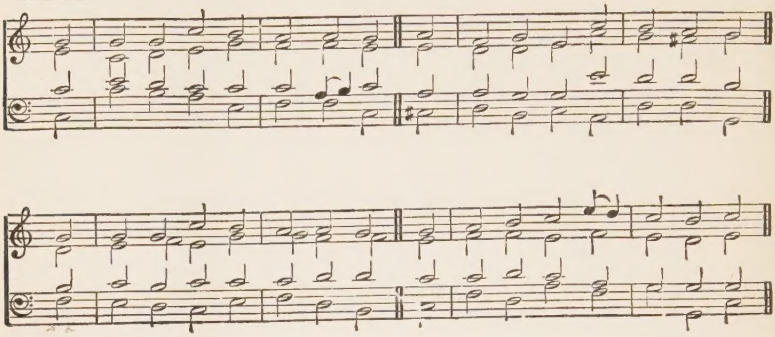
3 We were children of night, kept far from the light,
Enslav'd by a cruel foe,
But Jesus' pains broke the iron chains,
And redeem'd our souls from woe.
Now, as children of light we walk and we fight
In a path of triumphant joy,
For our strength is the Lord, whose word is our sword,
While faith is the shield we employ.

4 Our home is with God, and our path has been trod
By the faithful of ages all,
And us He will bring as on eagle's wing
To our place in the marriage hall.
Then, then shall we sing as the bride of the King
Of the blood that has brought us so nigh,
To bask in the blaze of the Ancient of Days,
Enthroned above the sky.

"Mainzer"

## HYMN 315.

L.M



1 WE sing the praise of Him who died,
Of Him who died upon the cross,
The sinner's hope—though men deride,
For Him we count the world but loss.

2 Inscribed upon the cross we see,
In shining letters, "God is Love!"
The Lamb who died upon the tree
Has brought us mercy from above.

3 The cross! it takes our guilt away,
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.

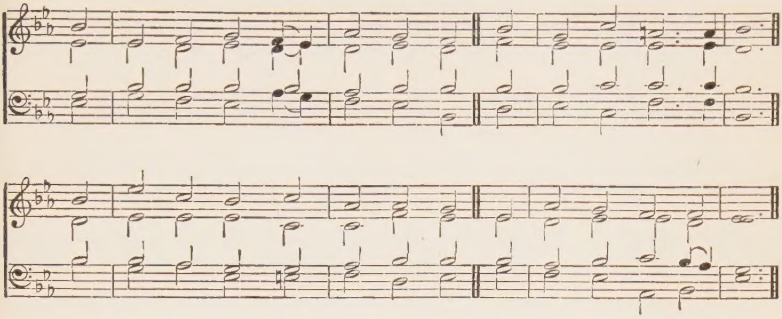
4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light.

5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The theme of praise in heaven above.

"St. Bernard"

## HYMN 316.

C.M.



1 WHAT grace, O Lord, and beauty shone
Around Thy steps below!
What patient love was seen in all
Thy life and death of woe!

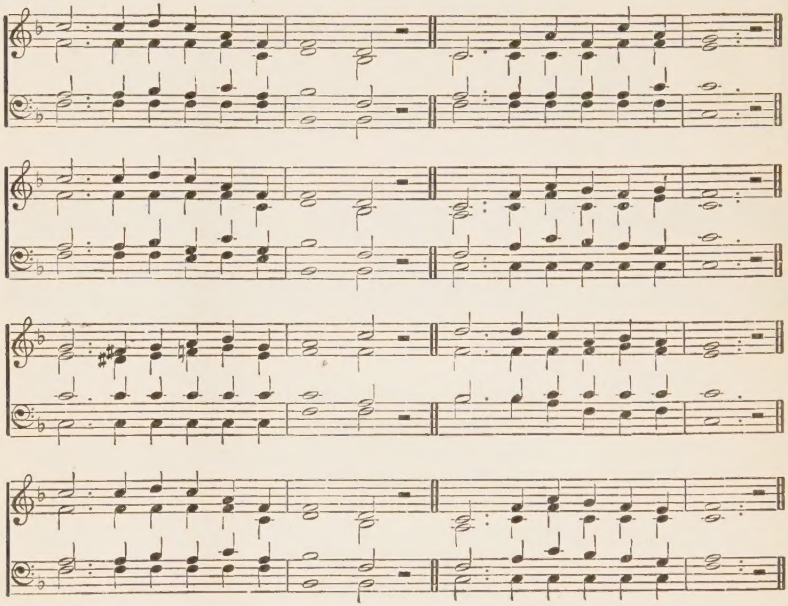
2 For ever on Thy burdened heart
A weight of sorrow hung;
Yet no ungentle murmuring word
Escaped Thy silent tongue.

3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile—
Thy friends unfaithful prove;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.

4 Oh, give us hearts to love like Thee—
Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for other's sins than all
The wrongs that we receive.

5 One with Thyself, may every eye,
In us, Thy brethren, see
That gentleness and grace that spring
From union, Lord, with Thee.

"Paraclete" **HYMN 317.** 8.7.8.7. D.

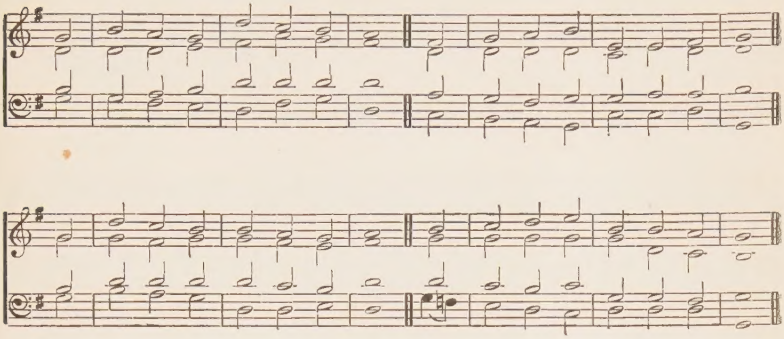


1 WHAT a friend we have in Jesus!
All our sins and griefs to bear,
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
Oh, what peace we often forfeit!
Oh, what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Blessed Saviour, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?—
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou shalt find a solace there.

"David's" **HYMN 318.** 8.8.8.8.



1 WE'LL sing of the Shepherd that died,
That died for the sake of the flock;
His love to the utmost was tried,
But firmly endured as a rock.

2 When blood from a victim must flow,
This Shepherd, by pity, was led
To stand between us and the foe,
And willingly died in our stead.

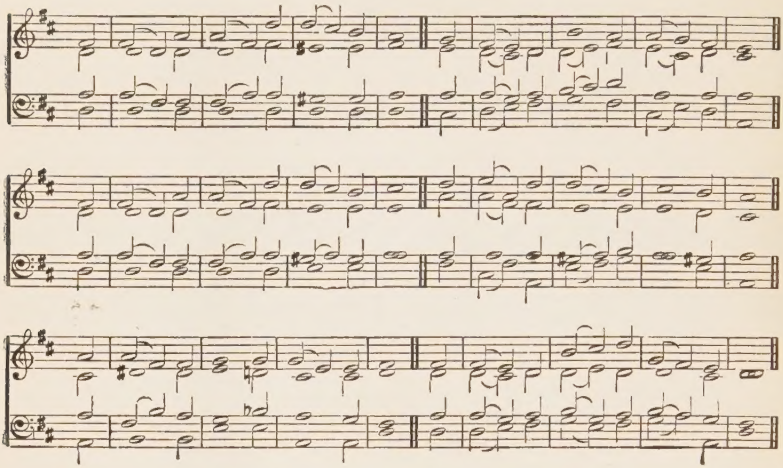
3 Our song then for ever should be,
Of the Shepherd who gave Himself thus;
No subject's so glorious as He,
No theme so affecting to us.

4 We'll sing of such subjects alone,
None other our tongues shall employ;
Till fully His love becomes known,
In yonder bright regions of joy.

"Giessen"

## HYMN 319.

8.8.8.8.8.8.



1 WHEN first o'erwhelmed with sin and shame
To Jesu's Cross I trembling came,
Burdened with guilt, and full of fear,
Yet drawn by love to venture near,
Pardon I found, and peace with God,
In Jesu's rich atoning blood.

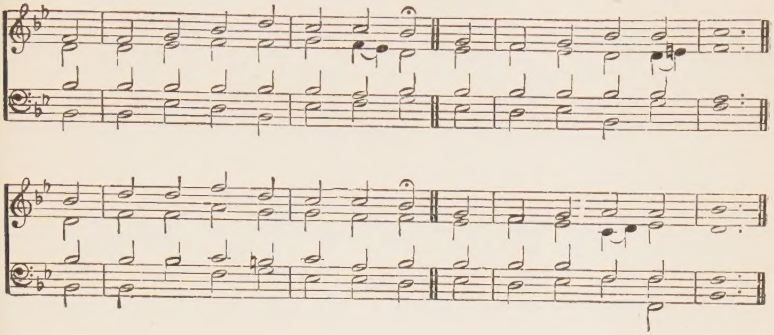
2 My sin is gone, my fear is o'er,
I shun God's presence now no more;
He sits upon a throne of grace,
He bids me boldly seek His face:
Sprinkled upon the throne of God,
I see that rich atoning blood.

3 Here I can rest without a fear;
By this to God I now draw near;
By this I triumph over sin;
For this has made and keeps me clean;
And when I reach the throne of God,
I'll praise that rich atoning blood.

"Courtallam"

## HYMN 320.

C.M.



1 WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,
And long to fly away.

2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of His love;
Sweet to look upward to the place,
Where Jesus pleads above.

3 Sweet to look back and see my name
In life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own.

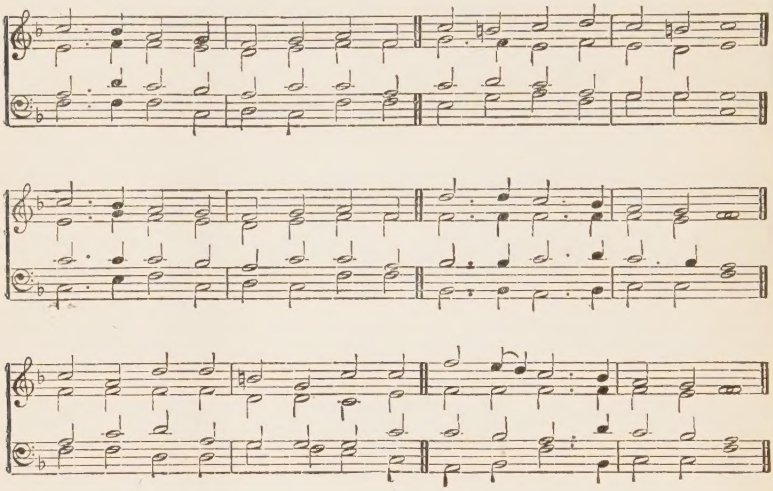
4 Sweet to reflect how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid;
Sweet to remember that His blood
My debt of suffering paid.

5 Sweet in God's righteousness to stand,
Which saves from second death;
Sweet to experience, day by day,
His Spirit's quick'ning breath.

6 Sweet on His faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on His covenant of grace
For all things to depend.

7 Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
To trust His firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in His hands
And know no will but His.

"Anticipation" **HYMN 321.** 8.7.4.



1 COME, ye saints, rejoice with Jesus,
Called with Him His joy to share;
Seraphs worship, angels praise Him;
We, His friends and followers are.
Lost ones found, and dead ones [raised,
Now the heart of Jesus cheer.

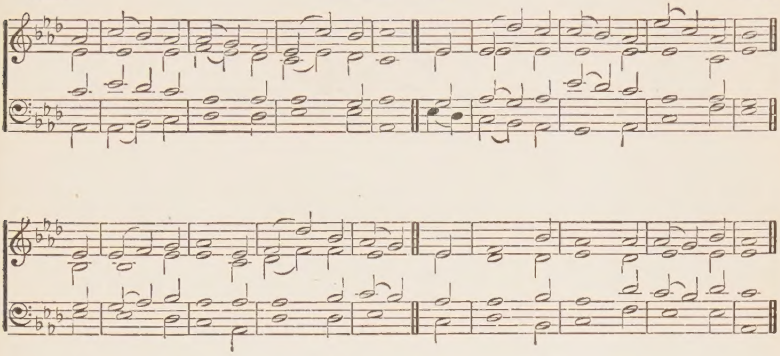
2 Praise the Lord with hallelujahs!
Endless praises let us bring;
Praise His Name for these great mercies,
Turn we now His praise to sing.
Loudest praises
Make the court of heaven ring.

3 Praise Him! praise Him! never ceasing
Ye who prove God's boundless grace;
Have we asked, and has He answered?
Thankful hearts to heaven raise.
He is worthy
To receive His children's praise.

4 Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Heartfelt praise to God we give;
They should loudest sing His praises
Who His blessings thus receive.
Songs of praises
Let us render while we live.

5 Shout, ye ransomed heirs of heaven!
Saved to show God's praises forth;
While ye shout, let joys unspoken
Fill your hearts with heavenly mirth.
Hearts exulting,
Songs out-bursting,
Put to shame the joys of earth.

"Mason" **HYMN 322.** L.M.



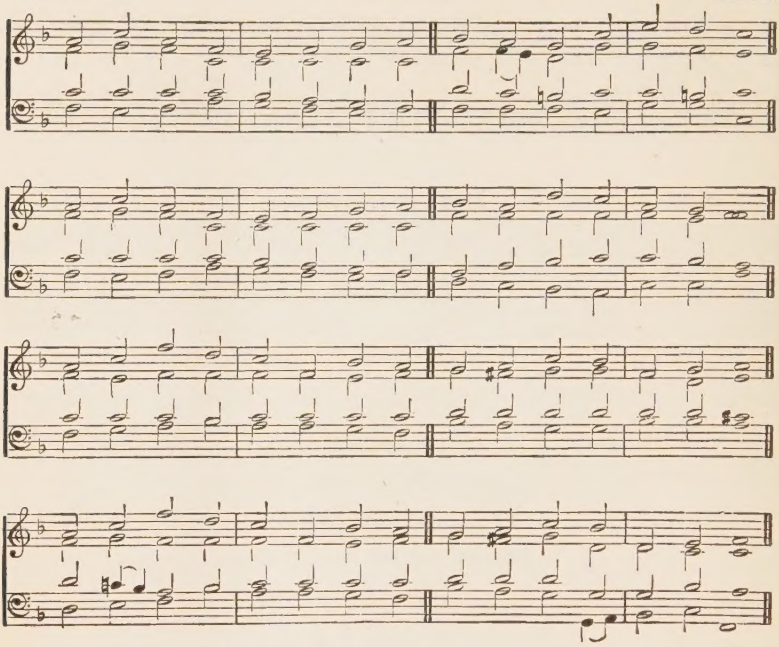
1 WHEN I survey the wondrous Cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the Cross of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my heart, my life, my all.

"Deerhurst" **HYMN 323.** 8.7.8.7. D.



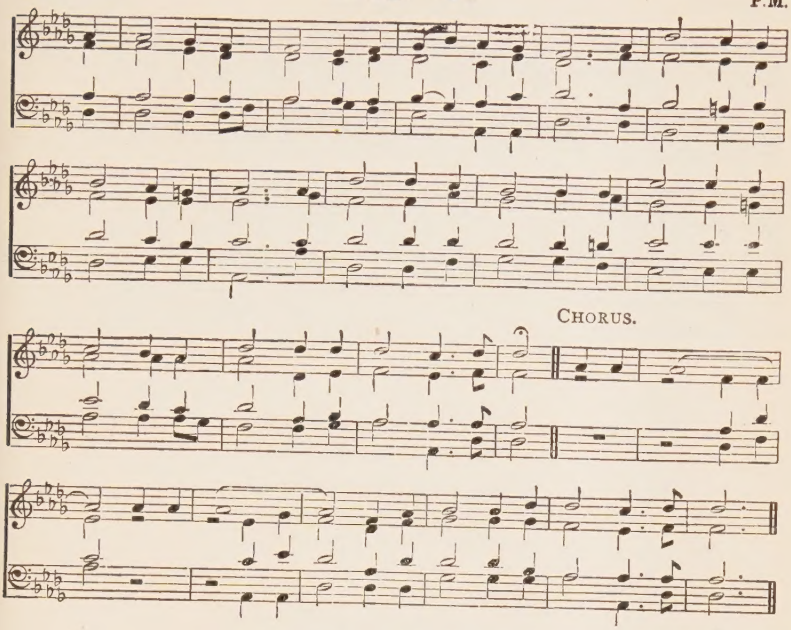
1 WHILE in sweet communion feeding
On this earthly bread and wine,
Saviour, may we see Thee bleeding
On the cross, to make us Thine!
Now, our eyes we would be closing
To this fleeting world below,
And upon Thyself reposing,
More of grace and mercy know.

2 Though unseen, be ever near us,
With the still, small voice of Love;
Whisp'ring words of peace to cheer us,
Every doubt and fear remove:
Bring before us all the story
Of Thy life and death of woe,
And, with hopes of endless glory,
Wean our hearts from all below.

"It is Well"

## HYMN 324.

P.M.




1 WHEN peace, like a river attendeth my way,
When sorrows, like sea-billows, roll;
Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say
"It is well, it is well with my soul."
It is well with my soul,
It is well, it is well with my soul.

2 Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come
Let this blest assurance control,
That Christ has regarded my helpless estate,
And has shed His own blood for my soul.

3 My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious thought—
My sin, not in part but the whole
Is nailed to His cross; and I bear it no more:
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!

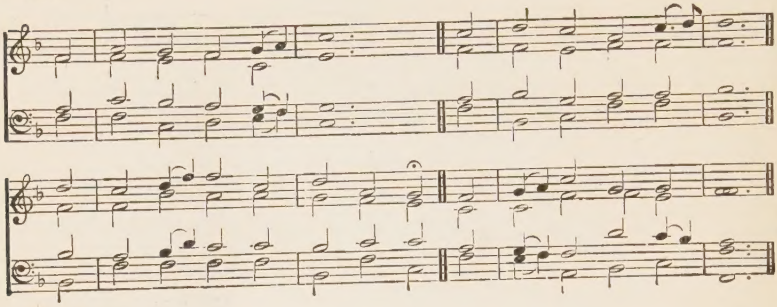
4 For me, be it Christ, be it Christ hence to live;
If death's waters o'er me shall roll,
No pang shall be mine, for in death as in life
Thou wilt whisper Thy peace to my soul.

5 But, Lord, 'tis for Thee, for Thy coming, we wait,
The sky, not the grave, is our goal;
Oh, trump of the angel! Oh, voice of the Lord!
Blessed hope! blessed rest of my soul!

"Selma"

## HYMN 325.

S.M.



1 WITH Jesus in our midst
We gather round the board;
Though many, we are one in Christ,
One body in the Lord.

2 Our sins were laid on Him
When bruised on Calvary;
With Christ we died and rose again;
And sit with Him on high.

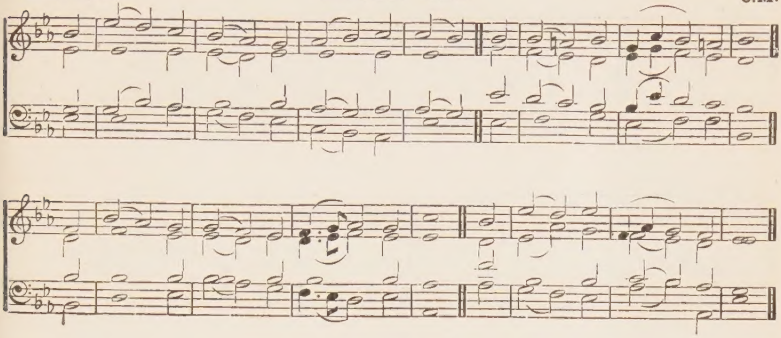
3 Faith eats the bread of life;
And drinks the living wine;
Thus we, in love together knit,
On Jesus' breast recline.

4 Soon shall the night be gone,
And we with Jesus reign;
The marriage supper of the Lamb
Shall banish all our pain.

"Harrington"

## HYMN 326.

C.M.



1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart o'erflows with tenderness,
His very Name is love.

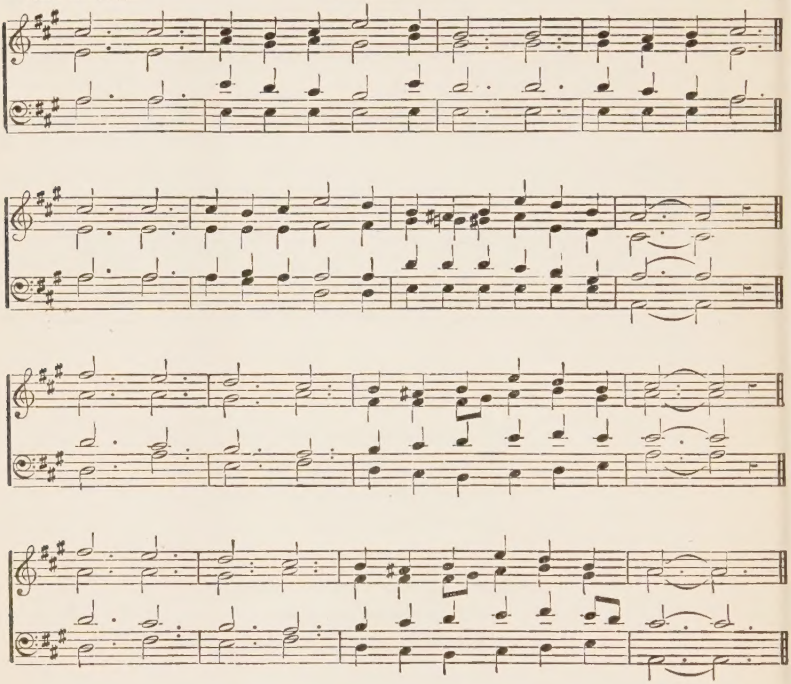
2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations are,
For He endured the same.

3 But spotless, innocent, and pure
Our great Redeemer stood:
No stain of sin did e'er defile
The holy Lamb of God.

4 He, when He sojourned here below,
Poured forth His cries and tears;
And, though exalted, feels afresh
What every member bears.

5 Then boldly let our faith address
His mercy and His power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In each distressing hour.

"Glad Tidings" **HYMN 327.** P.M.



1 HARK! hark! hear the glad tidings,
Soon, soon, Jesus will come,
Robed, robed, in honour and glory,
To gather His ransomed ones home.
Yes, yes, oh, yes!
To gather His ransomed ones home.

2 Joy, joy, sound it more loudly;
Sing, sing, glory to God;
Christ Jesus is quickly returning;
Publish the tidings abroad;
Yes, yes, oh, yes!
Publish the tidings abroad.

3 Now, now, through a glass darkly,
Shine, shine, visions to come;
Soon, soon, we shall behold Him,
Cloudless and bright in our home:
Yes, yes, oh, yes!
Cloudless and bright in our home.

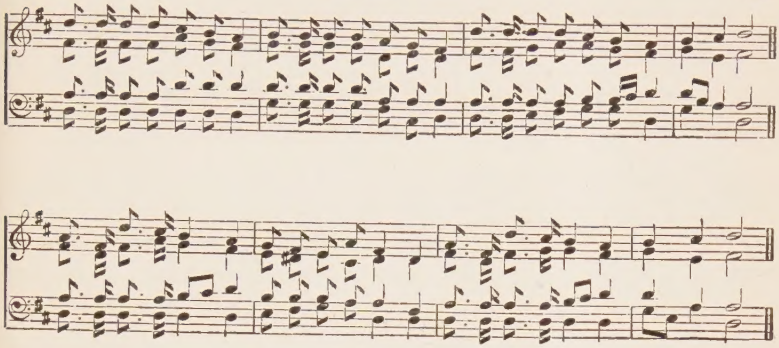
4 Long, long, have we been waiting,
Who love His blessed name;
Now, now, we are delighting.
Jesus is near, to proclaim:
Yes, yes, oh, yes!
Jesus is near, to proclaim.

5 Still, still, rest on the promise;
Cling, cling, fast to His word,
Wait, wait, He will not tarry,
We'll patiently wait for the Lord.
Yes, yes, oh, yes!
We'll patiently wait for the Lord.

"Worthy"

## HYMN 328.

P.M.



1 WORTHY, worthy is the Lamb—
That was slain.

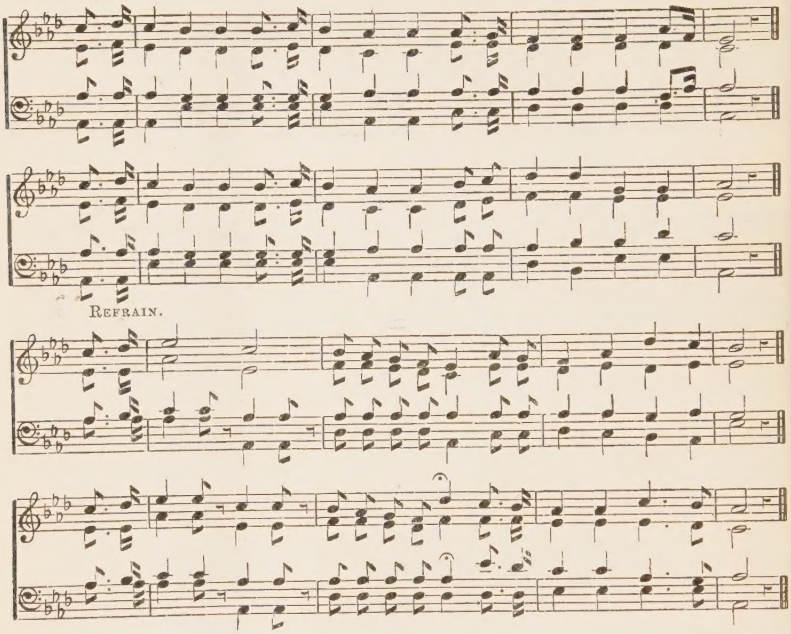
Praise Him, Hallelujah!
Bless Him, Hallelujah!
Praise Him, Hallelujah!
Praise the Lamb.

2 Thou redeem'dst our souls to God—
By Thy blood.
Praise Him, Hallelujah! etc.

3 Thou hast made us kings and priests—
To our God.
Praise Him, Hallelujah! etc.

4 We shall ever reign with Thee—
Lamb of God.
Praise Him, Hallelujah! etc.

"Draw me Nearer" **HYMN 329.** P.M.




1 I AM Thine, O Lord; I have heard Thy voice,
And it told Thy love to me,
But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
And be closer drawn to Thee.

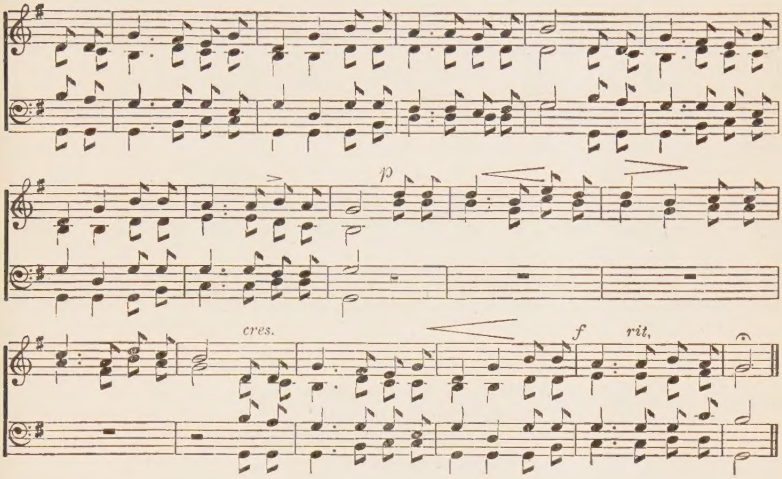
Draw me nearer, nearer, blessed Lord,
To the cross where Thou hast died;
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord,
To Thy precious, wounded side.

2 Consecrate me now to Thy service, Lord,
By the power of grace divine;
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope,
And my will be lost in Thine.

3 Oh, the pure delight of a single hour
That before Thy throne I spend,
When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my God,
I commune as friend with friend.

4 There are depths of love that I cannot know
Till I cross the narrow sea;
There are heights of joy that I may not reach,
Till I rest in peace with Thee.

"Constancy" **HYMN 330.** P.M.




1 I WILL never, never leave thee,
I will never thee forsake;
I will guard, and save, and keep thee,
For My name and mercy's sake.

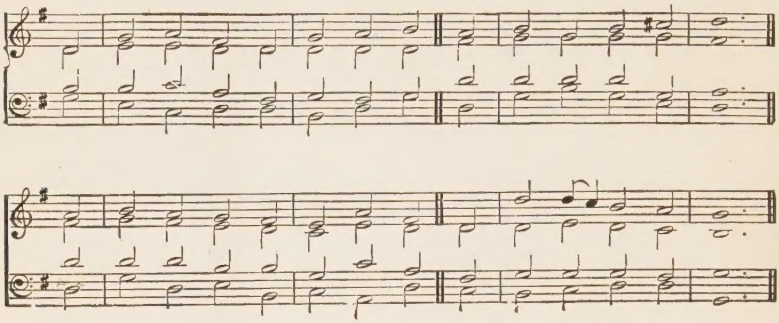
Fear no evil, fear no evil.
Only all My counsel take,
For I'll never, never leave thee,
I will never thee forsake.

2 When the storm is raging round thee,
Call on Me in humble prayer,
I will fold My arms about thee,
Guard thee with the tenderest care,
In the trial, I will make thy pathway clear.

3 When the sky above is glowing,
And around thee all is bright;
Pleasure, like a river flowing,
All things tending to delight.
I'll be with thee, I will guide thy steps aright,

4 When thy soul is dark and clouded,
Filled with doubt, and grief, and care;
Through the mist by which 'tis shrouded,
I will make a light appear,
And the banner of My love I will uprear.

"St. Magnus" **HYMN 331.** C.M.



1 WITH steady pace the pilgrim moves
Towards the blissful shore,
And sings with cheerful heart and voice,
"'Tis better on before."

2 His passage through a desert lies,
Where furious lions roar;
He takes his staff, and smiling says
"'Tis better on before."

3 When tempted to forsake his God,
And give the contest o'er,
He hears a voice which says "look up!"
"'Tis better on before."

4 When stern affliction clouds his cheek,
And want stands at the door,
Hope cheers him with her sunniest note,
"'Tis better on before."

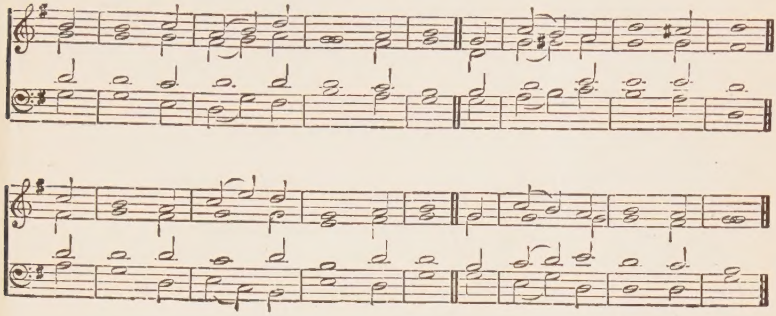
5 And if on Jordan's bank he stands,
And sees the radiant shore;
Bright angels whisper "come away!"
"'Tis better on before."

6 And so it is, for high in heaven
They never suffer more;
Eternal calm succeeds the storm:
"'Tis better on before."

"Lynnwood"

## HYMN 332

C.M.



1 "Oh! Thou whose bounty fills our cup
With every blessing meet,
We give Thee thanks for every drop,
The bitter and the sweet.

2 "We thank Thee for the desert road,
And for the river side;
For all Thy goodness has bestowed,
And all Thy grace denied.

3 "We thank Thee for the smile and frown,
And for the gain and loss;
We bless Thee for the future crown,
And for the present cross.

4 "We bless Thee for the glad increase,
And for the waning joy;
And for the calm and settled peace
Which nothing can destroy."

333 *Tune—Just as I am.* (*S. & S.*, 82.) **P.M.**

1 JUST as I am—without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

2 Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am—though toss'd about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and foes without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

5 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

6 Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

334 *Tune—Sorley.* **C.M.**

1 COME, ye who bow to sov'reign grace,
Record Immanuel's love;
Join in a song of grateful praise
To Him who lives above.

2 Once in the gloomy grave He lay,
But, by His rising power,
He bore the gates of death away
Hail! mighty Conqueror!

# APPENDIX.

## 333 *Tune—Just as I am. (S. & S., 82.)* P.M.

1 JUST as I am—without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

2 Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am—though toss'd about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and foes without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

5 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

6 Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

## 334 *Tune—Sorley.* C.M.

1 COME, ye who bow to sov'reign grace,
Record Immanuel's love;
Join in a song of grateful praise
To Him who lives above.

2 Once in the gloomy grave He lay,
But, by His rising power,
He bore the gates of death away
Hail! mighty Conqueror!

## 335 *Tune—Songs of the Gospel, 22.*

1 COME sing, my soul, and praise the Lord,
Who hath redeemed thee by His blood;
Delivered thee from chains that bound,
And brought thee to redemption ground.

Redemption ground, the ground of peace,
Redemption ground, O wondrous grace;
Here let our praise to God abound,
Who saves us on REDEMPTION GROUND.

2 Once from my God I wandered far,
And with His holy will made war,
But now my songs to God abound;
I'm standing on redemption ground.

3 O joyous hour when God to me
A vision gave of Calvary:
My bonds were loosed, my soul unbound;
I sang upon redemption ground.

4 No works of merit now I plead,
But Jesus take for all my need;
No righteousness in me is found,
Except upon redemption ground.

5 Come, weary soul, and here find rest;
Accept redemption, and be blest;
The Christ who died by God is crowned,
To pardon on redemption ground.

## 336 *Tune—Thanksgiving.*

1 ENDLESS praises to our Lord,
Ever be His name adored!
Hallelujah! Crown the Lamb;
He is worthy—praise His Name.

2 Saints adore Him, sound His fame,
You he saved from endless shame;
Hallelujah! Crown the Lamb;
He is worthy—praise His Name.

## 337 *Tune—Kilmarnock.* C.M.

1 FATHER of mercies! in Thy Word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be Thy Name ador'd
For these celestial lines.

2 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

3 O may these holy pages be
Our ever new delight!
And still new beauties may we see,
And still increasing light.

4 Divine instructor! gracious Lord!
Thou art for ever near;
Teach us to love Thy sacred Word,
And view a Saviour there.

## 338 *Tune—Piety.* 8.8.6.

1 HARK! how the blood-bought hosts above
Conspire to chant the Saviour's love
In sweet harmonious strains!
And while they strike their golden lyres,
This glorious theme each bosom fires,
*That grace triumphant reigns.*

2 We'll join the song! for we can tell
How sovereign grace dissolv'd the spell
That kept us bound in chains;
And from that dear and happy day,
How oft' we've been constrained to say
*That grace triumphant reigns.*

3 Yes! tho' we've stray'd like saints of old,
Grace has restored us to the fold,
As captives in its chains:
Thus sav'd by grace, we'd gladly sing,
Till all the earth and heavens ring
With "*Grace triumphant reigns!*"

4 When call'd to meet our glorious Head
That perfect love shall banish dread,
Which now our soul sustains;
And when we rise to endless day,
We'll raise our voice and boldly say,
"*Grace—Grace triumphant reigns!*"

## 889 "*This Do in Remembrance of Me.*"

1 HERE, O our Lord, we see Thee face to face;
Here would we touch and handle things unseen;
Here grasp with firmer hand the eternal grace,
And all our weariness upon Thee lean.

2 Here would we feed upon the Bread of God,
Here drink with Thee the royal wine of heaven;
Here would we lay aside each earthly load,
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

3 Ours is the sin, but Thine the righteousness,
Ours is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing blood;
Here is our robe, our refuge, and our peace,
Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord our God.

4 Too soon we rise: the symbols disappear;
The feast, though not the love, is past and gone
The bread and wine remove, but Thou art here,
Nearer than ever, still our Shield and Sun.

5 But see, the pillar-cloud is rising now,
And moving onward thro' the desert night,
It beckons, and we follow, for we know
It leads us to the heritage of light.

6 Feast after feast thus comes and passes by,
Yet passing, points to the glad feast above,
Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,
The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love.

## 340 *"Buried with Him by baptism."*

1 Is it Thy will that I should be
Buried, in symbol, Lord, with Thee;
Owning Thee by this solemn sign,
Telling the world that I am Thine?

2 Gladly I yield obedience now;
In *all* things to Thy will I'd bow;
I'll follow where my Saviour led,
And humbly in His footsteps tread.

3 This emblematic, watery grave
Shows forth His love—who came to save;
And as I enter it, I see
The price my Saviour paid for me.

4 Forth from Thy burial, Lord, I come,
For Thou hast triumphed o'er the tomb;
Thy resurrection life I share—
My portion is no longer here.

5 Oh may I count myself to be
Dead to the sins that wounded Thee,
Dead to the pleasures of this earth,
Unworthy of my heavenly birth.

6 Lord Jesus, when I gaze on Thee,
And all Thy radiant glory see,
That joy will far exceed the shame,
I bear on earth for Thy loved name.

## 341 *Tune—Communion.* L.M.

1 JESUS, the Christ! Eternal Word!
Of all creation Sov'reign Lord!
On Thee alone by faith we rest,
And lean our weakness on Thy breast.

2 Thy blood hath wash'd us from our sin;
Thy Spirit sanctifies within;
And Thou for us in all our need,
At God's right hand dost ever plead.

3 O keep us in the narrow way,
That ne'er from Thee our footsteps stray;
Sustain our weakness, calm our fear,
And to Thy presence keep us near.

4 And be it thus till that blest day,
When God shall wipe all tears away,
"Quickly" 's the promise of Thy word;
"E'en so; Amen. Come, Jesus, Lord."

## 342 *Tune—Darwell's.* 5.6.8.

1 JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power
That mortals ever knew,
That angels ever bore;
All are too mean to speak His worth,
Too mean to set our Saviour forth.

2 Great Prophet of our God!
Our tongue would bless Thy name;
By Thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came;
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, of peace with heaven.

3 Be Thou our Counsellor,
Our Pattern and our Guide;
And through this desert land
Still keep us near Thy side;
Oh! let our feet ne'er run astray,
Nor rove, nor seek the crooked way.

4 We love our Shepherd's voice:
His watchful eye shall keep
Our wandering souls among
The thousands of his sheep;
He feeds His flock, He calls their names,
His bosom bears the tender lambs.

343 *Tune—French.* C.M.

1 LIGHT of the world! shine on our souls,
Thy grace to us afford;
And while we meet to learn Thy truth,
Be Thou our Teacher, Lord!

2 May we its riches, power, and depth,
Its holiness discern;
Its joyful news of saving grace
By blest experience learn.

3 Thus may Thy word be dearer still,
And studied more each day:
And as it richly dwells within,
Thyself in it display.

844 *Tune—Songs & Solos*, 317. 6.5.

1 LOW in the grave He lay—
Jesus, my Saviour!
Waiting the coming day—
Jesus, my Lord.

Up from the grave He arose. . . .
With a mighty triumph o'er His foes; . . .
He arose a Victor from the dark domain,
And He lives forever with His saints to reign.
He arose! . . He arose! . .
Hallelujah! Christ arose!

2 Vainly they watch His bed—
Jesus, my Saviour!
Vainly they seal the dead—
Jesus, my Lord!

3 Death cannot keep his prey—
Jesus, my Saviour!
He tore the bars away—
Jesus, my Lord!

## 345 *Tune—Songs & Solos*, 292. 11.

1 OH, safe to the rock that is higher than I,
My soul in its conflicts and sorrows would fly;
So sinful, so weary, Thine, Thine would I be;
Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding in Thee!

Hiding in Thee! hiding in Thee!
Thou blest Rock of Ages, I'm hiding in Thee!

2 In the calm of the noontide, in sorrow's lone hour,
In times when temptation casts o'er me its power;
In the tempests of life, on its wide heaving sea,
Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding in Thee!

3 How oft in the conflict, when pressed by the foe,
I have fled to my Refuge, and breathed out my woe;
How often, when trials like sea-billows roll,
Have I hidden in Thee, O Thou Rock of my soul!

## 346 *Psalm lxxxi.* 1. *Tune—Eastgate.*

1 O LAMB of God! we lift our eyes
To Thee amidst the throne!
Shine on us, bid Thy light arise,
And make Thy glory known.

2 We know Thy work for ever done,
Ourselves alive and free—
Graced with the Spirit of the Son,
Made nigh to God in Thee.

3 Yet would we prove Thine instant grace,
Thy present power would feel;
Lift on us now Thy glorious face,
Thyself, O Lord! reveal.

4 From Thy high place of purest light,
O Lamb amidst the throne!
Shine forth upon our waiting sight,
And make Thy glory known.

847 *Tune—O how the thought.* P M.

1 O HOW the thought that I shall know
Jesus who suffered here below,
To manifest His favour;
For me and all the saints I love.
Both here and with Himself above,
Should my delighted spirit move
At that sweet word "forever."

2 Forever to behold Him shine,
Forevermore to call Him mine,
And see Him still before me;
Forever on His face to gaze,
And meet His full assembled rays,
While all His beauty He displays
To all His saints in glory.

3 Not all things else are half so dear
As His delightful presence here;
What must it be in heaven?
'Tis heaven on earth we hear him say,
As now we journey day by day,
"Poor sinner, cast thy fears away,
Thy sins are all forgiven."

4 But how will His celestial voice
Make our enraptured hearts rejoice,
When we shall stand before Him;
When we for Him no longer wait,
But, opened wide the heavenly gate,
We rise our glorious Lord to meet,
And all His saints adore Him.

848 *Tune—Over there.* P.M

1 OH! they've reached the sunny shore,
They will never suffer more,
All their pain and grief are o'er,
Over there.

2 Oh! the street is shining gold,
And the glory is untold—
'Tis our Shepherd's peaceful fold.

3 Oh! they've done the weary fight,
Jesus saved them by His might,
And they walk with Him in white.

4 Oh! they never shed a tear,
For the Lord Himself is near,
And to Him they're ever dear.

5 Oh! they feel no chilling blast,
For their winter time is past,
And the summers always last.

6 Oh! they need no lamp at night,
For the day is always bright,
And the Saviour is their light.

7 Oh! we'll form a happy band,
When we hear our Lord's command,
And in glory round Him stand.

## 349 *Tune—Melcombe.* L.M.

1 POOR, weak, and worthless though I am,
I have a rich Almighty Friend;
Jesus! the Saviour is His Name,
He freely loves, and without end.

2 He ransom'd me from hell with blood,
And by His power my foes controlled.
He found me wand'ring far from God,
And brought me to His chosen fold.

3 He cheers my heart—my want supplies,
And says that I shall shortly be
Enthron'd with Him above the skies:
Oh! what a Friend is Christ to me.

## 350 *Tune—Till He Come.* 6.7.8.

1 ROCK of ages! cleft for me,
Lo! I hide myself in Thee,
Where the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flowed,
Are of sin the double cure,
Cleansing from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labour of my hands
Could fulfil the law's demands:
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone—
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hands I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Hungry, thirsty, still I flee,
All-sufficient Lord, to Thee.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
Should mine eyelids close in death,
When I soar to heights unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of ages! cleft for me,
Still I'll hide myself in Thee.

## 851 *Tune—Zurich.*

1 "WITHOUT a cloud between,"
To see Him face to face,
Not struck with dire amazement dumb,
But triumphing in grace.

2 "Without a cloud between,"
To see Him "as He is;"
Oh! who can tell the height of joy—
The full transporting bliss.

3 "Without a cloud between;"
My longing spirit waits
For that sweet hour, from which my soul
Its highest glory dates.

4 "Without a cloud between;"
Lord Jesus, haste the day,
The morning bright, without a cloud,
And chase our tears away.

## 852 *Tune—Worthy, O Lamb.* P.M.

1 THOU art the Everlasting Word,
The Father's only Son,
God manifestly seen and heard,
And heaven's beloved One:
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
That every knee to Thee should bow.

2 In Thee, most perfectly expressed,
The Father's glories shine,
Of the full Deity possessed,
Eternally Divine.

3 True Image of the Infinite,
Whose essence is concealed,
Brightness of uncreated light,
The heart of God revealed.

4 But the high myst'ries of His name
An angel's grasp transcend;
The Father only (glorious claim!)
The Son can comprehend.

5 Yet loving Thee, on whom His love
Ineffable doth rest,
Thy members all, in Thee—above,
As one with Thee are blest.

6 Throughout the universe of bliss,
The centre Thou, and Sun,
Th' eternal theme of praise is this,
To heaven's beloved One.

353 *Tune—When we reach.* 8.7.

1 WHEN we reach our peaceful dwelling
On the strong, eternal hills,
And our praise to Him is swelling,
Who the vast creation fills—
When the paths of prayer, and duty
And affliction, all are trod,
And we wake and see the beauty
Of our Saviour and our God.

Oh! 'twill be a glorious morrow
To a dark and stormy day,
When we smile upon our sorrow,
And the storms have passed away.

2 With the light of resurrection,
When our changed bodies glow,
And we gain the full perfection
Of the bliss begun below—
When the life the flesh obscureth
In each radiant form shall shine,
And the joy that aye endureth
Flashes forth in beams divine;

3 Shall the memory be banished
Of His kindness and His care,
When the wants and woes are vanished,
Which He loved to soothe and share?
All the way by which He led us,
All the grievings which He bore,
All the patient love He taught us,
Shall we think of them no more?

4 We shall read the tender meaning
Of the sorrows and alarms,
As we trod the desert, leaning
On His everlasting arms;
And His rest will be the dearer
When we think of weary ways,
And His light will shine the clearer
As we muse on cloudy days.

## 854 *Tune—St. John's.* 6.6.8.

1 WHAT was it, O our God,
  Led Thee to give Thy Son,
To yield Thy well-belov'd
  For us by sin undone?
'Twas love, unbounded, led Thee thus
To give Thy well-belov'd for us.

2 What led the Son of God
  To leave His throne on high,
To shed His precious blood,
  To suffer and to die?
'Twas love—unbounded love for us,
Led Him to die and suffer thus.

3 What mov'd Thee to impart
  Thy Spirit from above,
Therewith to fill our heart
  With heavenly peace and love?
'Twas love—unbounded love to us,
Mov'd Thee to give Thy Spirit thus.

4 What love to Thee we owe,
  Our God, for all Thy grace,
Our hearts should overflow
  In everlasting praise.
Help us, O Lord, to praise Thee thus
For all Thy boundless love to us.

## 855 *Tune—Eaton.* 6.8s.

1 WHAT will it be to dwell above,
  And with the Lord of glory reign,
Since the blest knowledge of His love
  So brightens all this dreary plain;
No heart can think, no tongue can tell
What joy 'twill be with Christ to dwell.

2 When sin no more obstructs the sight,
  And flesh and sense deceive no more,

When we shall see the Prince of light,
And all His works of grace explore:
What heights and depths of love divine
Will there through endless ages shine.

3 And God has fixed the happy day
When the last tear shall dim our eyes,
When He will wipe these tears away.
And fill our hearts with glad surprise:
To hear His voice and see His face,
And know the fulness of His grace.

## 356 *Tune—Petra*, or *No.* 299. 6.7.S.

1 WHEN this passing world is done,
When has sunk yon glaring sun,
When I stand with Christ on high,
Looking o'er life's history:
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

2 When I stand before the throne,
Dressed in beauty not my own;
When I see Thee as Thou art,
Love Thee with unsinning heart
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

3 When the praise of heaven I hear,
Loud as thunders to the ear,
Loud as many waters' noise,
Sweet as harp's melodious voice:
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

4 Chosen not for good in me;
Wakened up from wrath to flee;
Hidden in the Saviour's side;
By the Spirit sanctified:
Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,
By my love, how much I owe.

357 *Tune—God is Love.* 8.7.8.7.4.

1 "*God is love!*" His Word has said it:
This is news of heavenly birth:
Speed abroad and widely spread it,
Make it known through all the earth
That "*God is love.*"

2 Not in yonder blessed regions,
Where the Lord, with glory crown'd,
Reigns amid angelic legions,
Will the brightest proof be found
That "*God is love.*"

3 'Tis on the earth the Lord discloses
All His love, how vast it is;
Earth's the favour'd spot He chooses
To display the truth of this,
That "*God is love.*"

4 'Tis that "Man of sorrows" yonder,
Object of contempt beneath,
But, in heaven, of highest wonder,
Teaches fully by His death
That "*God is love.*"

5 His a throne—the throne of heaven,
Yet He comes on earth to bleed,
And for man His life is given:
This is what declares indeed
That "*God is love.*"

6 Not for those who ever lov'd Him
Did the Lord of glory die;
Pity to the *wretched* mov'd Him:
Who that hears it will deny
That "*God is love.*"

7 'Tis a truth: away and spread it;
Spread the tidings far and near;
O may sinners give it credit,
And be joyful when they hear
That "*God is love.*"

## 358 *Tune—"We speak of the realms."* 8's.

1 FAREWELL, for the present, farewell,
At most for a few fleeting years;
For soon with our God we shall dwell,
And know neither sorrow nor tears.
Farewell! Farewell!

2 Increasing in knowledge and grace,
Abounding in labours of love,
May you run in the heavenly race,
Till we meet in the glory above.

3 No partings shall ever be known
On that happy and heavenly shore:
Those seated with Christ on His throne
Go out from His presence no more.

4 Farewell, for the present, farewell,
The long-looked-for glory is near;
The joys of that morn, who can tell,
When Jesus, our Lord, will appear?

## 359 *Tune—Millennial.* L.M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

## 360 P.M.

GLORY, honour, praise, and power
Be unto the Lamb for ever;
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer.
Hallelujah! praise ye the Lord.

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